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LUCIFER

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ON PSEUDO-THEOSOPHY.

> "The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of devotion."
>
> —LAVATER.

> "The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself." —THALES.

SHALL WE WINNOW THE CORN, BUT FEED UPON THE CHAFF?

THE presiding genius in the *Daily News* Office runs amuck at LUCIFER in his issue of February 16th. He makes merry over the presumed distress of some theosophists who see in our serial novel, "The Talking Image of Urur"—by our colleague, Dr. F. Hartmann—an attempt to poke fun at the Theosophical Society. Thereupon, the witty editor quizzes "Madame Blavatsky" for observing that she "does not agree with the view" taken by some pessimists; and ends by expressing fear that "the misgivings that have been awakened will not easily be laid to rest."

Ride, si sapis. It is precisely because it is our desire that the "misgivings" awakened should reach those in whom the sense of *personality* and *conceit* has not yet entirely stifled their better feelings, and force them to recognize themselves in the mirror offered to them in the "Talking Image," that we publish the "satirical" novel.

This proceeding of ours—rather unusual, to be sure, for editors—to publish a satire, which *seems* to the short-sighted to be aimed at their gods and parties only because they are unable to sense the underlying philosophy and moral in them, has created quite a stir in the dailies.

The various Metropolitan Press Cutting Agencies are pouring every morning on our breakfast-table their load of criticism, advice, and comment upon the rather novel policy. So, for instance, a kindly-disposed correspondent of the *Lancashire Evening Post* (February 18) writes as follows:—

> The editor of LUCIFER has done a bold thing. She is publishing a story called "The Talking Image of Urur," which is designed to satirise the false prophets of

Theosophy in order that the true prophets may be justified. I appreciate the motive entirely, but, unfortunately, there are weak-minded theosophists who can see nothing in Dr. Hartmann's spirited tale but a caricature of their whole belief. So they have remonstrated with Madame Blavatsky, and she replies in LUCIFER that "the story casts more just ridicule upon the enemies and detractors of the Theosophic Society than upon the few theosophists whose enthusiasm may have carried them into extremes." Unfortunately, this is not strictly accurate. The hero of the tale, a certain Pancho, is one of these enthusiasts, and it is upon him and upon the mock "adepts" who deceive him that the ridicule is thrown. But it never seems to have occurred to Madame Blavatsky and Dr. Hartmann that the moment you begin to ridicule one element, even though it be a false element, in the faith, you are apt to shake the confidence of many if not most believers, for the simple reason that they have no sense of humour. The high priestess of the cult may have this sense for obvious reasons,* but her disciples are likely to be lost if they begin to laugh, and if they can't laugh they will be bewildered and indignant. I offer this explanation with all humility to Madame Blavatsky, who has had some experience of the effects of satire.

The more so as, according to those members of the T.S. who have read the whole story, it is precisely "Madame Blavatsky" against whom its *satire* is the most directed. And if "Mme. Blavatsky"—presumably "the Talking Image"—does not object to finding herself represented as a kind of *mediumistic* poll parrot, why should other "theosophists" object? A theosophist above all men ought ever to bear in mind the advice of Epictetus: "If evil be said of thee, *and if it be true*, correct thyself; if it be a lie, *laugh at it*." We welcome a *witty* satire always, and defy ridicule or any efforts in this direction to kill the Theosophical Society, so long as it, *as a body*, remains true to its *original* principles.

As to the other dangers so kindly urged by the *Post*, the "high priestess" acknowledges the benevolent objections by answering and giving her reasons, which are these: The chosen motto of the Theosophical Society has been for years—"There is no religion *higher than truth*"; the object of LUCIFER is in the epigraph on its cover, which is "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness." If the editor of LUCIFER and the Theosophists would not belie these two propositions and be true to their colours, they have to deal with perfect impartiality, sparing no more themselves than outsiders, or even their enemies. As to the "weak-minded theosophists"—if any—they can take care of themselves in the way they please. If the "false prophets of Theosophy" are to be left untouched, the *true* prophets will be very soon—as they have already been—confused with the false. It is nigh time to winnow our corn and cast away the chaff. The T. S. is becoming enormous in its numbers, and if the *false* prophets, the pretenders (*e.g.*, the "H. B. of L.," exposed in Yorkshire by Theosophists two years ago, and the "G. N. K. R." just exposed in America), or even the weak-minded dupes, are left alone,

* The "obvious reasons" so delicately worded are these: "the high priestess of the cult" is almost universally supposed, outside of the T. S., to have exercised her own satirical powers and "sense of humour" on her *alleged* and numerous victims by *bamboozling* them into a belief *of her own invention*. So be it. The tree is known by its fruits, and it is posterity which will have to decide on the nature of the fruit.—[ED.]

then the Society threatens to become very soon a fanatical body split into three hundred sects—like Protestantism—each hating the other, and all bent in destroying the truth by monstrous exaggerations and idiotic schemes and shams. We do not believe in allowing the presence of *sham* elements in Theosophy, because of the fear, forsooth, that if even "a false element in the faith" is *ridiculed*, the latter "is apt to shake the confidence" in the whole. At this rate Christianity would be the first to die out centuries ago under the sledge-hammer blows dealt to its various churches by its many reformers. No philosopher, no mystic or student of symbolism, can ever laugh at or disbelieve in the sublime allegory and conception of the "Second Advent"—whether in the person of Christ, Krishna, Sosiosh, or Buddha. The *Kalki Avatar*, or last (not "second") Advent, to wit, the appearance of the "Saviour of Humanity" or the "Faithful" *light of Truth*, on the White Horse of Death—death to falsehood, illusion, and idol, or *self*-worship—is a universal belief. Shall we for all that abstain from denouncing the behaviour of certain "Second Adventists" (as in America)? What *true* Christians shall see their co-religionists making fools of themselves, or disgracing their faith, and still abstain from rebuking them publicly as privately, for fear lest this *false* element should throw out of Christianity the rest of the believers? Can any of them praise his co-religionists for climbing periodically, in a state of paradisiacal *decolleté*, on the top of their houses, trees, and high places, there to await the "advent?" No doubt those who hope by stealing a march on their slower Brethren to find themselves hooked up the first, and carried *bodily* into Heaven, are as good Christians as any. Should they not be rebuked for their folly all the same? Strange logic!

THE WISE MAN COURTS TRUTH; THE FOOL, FLATTERY.

However it may be, let rather our ranks be made thinner, than the Theosophical Society go on being made a spectacle to the world through the exaggerations of some fanatics, and the attempts of various charlatans to profit by a ready-made programme. These, by disfiguring and adapting Occultism to their own filthy and immoral ends, bring disgrace upon the whole movement. Some writer remarked that if one would know the enemy against whom he has to guard himself the most, the looking-glass will give him the best likeness of his face. This is quite true. If the first object of our Society be not to study one's own self, but to find fault with all except that self, then, indeed, the T. S. is doomed to become—and it already has in certain centres—a Society for mutual *admiration;* a fit subject for the satire of so acute an observer as we know the author of "The Talking Image of Urur" to be. This is our view and our policy. "And be it, indeed, that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself."

That such, however, is the policy of no other paper we know of—

whether a daily, a weekly, a monthly, or a quarterly—we are quite aware. But, then, they are the public organs of the masses. Each has to pander to this or that other faction of politics or Society, and is doomed "to howl with the wolves," whether it likes or not. But our organs—LUCIFER pre-eminently—are, or ought to be, the phonographs, so to speak, of the Theosophical Society, a body which is placed outside and beyond all centres of forced policy. We are painfully conscious that "he who tells the truth is turned out of nine cities"; that truth is unpalatable to most men; and that—since men must learn *to love the truth* before they thoroughly believe it—the truths we utter in our magazine are often as bitter as gall to many. This cannot be helped. Were we to adopt any other kind of policy, not only LUCIFER—a very humble organ of Theosophy—but the Theosophical Society itself, would soon lose all its *raison d'être* and become an anomaly.

But "who shall sit in the seat of the scorner?" Is it the timid in heart, who tremble at every opinion too boldly expressed in LUCIFER lest it should displease this faction of readers or give offence to that other class of subscribers? Is it the "self-admirers," who resent every remark, however kindly expressed, if it happens to clash with *their* notions, or fails to show respect to *their* hobbies?

". . . . I am Sir Oracle
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

Surely we learn better and profit more by criticism than by flattery, and we amend our ways more through the abuse of our enemies than the blind pandering of friends. Such satires as the "Fallen Idol," and such chelas as Nebelsen, have done more good to our Society, and certain of its members, than any "theosophical" novel; for they have shown up and touched *au vif* the foolish exaggerations of more than one enthusiast.

Self abnegation is possible only to those who have learnt to know themselves; to such as will never mistake *the echo of their own inner voice—that of selfish desire or passion—for the voice of divine inspiration, or an appeal from their* MASTER. Nor is *chelaship* consonant with mediumistic sensitiveness and its hallucinations; and therefore all the *sensitives* who have hitherto forced themselves into discipleship have generally made fools of themselves, and, sooner or later, thrown ridicule upon the T. S. But after the publication of the "Fallen Idol" more than one such exhibition was stopped. "The Talking Image of Urur" may then render the same, if not better, service. If some traits in its various *dramatis personæ* fit in some particulars certain members who still belong to the Society, other characters—and the most successful of them—resemble rather certain EX-members; fanatics, in the past, bitter enemies now—conceited fools at all times. Furthermore "Puffer" is a compound and very vivid photograph. It *may* be that of several members

of the T.S., but it looks also like a deluded victim of other bogus Esoteric and Occult Societies. One of such just sprung up at Boston U.S.A., is now being nipped in the bud and exposed by our own Theosophists.

These are the "Solar adepts" spoken of in our January editorial, the *âmes damneés* of shameful commercial enterprises. No event could vindicate the policy of our journal better than the timely exposure of these *pseudo*-adepts, those "Sages of the Ages" who bethought themselves of trading upon the public hunger for the marvellous *ad absurdum.* We did well to speak of them in the editorial as we have. It was timely and lucky for us to have pointed to the ringleaders of that shameful speculation—the sale of bogus occult knowledge. For we have averted thereby a great and new danger to the Society—namely that of unscrupulous charlatans being taken for Theosophists. Misled by their lies and their publications filled with terms from Eastern philosophy and with ideas they had bodily stolen from us only to disfigure and misapply them—the American press has already referred to them as Theosophists. Whether out of sheer flippancy, or actual malice, some dailies have headed their sensational articles with "Theosophic Knaves," and "Pantognomostic Theosophs," etc, etc. This is pure fiction. The editor of the "Esoteric" had never been at any time a member of our society, or of any of its numerous Branches. "ADHY-APAKA, *alias* the Hellenic ETHNOMEDON and ENPHORON, *alias* the Greco-Tibetan, *Ens-movens* OM *mane padmi* AUM" (*sic*) was our enemy from the beginning of his career. As impudently stated by him to a reporter, we theosophists hated him for his "many virtues!" Nor has the Sage "bent under the weight of centuries," the VIDYA NYAIKA, said to be represented by a person called Eli Ohmart, had anything to do with the T. S. The two worthies had, like two venomous wily spiders, spread their webs far and wide, and numerous are the Yankee flies caught in them. But thanks to the energy of some of our Boston Members, the two hideous desecrators of Eastern philosophy are exposed. In the words of the "Boston Globe," this is the—

"WEIRD TALE WHICH MAY HAVE A SEQUEL IN COURT."

"If there are no arrests made, I shall go right on with the work; but if they make trouble, I shall stay and face the music."

Hiram Erastus Butler, the esoteric philosopher of 478 Shawmut avenue, uttered the foregoing sentiment to a GLOBE reporter last evening as calmly as one would make a casual remark about the weather.

Thereby hangs a tale, a long, complicated, involuted, weird, mystical, scientific, hysterical tale—a tale of love and intrigue, of adventure, of alleged and to some extent of admitted swindling, of charges of a horrible and unspeakable immorality, of communion with embodied and disembodied spirits, and especially of money. In short, a tale that would make your head weary and your heart faint if you attempted to follow out all its labyrinthine details and count the cogs on its wheels within wheels. A tale that quite possibly may find its sequel in the courts, where judge, jury, and counsel will have a chance to cudgel their brains over almost every mystery in the known universe."

These are the *heroes* whom certain timid Theosophists—those who raised their voices against the publication of the "Talking Image of Urur—" advised us to leave alone. Had it not been for that unwillingness to expose even impersonal things and deeds, our editorial would have been more explicit. Far from us be the desire to "attack" or "expose" even our enemies, so long as they harm only ourselves, personally and individually. But here the whole of the Theosophical body—already so maligned, opposed, and persecuted—was endangered, and its destinies were hanging in the balance, because of that impudent *pseudo* esoteric speculation. He, therefore, who maintains in the face of the Boston scandal, that we did not act rightly in tearing off the sanctimonious mask of Pecksniffian piety and the "Wisdom of the Ages" which covered the grimacing face of a most bestial immorality, of insatiable greediness for lucre and impudence, fire, water, and police proof—is no true Theosophist. How minds, even of an average intelligence, could be caught by such transparent snares as these publicly exhibited by the two worthies, to wit: Adhy-Apaka and Vidya Nyaika—traced by the American press to one Hiram E. Butler and Eli Ohmart—passes all comprehension! Suffice to read the pamphlet issued by the two confederates, to see at the first glance that it was a mere repetition—more enlarged and barefaced, and with a wider, bolder programme, still a repetition—of the now defunct "H. B. of L" with its mysterious appeals of four year ago to the "Dissatisfied" with "the Theosophical Mahatmas." The two hundred pages of the wildest balderdash constitute their "Appeal from the Unseen and the Unknown" and the "Interior of the Inmost" (?) to "the Awakened." *Pantognomos* and *Ekphoron* offer to teach the unwary "the laws of ENS, MOVENS, and OM," and appeal for money. *Vidya Nyaika* and *Ethnomedon* propose to initiate the ignorant into the "*á priori Sambudhistic* (?) philosophy of Kapila" and —beg for hard cash. The story is so sickening that we dislike to stain our pages with its details. But now to the moral of the fable.

YE SPURNED THE SUBSTANCE AND HAVE CLUTCHED THE SHADOW.

For fourteen years our Theosophical Society has been before the public. Born with the three-fold object of infusing a little more mutual brotherly feeling in mankind; of investigating the mysteries of nature from the Spiritual and Psychic aspect; and, of doing a tardy justice to the civilizations and Wisdom of Eastern pre-Christian nations and literature, if it did not do all the good that a richer Society might, it certainly did no harm. It appealed only to those who found no help for their perplexities anywhere else. To those lost in the psychic riddles of Spiritualism, or such, again, as, unable to stand the morbid atmosphere of modern unbelief, and seeking light in vain from the unfathomable mysteries taught by the theology of the thousand and one Christian sects, had given up all hope of solving any of the problems of life. There was no

entrance fee during the first two years of the Society's existence; afterwards, when the correspondence and postage alone demanded hundreds of pounds a year, new members had to pay £1 for their diploma. Unless one wanted to support the movement, one could remain a Fellow all his life without being asked for a penny, and two-thirds of our members have never put their hand in their pocket, nor were they asked to do so. Those who supported the cause were from the first a few devoted Theosophists who laboured without conditions or any hope for reward. Yet no association was more insulted and laughed at than was the Theosophical Society. No members of any body were spoken of in more contemptuous terms than the Fellows of the T.S. from the first. The Society was born in America, and therefore it was regarded in England with disfavour and suspicion. We were considered as fools and knaves, victims and frauds before the benevolent interference of the Psychic Research Society, which tried to build its reputation on the downfall of Theosophy and Spiritualism, but really harmed neither. Nevertheless, when our enemies got the upper hand, and by dint of slander and inventions had most maliciously succeeded in placing before the credulous public, ever hungry for scandals and sensations, *mere conjectures as undeniable and proven facts*, it was the American press which became the most bitter in its denunciations of Theosophy, and the American public the most willing to drink in and giggle over the undeserved calumnies upon the Founders of the T.S. Yet it is they who were the first told, through our Society, of the actual existence of Eastern Adepts in Occult Sciences. But both the English and the Americans spurned and scoffed at the very idea, while even the Spiritualists and Mystics, who ought to have known better, would, with a few exceptions, have nothing to do with *heathen* Masters of Wisdom. The latter were, they maintained, "*invented* by the Theosophists:" it was all "moonshine." For these "Masters," whom no member was ever asked to accept, unless he liked to do so himself, on whose behalf *no supernatural claim was ever made*, unless, perhaps, in the too ardent imagination of enthusiasts; these Masters who *gave* to, and often *helped* with money, poor Theosophists, but never asked anything of the rich—these MASTERS *were too much like real men.* They neither claimed to be gods nor spirits, nor did they pander to people's gush and sentimental creeds. And now those Americans have got at last what their hearts yearned for: a bonâ fide ideal of an adept and magician. A creature several thousand years old. A *true-blue* "Buddhist-Brahmin" who appeals to Jehovah, or *Jahveh*, speaks of Christ and the Messianic cycle, and blesses them with an AMEN and an "OM MANE PADMI HUM" in the same breath, relieving them at the same time of 40,000 dollars before they are a month old in their worship of him . . . . *Wullahy!* Allah is great and—"Vidya Nyaika" is his only prophet. Indeed we feel little pity for the victims. What is the *psychology* that some Theosophists are accused of exercising

over their victims in comparison with this? And this necessitates a few words of explanation.

IGNORANCE NOT ALTOGETHER BLISS.

All know that there is a tacit, often openly-expressed, belief among a few of the Fellows of the T. S. that a certain prominent Theosophist among the leaders of the Society *psychologizes* all those who happen to come within the area of that individual's influence. Dozens, nay, hundreds, were, and still are, "psychologized." The hypnotic effect seems so strong as to virtually transform all such "unfortunates" into irresponsible nincompoops, mere cyphers and tools of that theosophical Circe. This idiotic belief was originally started by some "wise men" of the West. Unwilling to admit that the said person had either any knowledge or *powers*, bent on discrediting their victim, and yet unable to explain certain abnormal occurrences, they hit upon this happy and *logical* loop-hole to get out of their difficulties. The theory found a grateful and fruitful soil. Henceforth, whenever any Fellows connected theosophically with the said "psychologizer" happen to disagree in their views upon questions, metaphysical or even purely administrative, with some other member—"on despotism bent," forthwith the latter comes out with the favourite solution: "Oh, they are psychologized!" The *magic* WORD springs out on the arena of discussion like a Jack-in-a-box, and forthwith the attitude of the "rebels" is explained and plausibly accounted for.

Of course the alleged "psychology" has really no existence outside the imagination of those who are too vain to allow any opposition to *their* all-wise and autocratic decrees on any other ground than phenomenal—nay, *magical*—interference with their will. A short analysis of the Karmic effects that would be produced by the exercise of such powers may prove interesting to theosophists.

Even on the terrestrial, purely physical plane, moral irresponsibility ensures impunity. Parents are answerable for their children, tutors and guardians for their pupils and wards, and even the Supreme Courts have admitted extenuating circumstances for criminals who are proved to have been led to crime by a will or influences stronger than their own. How much more forcibly this law of simple retributive justice must act on the psychic plane; and what, therefore, may be the responsibility incurred by using such psychological powers, in the face of Karma and its punitive laws, may be easily inferred. Is it not evident that, if even human justice recognizes the impossibility of punishing an irrational idiot, a child, a minor, etc., taking into account even hereditary causes and bad family influences—that the divine Law of Retribution, which we call KARMA, must visit with hundredfold severity one who deprives reasonable, thinking men of their *free will* and powers of ratiocination? From the occult standpoint, the charge is simply one of black magic, of *envoûtement*. Alone a *Dugpa*, with "Avitchi" yawning at the further

end of his life cycle, could risk such a thing. Have those so prompt to hurl the charge at the head of persons in their way, ever understood the whole terrible meaning implied in the accusation? We doubt it. No occultist, no intelligent student of the mysterious laws of the "night side of Nature," no one who knows anything of Karma, would ever suggest such an explanation. What adept or even a moderately-informed chela would ever risk an endless future by interfering with, and therefore *taking upon himself, the Karmic debit of all those whom he would so psychologize as to make of them merely the tools of his own sweet will!*

This fact seems so evident and palpably flagrant, that it is absurd to have to recall it to those who boast of knowing *all* about Karma.

Is it not enough to bear the burden of the knowledge that from birth to death, the least, the most unimportant, unit of the human family exercises an influence over, and receives in his turn, as unconsciously as he breathes, that of every other unit whom he approaches, or who comes in contact with him? Each of us either adds to or diminishes the sum total of human happiness and human misery, "not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity," as shown so ably by Elihu Burritt, who says :—

"There is no sequestered spot in the Universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, from which he (man) can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt —everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathoming import, that *we are forming characters for eternity.* Forming characters! Whose? Our own or others'? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity* with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life."

These are the words of a profound thinker. And if the simple fact of our living changes the sum of human weal and woe—in a way for which we are, owing to our ignorance, entirely irresponsible—what must be the Karmic decree in the matter of influencing hundreds of people by an act perpetrated and carried on for years in premeditation *and the full consciousness* of what we are doing!

Verily the man or woman in the unconscious possession of such dangerous powers had much better never be born. The Occultist who exercises them consciously will be caught up by the whirlwind of successive rebirths, without even an hour of rest. Woe to him, then, in that ceaseless, dreary series of terrestrial *Avitchis;* in that interminable æon of torture, suffering, and despair, during which, like the squirrel doomed to turn the wheel at every motion, he will launch from one life of misery

**Devachan*, rather; the *entr'acte* between two incarnations.

into another, only to awake each time with a fresh burden of other people's Karma, which he will have drawn upon himself! Is it not enough, indeed, to be regarded as "frauds, cranks, and infidels," by the outsiders, without being identified with *wizards* and *witches* by our own members!

THE GENUS "INFIDEL" AND ITS VARIETIES.

It is true to say that the varieties of infidels are many, and that one "infidel" differs from another infidel as a Danish boar-hound differs from the street mongrel. A man may be the most heterodox infidel with regard to orthodox dogmas. Yet, provided he proclaims himself loudly a Christian, that heterodoxy—when even going to the length of saying that "revealed religion is an imposture"—will be regarded by some as simply "of that exalted kind which rises above all human forms." *

A "Christian" of such a kind may—as the late Laurence Oliphant has—give vent to a still more startling theory. He may affirm that he considers that "from time to time the Divine Influence emanates itself, so to speak, in phenomenal persons. Sakyamouni was such; Christ was such; and such I consider Mr. (Lake) Harris to be—in fact, he is a new avatar," † and still remain a Christian of an "*exalted* kind" in the sight of the "Upper Ten." But let an "infidel" of the Theosophical Society say *just the same* (*minus* the absurdity of including the American Lake Harris in the list of the *Avatars*), and no contumely heaped upon him by clergy and servile newspapers will ever be found too strong!

But this belongs properly to the paradoxes of the Age; though the *Avataric* idea has much to do with Karma and rebirth, and that belief in reincarnation has nothing in it that can militate against the teachings of Christ. We affirm, furthermore, that the great Nazarene Adept distinctly taught it. So did Paul and the Synoptics, and nearly all the earliest Church Fathers, with scarcely an exception, accepted it, while some actually taught the doctrine.

DO NOT START TWO HARES AT ONCE.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, and Karma acts along every line, on nations as on men. The Japanese Mikado is tottering towards his end for having played too long at *hide and seek* with his worshippers. Hundreds of shrewd Americans have been taken in through disbelieving in truths and lending a too credulous ear to bold lies. A French abbé has fallen under Karmic penalty for coquetting too openly with Theosophy, and attempted to mirror himself, like a modern clerical Narcissus, in the too deep waters of Eastern Occultism. The Abbé Roca, an honourary *chanoine* (canon) in

* *Vide* Lady Grant Duff's article "Laurence Oliphant" in the "*Contemporary Review*" for February: pages 185 and 188.

† *Ibid.* Quoted from Sir Thomas Wade's notes, by Lady Grant Duff—page 186.

the diocese of Perpignan, our old friend and irrepressible adversary in the French *Lotus* a year ago—has come to grief. Yet his ambition was quite an innocent one, if rather difficult of realization. It was founded on a dream of his; a reconciliation between Pantheistic Theosophy and a Socialistic Latin Church, with a fancy Pope at the head of it. He longed to see the Masters of Wisdom of old India and Eastern Occultism under the sway of Rome *regenerated*, and amused himself with predicting the same. Hence a frantic race between his meridional phantasy and the clerical bent of his thought. Poor, eloquent abbé! Did he not already perceive the Kingdom of Heaven in the new Rome-Jerusalem? A new Pontiff seated on a throne made out of the *cranium* of Macroprosopus, with the *Zohar* in his right pocket, *Chochmah*, the male Sephiroth (transformed by the good abbé into the Mother of God), in his left, and a "Lamb" stuffed with dynamite, in the paternal Popish embrace. The "Wise Men" of the East were even now, he said, crossing the Himalayas, and, "led by the Star" of Theosophy, would soon be worshipping at the shrine of the reformed Pope and Lamb. It was a glorious dream—alas, still but a dream. But he persisted in calling us the "greatest of Christian-Buddhists." (*Lotus*, February, 1888.) Unfortunately for himself he also called the Pope of the "Cæsaro-papal Rome" "the Satan of the seven hills," in the same number. Result: Pope Leo XIII. asserts once more the proverbial ingratitude of theological Rome. He has just deprived our poetical and eloquent friend and adversary, the Abbé Roca, of the—

exercise of all his functions in Holy Orders, as also of his living, for refusing to submit to a decree by which his works were placed on the Index Expurgatorius. These works bore the titles of "Christ, the Pope, and the Democracy;" "The Fatal Crisis and the Salvation of Europe;" and "The End of the World." Even in the face of the present papal decision, he is advertising the appearance of a fourth work, entitled "Glorieux Centenaire," 1889. "Monde Nouveau." "Nouveaux Cieux, nouvelle Terre."

According to *Galignani*—(and his own articles and letters in theosophical organs, we may add) the fearless—

Abbé has for some time, (says *Galignani*), been denouncing the Papacy as a creature of Cæsar, and as wholly preoccupied with the question of its temporalities in face of the crying needs of humanity. According to his view, the Divine aid was promised the Church until the end of the world, or of the age; and the Cæsarean age having passed away, all things are to be made new. He looks forward to a spiritual coming of Christ by the spread of the modern sentiment of "liberty, equality, fraternity, toleration, solidarity, and mutuality," in the atmosphere of the Gospel. Although his views do not appear to be very clear, he argues that the Gospel is passing from "the mystico-sentimental phase to the organico-social phase, thanks to the progress of science, which will illumine everything. (The *Globe*.)

This is only what had to be expected. The Abbé would not accept our joint warnings and took no heed of them. The sad epilogue of our polemics is given (not altogether correctly as regards the present writer)

in the same *Globe*, wherein the news is wound up in the following words:—

"He has been contending, in the *Lotus*, in favour of a union of the East and the West by means of a fusion between Buddhism and the Christian Gospel; but Mdme. Blavatsky, the foremost European convert to the Indian religion, has emphatically repudiated all attempts at such union, because she cannot or will not accept the authority of Christ. The Abbé Roca is therefore left out in the cold."

This is not so. What "Mdme. Blavatsky" replied in the *Lotus* (December 1887) to the Abbé's assertions that the said *fusion* between his Church and Theosophy would surely come, was this:

. . . . "We are not as optimistic as he (the Abbé Roca) is. His church sees in vain her greatest 'mysteries' unmasked and the fact proclaimed in every country by scholars versed in Orientalism and Symbology as by Theosophists; and we refuse to believe that she will ever accept our truths or confess her errors. And as, on the other hand, no true theosophist will accept any more a *carnalised* Christ according to the Latin dogma than an anthropomorphic God, and still less a 'Pastor' in the person of a Pope, it is not the adepts who will ever go toward 'the Mount of Salvation,' (as invited by the Abbé). They will rather wait that the Mahomet of Rome should go to the trouble of taking the path which leads to Mount Meru." . . .

This is not rejecting "the authority of Christ" if the latter be regarded as we and Laurence Oliphant regarded Him, *i.e.* as an *Avatar* like Gautama Buddha and other great adepts who became the vehicles or *Reincarnations* of the "one" Divine Influence. What most of us will never accept is the anthropomorphized "*charmant docteur*" of Renan, or the Christ of Torquemada and Calvin rolled into one. Jesus, the Adept we believe in, taught our Eastern doctrines, KARMA and REINCARNATION foremost of all. When the so-called Christians will have learnt to read the New Testament between the lines, their eyes will be opened and—they will see.

We propose to deal with the subject of Karma and Reincarnation in our next issue. Meanwhile, we are happy to see that a fair wind is blowing over Christendom and propels European thought more and more Eastward.

GOD IS INVISIBLE AND INDEFINABLE; WHAT WE CAN DEFINE OR SEE IS NOT GOD. MEN DESIRE IN THEIR SPECULATIONS TO APPREHEND GOD: THEY APPREHEND IN HIS PLACE—THE DEVIL, WHO WOULD ALSO POSE AS GOD. . . .

MARTIN LUTHER.

The Death of Judas Iscariot.

[*A wild spot by the Lake. Judas lying motionless on the ground; after a long silence he raises his wild, haggard face and speaks in a hoarse, despairing tone.*]

Lost! Lost! All lost! . . . . and yet, ah God! God! God!
Thou knowest (if truly thou art Deity,
And not mere phantom madness like all else
In this wild soul), thou knowest I loved him well . . . .
With all my might of manhood . . . with the hope
I held of happiness and purity . . . .
With worship passing wonders, as the bird
Flies swift beyond the tortoise . . . . with all strife
To reach the love I craved for in his eyes,
To feel the sunshine of his blessedness
Fall quivering down my life . . . . Ah God! God! God!
Unmoved, unmovable, look down on me,
On me thy creature formed from out the clay
By thy swift-quickening might . . . . look on me here
Cast down to earth with horrible shudderings,
In anguish craving as the highest bliss
Return to nothingness and clay again . . . .
I gaze into the blackness, and but see
Perpetual anguish of those pleading eyes—
Oh, Christ my Master, whom I vile betrayed
For tinsel silver! oh my Lord, mine own,
My friend, my king, my God, my torturer! . . . .
My groping fingers tear away the light
And seize the darkness, holding it fast clasped
Before my aching sight, to shut those eyes
Those saddened, pleading eyes, away from me,
Yet still they shine tear-bright: Oh agony!
Oh torture of remorse! Oh Paradise
I see behind me in the lessening
Fair light of bygone youth, fast barred to me
By blackness of my sin! . . . . Ah treacherous tongue
Urged fiend, swift to despair! . . . . How dare I speak
Or breathe the usual greetings carelessly,
"Good morrow, friend; a fair bright morning, love."
Or any words unnoticed glowing on
In happy days, severely wringing down
The gentle slope of life. How should I dare
Even to greet a brother? But I rave!
I have no brother now . . . . no sister . . . . love . . . .

Or friend . . . . no humanness, no softening
Dwells in my blackened soul—alone—alone—
For evermore alone I journey on
Thro' blackness of despair, until one day,
One time-flash, fiend-winged, shall bring forth for me
A sharper final pang, and I am dead—
Dead by mine own foul hand—a traitor dead—
While all the busy world moves whirling on
And smiling as it passes, shuddering
Between the ripples of a light, low laugh
To think that it dared shudder at my fate.
" What could a traitor and a perjured friend
Expect but bitter ending and despair,"
So whispers it, half fearful all the time
Lest dispraise of my sin be praise of him
It crucified because it would not hear
The truth he bore upon his godlike brow,
A crown of terror to its falsenesses ! . . .
Its falsenesses ! Ah traitor, even now
Thou dost not dare to hold the terrible truth
Before thy shivering mind ! . . . . its falsenesses !
Know, fiend, it was thine own : it strove in vain
(And evermore had striven) to crucify
Thy Lord Divine, unless from thy foul tongue
And greedy lust of silver it had bought
The night which kissed, with feigned caressing word,
And with love's kiss betrayed him . . . . unto death—
The shameful death and anguish of the Cross !
The falseness of the world ! . . . . The open hate—
The loud-voiced scornful threat to crucify
A scoffer at false lives, so fair without
So foul and hideous underneath the mask—
This was not shameful like thy grovelling sin :
Remember thy meek lies ; thou downward-eyed—
Thou thinly speaking, quivering platitudes
Of saving for the poor, yet holding back
The riches of great hearts to squander them
Upon thy filthy lusts—thou loving him
With empty words, betrayed : and why, forsooth ?
Because thou grudgest that he, seeing clear
Into the darkened chamber of thy soul,
And knowing it so black, held in his eyes
A piteous pleading when they gazed at thee,
A prayer for nobleness within thy heart
To bud and blossom to that height of deed
He loved in others, yet not loved thee less
But others more . . . . [*throws himself down on the ground again*]

Ah God! God! God!
I see it now all clear; my little mind
Held but my stunted self, and yet I dreamed
It bore within its narrow dimnesses
Christ raised and crowned, the over-mastering
Fair angel of my life. Ah, God, I know
The love I boasted was but vanity;
I sunned myself so proudly in his light,
And thought it wreathed my brows with holiness
And filled my life with bliss and purity:
Alas! mere selfish love that sets itself,
Its own small feelings, its own happiness,
Before the thing it loves, is but a curse!
How dare I talk of love . . . . love dead to me
Who dares to love me now? . . . . Ah! threatening God,
No single human soul beneath thy sun
But feels a horror at my sinfulness!
Not one of all that canting brotherhood
Who bought my weak soul's promise with their gold
But shuddering turns away from me accursed—
And yet I once was innocent and young,
And hopeful in my budding happiness,
Had friends and brothers, and a dearer one
Than these, to bless my life; ah! Bathsheba,
Who wast my love, and would have been my wife,
Whose dreamy eyes held ever in their depths
The blissfulness of heaven's sunny blue,
The ever-changing rapture of the sea,
And waving rhythm of the fragrant air,
My own! my own! whom yet I left for him
The Christ, the Master, the all-loving one,
With deep pathetic wisdom passing words
In his calm smile of blessing: ah, my Christ,
They babble of thy rising into life
To judge the world with pitiless righteousness,
Would God it might be so! . . . then might I fall
Before thy pierced feet, and, weeping there,
Find death by gazing, everlasting death—
A hideous blackness—an eternal curse—
A clinging anguish . . . . anything but this. . . . .
Oh! face so pale and saddened watching me
With mute reproach thro' anguish on the brow,
And yet no anger in the steadfast eyes,
But godlike pity maddening my soul!
Did I not love thee? Oh! my Lord, my Christ,
Would I had died for thee. . . . . Yet thou art dead;
Thou anguished, mocked at, scourged, and all by me,

Thy friend and brother! . . . . God, look down, look down!
Crush me to dust beneath that holiness
Thy look bears as it falls—let me but die!
Oh, strike me blackened to the weary earth
Ere I make deeper darkness, heavier sin,
By cutting with my frantic, anguished hand
The silver thread of life. . . . . Oh, dreadful God,
My nation's God, alas! but mine no more,
Strike me into the dust. . . . .

[*Lies motionless for a few moments, then suddenly starts up*]

He will not strike!
He has no pity for the murderer—
And now the last faint echo of a hope
Which I dared hardly whisper has died out
And left an utter darkness: while I felt
"Lost! lost! all lost!" behind the misery
(A faint star peeping thro' the mist of night)
My soul still held a groping instinct-like,
Tho' lost on earth yet mercy might be found
Perchance in that dread, terrible
Yet sometime smiling god, were it but that
Of striking with Heav'n's bolt my branded brow
To deeper darkness on th' accursed earth . . . .
But now no hope remains save in this hand,
For I must free myself . . . . and yet I know
This hope of thus escaping the wild dread
Of those deep, pleading eyes is vain, most vain—
Their pathos haunts me now, and evermore—
But this mad feeling that I am alone,
Alone in sin, alone in agony,
While all the careless, happy world steps on
More quickly as it passes my bowed form
For fear of touching the vile murderer,
Or being scared 'mid its proprieties
By mad despair it has no heart to feel
Or 'twould lie bowed before the Crucified,
With ashes on its head and sackcloth girt
Around its fasting limbs . . . why do I rave
Against the guilt of others when myself
Am blackest under Heaven? I will not bear
This anguish further . . . [*seizes his sword*]
'Tis no madness this
But calm resolve: have not these Romans taught
By many noble deaths that sinning souls
May half atone by resolute strength in death?
Shall I a Jew be less resolved than they?
Oh God I'm mad. . . . I rave. . . . I frenzied seize
The thread from out thy hands and frantic snap

The fragile cord in twain. . . . Unmoveable,
Sitting serene upon thy golden throne
Mid Heaven's light, lo! I hurl back to thee
With scorn and loathing this thy gift of life,
Take it and rack me for thus breaking it
When it became unbearable by sin
'Gainst which thou gavest me no manly strength
To stand firm-eyed, unflinching; take it back
And send thy plagues down on my guilty soul—
(The legends tell us that we all have souls)
Ten times the plagues of Egypt, doubly cursed
With wearing anguish—ride upon the wind
And bid thy chainless steed tear me apart
With blustering breath of flame until no limb
Clings close unto its fellow—let no tongue
Have power to say "here lies the traitor-friend
Who slew our hope; the king our God had sent
For refuge to his people!" Oh, my Christ,
In mercy turn those haunting eyes away
For one brief moment—Oh, my lord! my love!
This darkness closes round me! . . . . Where am I?
I know no more . . . . Oh, meek-eyed torture
I see but thee, thou'rt maddening me to death,
Oh haunt me not! oh turn those eyes away!
I knew no mercy, but oh, Christ my Lord
Spare me! . . . Ah devil is it thou at last?
Take me and torture! Christ in mercy turn
Those haunting eyes away! [*Falls on his sword with a dying gasp.*]
Oh Christ! Christ! Christ!
Oh horrible, meek eyes, they haunt me still! [*Dies.*]

EVELYN PYNE.

"THERE are nine thousand licensed dens of crime here in the city of New York. A community which boasts of Christian civilisation tolerates and legalizes a business which is nothing else than a curse to the people who are compelled to submit to its presence. Not one word can be spoken in its favour, not one argument cited to support it. A thousand policemen, a dozen criminal magistrates and courts, asylums, jails and penitentiaries are needed to take care of the consequences of this business. . . .

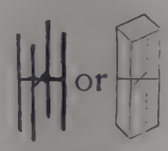
Among the Buddhists with five hundred million followers and the Mahommedans with two hundred and fifty million, drunkenness is unknown. The so-called heathens of the world, the "vile and despised of the earth," forbid the use of alcoholic drinks and crush intemperance, and we Christians encourage and legalize it.

Ministers of the church of Christ are labouring in the cause of the license, while heathen teachers are fighting for its suppression (read *Theosophists*); and yet we send missionaries to these people to convert them to our religious civilization! God forbid!" *(From the New York Press.)* The superiority of the Christian over Heathen religions, is proved, indeed!

The Seven Geometrical Vowels.

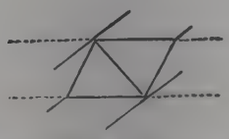
"TEN is the number of Jehovah, the typical personal God." See LUCIFER, December, page 291.

The word "Jehovah" contains the five vowels, therefore, according to "The Geometrical Vowels," page 317, it expresses a combination of Air I, Earth E, Water V, Fire Λ, with one consonant, H, added. The letter H is only an aspirate—a breath; it is repeated, therefore TWO *breaths*.

From a geometrical point of view, two Hs at once suggest solidity; put in perspective they would be 

As the vowels IEOVA express the elements named, these combined with the two *Breathings* are those elements in concrete form; or as given in our text, a "*personal God*," by reason of those two Breathings.

IEHOVAH:—This is the form of it,

which from a side view is 

Its two pyramids rest upon the plane of the *horizontal* line.

The vowel E and the letter H are intimately connected, the H completing the solidity of the vowel E, making it ⊟

E, as representing Earth, is a combination of Elements in tangible (solid) form, which, as we have just deduced, is completed by the breathing of H.

Therefore, of the vowels we have only Four left AIOV.

We came to the conclusion, page 318, that water was only a reversed condition of Fire, therefore a form of Λ, consequently the vowels are reduced to Three AIO as the primal Trinity which is very similar to our word God.

MAN, or . The letter I (am) is here *induced* by the operation of the letter N, which by its peculiar enunciation checks the outgoing of the vowel A and forces it upwards into the head, producing the I, or consciousness as represented in the monogram.

IAM or is nearly the same as **MAN** = therefore by the evolution of **IA***m*, *man* is produced, and by the involution of Man, **IA***n* is produced.

WOMAN joined to **MAN** generates the winged egg.

In is **IAVO**, but neither **E** nor **H** is in the monogram.

It expresses a conception of Divine energy prior to its out-Breathing. Although by the completion of the Bases of the two Triangles two planes of consciousness are indicated within the circle of the Boundless, as Light and Darkness.

is 10 Ten
= Three
= Six
= Nine

These form

In this the wheels turn in one direction as indicated by the arrows, from left to right. This is the Sign ♋ Cancer, which, by Taro, is generation of first forms of Life. This is One Breath of Jehovah.

Reverse the wheels and we have

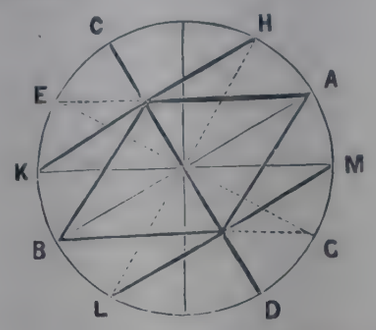
The Second Breathing.

These together are

The curious will easily find that this monogram contains all the numbers—as stated in my Text, all the signs of the Zodiac—and many other things. And by adding **E** and **H**, it will be found to contain all the letters of the English alphabet.

Astrological inference:—The weight of attraction upon the line of operation of **I** producing the two triangles is an antagonistic influence, opposed to the completion of the circle of **I** (as shown on page

317), and tending to draw together the two polar points, and to absorb them in the plane of its power.



In this diagram it is seen that these points represent an influence 90 degrees apart.

A C, C B, B D, D A, an astrological ▱ square.

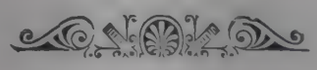
This retarding influence or weight must be powerfully felt along the whole line of the operation C D, consequently the opposition C—D is most powerfully inimical to the points A, B, tending to absorb them.

Astrologers will see by this diagram, geometrically, how *friends* and *pleasure* are the drag upon a man and his wife's wealth, and tend to absorb it in the plane of their power.

But the line A E and B G are in affinity with each other, and are the power of A and B extended to the limit of the circle, these represent points in *Trine* and *sextile* to each other, As do also the points of the letter H as K L, H M, L D, D M, and so on.

There is no levity in pointing out that this is the operation of Jehovah in the circumstances of the Life of man.

A CHELA.



A PARABLE.

A NUMBER of psychical researchers, thirsting after occult knowledge, went into a wilderness to seek for the serpent of wisdom. The day was very hot and they became very hungry, so that they would have eaten almost any kind of food, however repulsive, to keep themselves from starvation. At last they espied a serpent of a beautiful green colour, with a golden crown upon its head. They caught the snake and resolved to eat it; but they would not eat it raw and alive. So they cut it to pieces. One boiled his piece, another roasted his, and the third attempted to make a stew of it; but, wondrous to relate, whenever a piece was nearly done, it disappeared, and nothing remained but some indigestible bones.

Then the psychical researchers were very much disappointed and wept; when a voice from above spoke to them and said: "He who wishes to come into possession of the truth must learn how to eat living snakes. He must not expect to have the truth killed and dressed up to suit his taste; but absorb the living spirit of wisdom, such as it is."

F. H.

OCCULT AXIOMS AND THEIR SYMBOLS.

II.

FROM the one to the many, from the many to the one, is the law of universal evolution, symbolised poetically by the breath of *Brahmâ*, graphically by the interlaced triangles of Solomon's seal.

Duality being the number of *Maya*, the supreme Unity is incomprehensible to our ignorance. Notwithstanding the efforts of reason, *Avidya* forbids us to conceive of a state where the relation between matter and spirit has become an identity, although at the same time our thought loses itself in the abyss of nothingness, when trying to trace through infinitude these two parallel limits of existence; under analysis, objectivity melts into the Unknowable, and subjectivity dissolves into the Unconscious. But if two parallel lines never meet in reality, they always meet in perspective, at a distance determined by our power of vision, and the conception of supreme unity represents that point to our metaphysical shortsight. Although the threshold of the Absolute, it is at the same time the centre and focus of *Maya*. About *Parabrahm* we can say nothing, not even that it exists. To the Relative, the Absolute is a mystery; to the Absolute, the Relative is an illusion. Lost between the night of Non-Being and the shadow of unreality, our thought has to surround itself with its utmost limits, and build the immense sphere of its own eternity as a screen upon which to project its weird fancies. By the same process, *Brahmâ*, waking up from *Pralaya*, was frightened by his isolation, and looking around, saw Parabrahm everywhere under the veil of *Mulaprakriti*. This beginning of illusion is the end of our thought.

Parabrahm has no symbol; the Absolute can no more be represented figuratively than mentally. If we consider the white page as the empty ground of all figures, we may draw a circle as the symbol of *Mulaprakriti*. In this case, the central point is often taken to represent the Logos, *Brahmâ* in the egg, *Kether* in *Shekinah*. But the whole figure, point and all, can also be taken as a symbol of the immaculate mother, for its three elements fitly illustrate the Trinity in Unity, the circumference representing non-manifested substance, and the centre being the first unmanifested Logos or the germ of consciousness, while the surface between the two is the ground on which will take place the operations of the Great Breath, which represents the noumenon of motion or latent force. As circumference, centre, and surface constitute only one figure, so Mulaprakriti is the synthesis of the three emanations. Omnipresence, the last residuum of time, space, and motion, as well as of substance and consciousness, is also the focus whence emanate the three rays which enlighten the three main planes of existence, the three Logoi which in manifestation become androgyne. Hence the seven *Purushas*, the seven *Prakritis*, and the seven wheels of *Fohat*; yet the three persons are one

in each of the seven operations of the Paraclete, as well as in their supreme mansion; the Holy Trinity reigns in the least grain of sand as well as in the highest heavens. The Central sun radiates its rays, which divide and subdivide, to enlighten a wider and wider area of *Maya*, until, the expansive force having spent its energy, the contractive force asserts itself, *Brahmâ* withdraws his breath, and the diversity of things progressively rebecome one.

Mulaprakriti, then, is the unity of the three, of the seven, of the whole; the omnipresence in the great and small, in the quick and slow, in the past and future, the sphere which is nowhere and the centre which is everywhere. Here is the Gordian knot of a recent discussion concerning the best division of the human "principles." The transHimalayan Occultists understand by *Mulaprakriti* that synthesis of the three and of the seven which is the feminine and only conceivable aspect of *Parabrahm;* while it represents to the *pundits* only the root of objectivity or substance, above which they place *Daiviprakriti*, the root of force, and *Ishwara*, the root of consciousness. To the Vedantins, it is one of the extremes of creation, the passive material of the Universe; to us, it is the aspect of the Supreme Principle, the unique and living element. And in the last sense, it becomes identical with the *Aditi* of the Vedas, which is the mother of the *Adityas*, and one with them; identical also with the *Avyaktam* of the Sankhyas, with the *Thai-y* (great Unit) of the Taoists, and the *Thai-khi* (Great Limit) of the Confucianists. To the substantial root of the Universe, the name of *Prakriti* ought to be reserved. Confusion would be still better avoided if, leaving to the Vedantins their terms *Parabrahm* and *Mulaprakriti*, we adopted the pure Vedic terminology and said :—In *Tad, Aditi;* from *Aditi*, the seven.

The trinity *Purusha-Fohat-Prakriti* is contained in each of the seven manifestations. Occult science teaches that there is not an atom of dead matter in the universe; force and consciousness may be either latent or manifested, but are present everywhere. On the other hand, neither consciousness nor force can be said to exist unless they manifest, and they cannot act unless through an *Upadhi* or vehicle of some kind, however immaterial. There is such a thing as "spiritual substance," in which the gods are clothed: and there is such a thing as "material spirit," that is to say, spirit clothed in the gross substance of the bodies. The three emanations are present in all manifestations, but they are not equally distributed therein. In the higher orders of being, spirituality is dominant, and materiality is a mere point or potentiality; while in the lower orders, matter predominates, and spirit has become a simple potentiality. Thus, in our actual state, consciousness of time is only of the present, a mere mathematical point running perpetually from past to future, a non-existing abstraction, which, however, passes through all possible states of existence; physical consciousness is momentary, while in transcendental states the three divisions of time are omnipresent. In space, our actual consciousness is only the intersection of the three

dimensions, a mathematical point again, which we instinctively localise behind our eyes, and to which we refer all extension; yet this nothing is the basis and the beginning of all form, and scarcely have we conceived it when we must conceive around it the "*Dik*," the six quarters of space, North, South, East, West, Zenith, Nadir, seven with the centre, while in abstract Space there are no dimensions. Thus, on this plane, self-consciousness is a mere unit, upon which all numbers are based: and its definition is given in the *Upanishad:* "The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of the creature"; it is said also to be of the size of the thumb, and is called "The little man in the pupil of the eye." This shows us once more the wealth of symbolical language: for, while the point in the circle, as a general symbol, enables us to trace consciousness to its source, it also indicates to our mind the perfect symmetry of its manifestation: on the higher planes, the point represents materiality; the circumference of the circle, spirituality; in the lower worlds, the point is spirit, and the plane of the circle, matter.

Purusha and *Prakriti* may be considered as the two extremities of manifestation, the two mathematical points where our angle of vision meets the horizon of eternity, the two poles between which springs the electric arc of *Fohat.* This intermediate principle or agent, without which spirit could never move matter and both would remain eternally latent, is said, in Japanese cosmogony, to possess the shape of a lanceolated leaf. Starting from a mere potentiality, it fills the enlarged space between its father and mother, expands to the utmost, and then contracts again; thus translating into manifestation, through the two kinds of *Saktis*, the two breaths of the never ending but never perceived respiration.

The six-pointed star, composed of a white and black triangle interlaced, symbolises this noiseless respiration, in that state where, the two breaths counteracting each other, all rests in equilibrium. The white triangle represents also the three creative principles, and the black one the three created *Upadhis.* The whole figure thus stands for the spiritual universe, or the world in that state where being and non-being embrace each other. Then comes the fall into matter. The two triangles begin to slide upon each other in opposite directions, until their two bases are united in one; the six-pointed star has become a rhomb. This in symbolism has the same signification as the square and the cube, the key to its meaning being its axial lines, which in a two-dimensional space form the cross, symbol of sex and polarity, and, in a three-dimensional space, represent these three dimensions, or the illusory appearance of the Eternal in Past, Present, and Future. Meanwhile, the circumscribing circle has elongated itself into an ellipse with two poles, the symbol of the manifested universe, the model of all beings and their motions, and the point in the circle has become the germ in the egg, *Brahmâ*, the manifested Logos. In each of the triangles of the rhomb may be inscribed the sacred tetraktis of Pythagoras, the unity at both ends

standing for the Alpha and Omega of evolution; if we redress the figure, we shall obtain a square containing the Pythagorean Table, one of the most pregnant symbols of Occultism, which will be explained elsewhere.

It is to the primordial Unity that all beings owe that feeling of "I am" which constitutes identity of Self, or Individuality. The consciousness latent in *Mulaprakriti* is the very root of human spirit; the rays emanating from it give to us our active triad and our three reflected principles. Every being in the Cosmos is thus an image of the supreme Existence. The Unity remains one while positing itself an infinite number of times. Hence that element of reality which runs under and through *Maya;* hence that confidence in the solidity of the Universe which enables us to pass through it. Obviously enough, illusion must have a substratum of some reality, must be the appearance of something. *Atma*, the ray of the Absolute, is the only beacon which can save us from the wreck of our delusions; and our belief in it, as the only reality, enables us to answer the arguments of those philosophers who reproach Pantheism with being a self-destroying doctrine unable to maintain the certitude even of its own conclusions. Mansel, in his Bampton lectures, finding that all his reasonings on the Absolute and Infinite lead him to Pantheism, prefers yet the suicide of reason through blind faith, to what he calls its suicide through Pantheism. "The Pantheist tells me that in order to attain to a true philosophy of being, I must begin by denying my own being. And for what purpose is this act of self-destruction needed? In order to preserve inviolate certain conclusions which I, the non-existent thinker, have drawn by virtue of my non-existent powers of thought. But if my personal existence, the great primary fact of all consciousness, is a delusion, what claim have the reasonings of the Pantheist himself to be considered as anything better than a part of the universal falsehood?" This is always the old confusion between false personality and true individuality. Far from maintaining the unreality of Self, the whole of the Pantheistic literature is intent upon teaching us how to attain to that only eternal reality, by ridding ourselves of the trammels of a transitory and artificial personality. The subjectivism of Pantheistic doctrines does not go even so far as that of the Scotch or German Idealists; for if, on the one hand, it denies the reality of subjectivity as it appears to our present consciousness, on the other it denies equally the reality of the consciousness so limited, and, recognising as real only the substratum of both subjectivity and objectivity, leaves in perfect *statu quo* the equilibrium or balance between the two. The fact that what we take for real is a *Maya* is a merely philosophical recognition, and in no way hinders the present state of things. Plunged in *Maya*, we will continue to believe in it until its illusory character is realised by us through something higher than mere intellect. Much less still have the Materialists any right to call the Pantheist an "abstractor of quintessence," when themselves, to explain a universe which they believe real,

start from such metaphysical abstractions as "Matter" or "Force." Least of all need the Occultist be troubled by the argument that, were everybody to practice *Yoga*, the present world would come to an end. For firstly, such an alternative is not very dreadful to those who know that annihilation is the only thing that cannot happen; and secondly, the danger is not at all likely to be realized: the ascetics are now, and will be for a long time to come, only too rare exceptions. The complicated snare in which the world is entangled constitutes the "second creation" of the cosmogonies, and will last until its secondary creator is reabsorbed in the first Logos, and this one in his turn in the Absolute. Says the *Kaivalyan-Avanita:* "The creation of the Self-effulgent *Ishwara* and the creation of the *Jiva* are quite different from each other. The creations of *Ishwara*, in the universe, are of a general character: they are all the moveable and immoveable things. But self-esteem, hate, love, all these which are the outcome of egotism, form the creations of the free-willed *Jiva* and not at all the doings of the spotless One." This is the mystery of incarnation, the descent of spirit into matter, the evolution of *Ahamkaram* from *Mahat.* Each *Jiva* is a ray, and all rays have a common center. And, as a definite number of *Jivas* are formed, from Gods down to Men, so at the same time a corresponding number of corporeities come to existence, from planetary down to atomic centers. Then also takes place the genesis of concrete time and space, for an occult relation exists between the number of *Jivas* launched in manifestation and the duration of the *Manwantara.* Consciousness is the standard measure of objectivity for gods as for men. When dispersion has reached its utmost limits, each *Jiva* begins to reascend towards *Atma.* The rays return to the sun, enriched with the images they have enlightened in their planetary pilgrimage; the blood regains the heart, vivified and nourished by the air it has helped to inhale and the food it has helped to assimilate.

To this dual current of metaphysical forces we may expect, by analogy, to find, in the moral world, a corresponding double tendency. Two laws indeed govern the relations of living beings towards each other, egotism and altruism. Egotism, like sexuality, is a cosmic force, an instinct, necessary to the descent of spirit into matter. There are kingdoms in nature ruled entirely by pure egotism and innocent instinct: spheres, still more material than ours, inhabited by beings whose souls are, so to say, petrified; whose passions and emotions are to them as objective and tangible as the terrestrial minerals. There exist Fohatic creatures in whose constitution pity, love, sympathy, and kindness have no place. We are not concerned here, however, with the misery of the elemental, mineral, vegetal, or animal orders: this misery is told for us by the eternal complaint of the forest and the ocean, by the voices of the thousands of creatures who can only express by moanings and shrieks even their joys and loves. Over their painful sleep, egotism alone wakes; unconsciousness is proclaimed by their savage roars and plaintive

bleatings; and their clumsy masses are moved only by the necessities of the struggle for existence. Man, the victor in that struggle, can well afford to be generous towards his inferiors: he who ill-treats animals is like a warrior who strikes a fallen foe. There is even more than supplication in these ceaseless noises and complaints: there is, to those who listen with their heart to the apparently meaningless discord, an appeal to a deep and touching communion. The silence that reigns in mountain solitudes is eloquent. It reminds us of identity of substance between our bones and the rocks, between our flesh and the soil it comes from, between our hair and the trees which every passing wind disturbs, between our breath and the vapours which any ray colours with a rainbow or disperses in thin air.

The gaze, fiery or meek, from irrational eyes teaches us humility and tenderness towards beings, after all, so similar to us in form that we have no organ, either mouth, eyes, ears, or anything else, which they do not possess also; our only sensible advantage over them being the faculty of language. And yet the evening hymn bellowed by stray cattle in foggy meadows is the expression of the same life that animates us. But if the soul of man can thus discern a prayer in the pitiless voice of Nature, if his industry can employ to intelligent purposes the blind strength of tamed brutes, if he can play towards his soulless brothers the part of a god—or of a devil—nay, even the part of a creator, who transforms existing types and elicits new combinations from the living materials of nature, does not the pretence which would submit the conqueror to the same law his slaves obey appear ridiculous? Those who argue that, because the struggle for existence is the supreme rule of animal evolution, man must worship faithfully the great God of Egotism, surrender human liberty to the shame of animal fatalism, take several steps backwards in the road of evolution. If man were yet on the descending arc, if he were nothing better than an animal, it would be useless to question the supremacy of selfishness; if mind is nothing but a modification, a product, of matter, the great material laws must control and limit its operations. But then it may be asked whether the habits and expediencies of civilisation, the creations of art and productions of industry, the very symmetry with which we build our towns and houses, are not in direct defiance to the laws of brute matter and chaotic nature? The moment a mind began to think, instinct began to fade: the instant association appeared, the struggle for existence began to lose its intensity. The throne of Egotism was undermined by the first man who sacrificed himself for other men.

AMARAVELLA.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT ASTRONOMY OF THE HINDUS.

NOW that the Light of Oriental Science is beginning to diffuse itself more widely into the mental atmosphere of Western thinkers, much of the ground covered by modern schools of Theorists, with the imposing structure they have been pleased to call *Exact Science*, is likely to fall into other hands. It is possible, nay most probable, that the Right of Inheritance will ere long receive that consideration which is demanded by the nature of its claims.

Until a very recent date, the leaders of modern systems of thought in Europe and America have held undisputed possession of the public mind, and especially have they bestowed great pains upon the cultivation of that area covered by the physical sciences. The spongiose absorption of dogmatic science is considered by the average student to be an equivalent to individual intelligence.

The enquiring "Why" is no longer the pupil, friend, or confidant of the reasoning "Because." "A new theory" to-day, and more "exact science" to-morrow. No room for questions? *Not a little!* The gods have spoken, therefore keep silence!

Webster, and others of his vein, tell us that a science is a collection of principles or truths, based upon a fixed law. This may be; but science to-day is thought, by many people, to be anything which is followed by such names as Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, &c. With such persons, the mere connection with one of these names is an all-sufficient *reason*. No more than this blind credulity was required of us in our childhood, to enable the indulgent nurse to administer the obnoxious "grey powder"! "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what the gods will send you!" We remember it well! too well not to have profited by this experience of thy artful devices, O human nature!

Well, and who is this that has thrown down the glove to the champions of Modern Science? None other than the poor despised Hindu—the same that in our early days we were taught to look upon as a poor illiterate heathen, having all the vices and none of the virtues of human nature. The idea of his claiming anything more than an Englishman, beyond a darker skin, seems altogether too absurd to be entertained by one who has been trained thus to think of him. And yet, amongst other claims, a knowledge of astronomy, equal if not superior to that of Europeans, is asserted by him to have been the inheritance of his people for at least 5,000 years!

It is our purpose to examine this claim; as briefly as may be, consistent with justice.

Let us then enquire first of all as to their knowledge of the general constitution of the heavens.

In the Philosophical Transactions for 1772 some highly interesting remarks were made upon the Indian Zodiac by Sir William Jones, the nature of which went very far to prove that the present form of the Zodiac was well known to the Hindus at least 2,400 years B.C. Reference is made to Acharya Varaha Mihira, who quotes from ancient Sastras existing 2,000 years before his time, to

show that the Precession of the Equinoxes was employed by the ancient Hindus to mark certain of their important "periods."

According to modern astronomical teachings, Hipparchus of Bithynia, who founded his school of philosophy in Alexandria 140 B.C., is said to have first observed this phenomenon of the Equinoctial precession.

But the aforesaid Mihira, who is mentioned by name in the Panchatantra, makes this observation. "At present, one solstice is in the first degree of Karkâtaka and the other in the first of Makara, but certainly the southern solstice was once in the middle of Aslesha, the northern in the first degree of Dhanishtha, according to former Sastras." This is equivalent to saying that about 400 B.C., the summer solstice was in Cancer 1° and the southern or winter solstice was in Capricornus 1°, but that, according to scientific teaching over 2,000 years anterior to this period, the solstices were respectively in the first degrees of Leo and Aquarius. Now what else can this statement imply than that the motion of the fixed stars and constellations was well known to the astronomical Hindu? It is to be noted that since the ancients have recorded the summer solstice as falling in Leo, such record must have been made about 4,320 years ago, since the solstice is now in Gemini, and the time required for its passage through each sign is 2,160 years. This latter period was also the time allowed by the ancients, for their "Great Year" consisted of 25,920 years, *i.e.*, 12 times 2,160, and as this is the period allowed by Newton, and indeed all astronomers up to a very recent date, for the precession of the Equinoxes, I think we may affirm that the merit of *antiquity* as well as of *accuracy* is due to the Hindu.

It is to be noted, then, that the ancient inhabitants of India figured their Zodiac in precisely the same way as the Greeks, from whom, through the Romans, we obtained our knowledge of this subject in the first place. The division of this Zodiac into the 12 signs was the same as that found in the Egyptian monuments of antiquity by Bailly and other travellers. Copies of the Dendara Esné Zodiacs present exactly the same order in the "signs" as the copy of the Ancient Indian Zodiac in Moor's Pantheon, and that also by Sir Wm. Jones in the Philosophical Transactions.

Further we find that the Hindus divided their Zodiac into 36 drekkanas, each sign consisting of 3 such, having 10° each. They likewise divided the circle into 27 lunar mansions.

For every one of these drekkanas and lunar mansions they had a distinctive name, and what is more remarkable still, as an evidence of the importance of astronomical exactness with them, they had a particular name for every degree of the Zodiacal circle. Besides this mathematical knowledge of the Zodiac, they appear to have been well acquainted with the natures of the different asterisms constituting the drekkanas, for they have not only named them, as said, but have pourtrayed them under figures or symbols. A description of these is given in Mihira's Vrihat Játaka, translated by Colebrooke. Examining still further, we shall find that the ancient Hindus possessed a wide knowledge of astronomical "periods."

We have already noticed the "Great Year" formed by the precession of the Equinoxes: we may now mention the famous Naros, or Naronic cycle.* The Naros was composed of 600 years and the cycle of $12 \times 600 = 7,200$ years. It is called

* Said to have originated in Narada a Vedic Rishi and astronomer.

the "Lunisolar Year," because it has relation to the motions of the sun and moon through the Zodiac, for it will be seen that the Naros consists of 7,200 months or moons, while the cycle measures the same number of years. This cycle allows 600 years to each sign of the Zodiac, whereas the "Great Year" allows 2,160 years, and this latter period divided by 30, the number of degrees in each sign, gives 72 years, which, multiplied by 100, gives the Naronic cycle. The idea of the Hindus dividing the Zodiac into ten signs no doubt has arisen from a comparison of these two periods. The Naros of 600 years is said to be one of the oldest periods known to the Aryans. It is used to mark the recurrence of Lunisolar conjunction in the same asterism, but we may here add that it also has an important esoteric meaning as well as an exoteric use In this respect it is like all other natural phenomena to the spiritually-minded Hindu.

We may now notice another astronomical period known to the Aryans, which is intimately connected with the foregoing.

The obliquity of the ecliptic is a phenomenon which did not escape the notice of the Oriental astronomer. Regarding this matter modern astronomers are at loggerheads, not only as to its cause, but also as to its motion in regard to the earth's axis. True to nature, the Hindus have set this motion down as "regular," and appear to have reckoned it as 50″ per century, or half a second per year. A comparison of the figures given by Flamstead, Bradley, Mayer, Maskelyne, Vince, M. de la Lande, and Woodhouse gives the same result.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is a relationship between the "great year" of 25,920 solar years and this motion of the earth's axis in regard to the plane of the ecliptic (which we may call the polar revolution), in that the precession of the equinoxes is 50″ per year and the polar revolution 50″ per century.

Consequently the time required for a complete polar revolution is 2,592,000 years. Now if we multiply the Naronic cycle of 7,200 years by 360, the degrees in a circle, the result is this period of 2,592,000 years! Hence one Naronic cycle will produce just one degree of *diminution* in the obliquity of the ecliptic, or, in other words, *increase* of polar elevation.

If we consider the vast cosmical effects which would take place under this law in the earth's body in the course of only half such a period as that required for the polar revolution, we shall not be disposed to treat as fables the allusions frequently made in Oriental writings to stupendous seismic phenomena which are said to have occurred in past ages. Indeed, it is only reasonable to assume that, since the angular distance of the North Pole from the plane of the earth's orbit is gradually increasing, the presence of the Borean region in the tropic of Cancer, some 240,000 years ago, will satisfactorily account for the fossil remains of the greater tropical mammalia and many kinds of tropical vegetation found in what are now the Arctic regions and the frozen deserts of Northern Russia. This theory seems far more agreeable to nature than some of the "shifts" to which modern geologists resort in their endeavours to make "head and tail" of our little globe. Moreover, since heat expands and cold contracts, we may infer that an "earth-wave," occupying that belt of the globe known as the tropics, would follow the course of the sun induced by this polar revolution, viz., from north to south. and therefore, also, the depression of the earth's body at the poles may be referred to the same phenomenal causes, viz., the polar revolution

and the sun's angular distance. The moon, in its motion round the earth, acts upon the mass of waters in the oceans, carrying with it a tidal wave; and why should not the sun, under proportionate conditions, act in a similar manner upon the denser mass of the earth's body? Besides, scientists have yet to prove that there is some specific quality in the North and South Poles which constitutes their magnetic natures, or, in other words, the earth's polarity. The same magnetic phenomena can be produced by a circular current of electricity travelling from west to east (the motion of the earth's tropical and electric belt), which will cause all polarized bodies within its area of action to immediately indicate true north and south. If this theory can be faithfully worked out (and we are of opinion it can), it will prove polarity in the earth's body to be merely a relative condition arising out of solar electrical action, a condition which, in the course of 2,592,000 years, would obtain with every degree of the earth's polar circle.

This brings us back to our Oriental friends. The Hindus count 360 years of mortal life as one Divine year, and as they allow 12 millions of such years to be equal to one "day" of Brahmâ, it follows that, with a corresponding "night" of equal length, the immense period referred to as "a day and a night of Brahmâ"=4,320,000,000 years of mortal life. Therefore 360 of such periods will constitute "Brahmâ's year," and 100 such "years," making the period known as the Mahakalpa, will, if expressed in mortal years, yield this number, 311,040,000,000,000. Now to make a comparison of these periods with those we have previously noted, we may first take the Naronic cycle of 7,200 years. This we have already shown to consist of an astronomical period, multiplied by the number of signs in the Zodiac. If we multiply this cycle by the Naros of 600 years, the result is the Mahayuga, which is the sum of the "four ages," so well known as to need no mention here.

With regard to the period required for the precession of the Equinoxes, if it be multiplied by 1,000, it will give the sum of the Sandhis, or intervals between the reigns of the Manus, *i.e.*, 25,920,000 years, which is the sum of six Mahayugas. Ten revolutions of the earth's poles will produce the same figures. Presuming the polar revolution to be *regular*, and no one has yet proved that it is *not*, it may be applied to the measurement of the "four ages" already referred to. Thus at the rate of 50 per century

60	degrees	will	produce	432,000	years,	the	Kali Yuga
120	,,	,,	,,	864,000	,,	,,	Dwápur ,,
180	,,	,,	,,	1,296,000	,,	,,	Treta ,,
240	,,	,,	,,	1,728,000	,,	,,	Satya ,,

The sum of which 4,320,000 years is the Mahayuga.

To return once more to "the precession of the Equinoxes." It is well known that our sun is not the central sun of the universe of systems, and therefore it is but right to infer that, in connection with other minor centres to which our sun is related, it has a motion of its own in regard to the great central orb. In other words, we may say that, just as there are planetary orbits, so there are solar orbits, and thus from centre to centre we may proceed inwards until the mind grows giddy and loses its sense of location in the unfathomable depths of cosmic space. In regard to our subject we would ask, Is it not more rational to suppose the motion of the sun through space, in its own im-

mense orbit, to be the cause of the precession of the Equinoxes, than that the countless systems constituting our Zodiac should concur in a uniform motion in regard to our own little system? Suppose the sun to move in the direction of the order of the "signs" at the rate of 50″ per year,* then the asterisms of the Zodiac would *appear* to move at the same rate in the opposite direction, *i.e.*, against the order of the signs, which is agreeable to all our observations of this phenomenon.

Granting these premises to be correct, the calculation of the sun's distance from its own centre would be a matter of a few minutes, providing we had any definite figures to denote the Radius Vector of the earth, but we will leave our astronomers to settle this point first. A study of the different computations made during the past 1,800 years only, leaves us a pretty fair margin for guessing if science permits of such a method in a matter so important! At all events it is something between 800 miles and 104,000,000 miles!

Modern Science affects to *look down* upon the Hindu Vedânga Jyotisha, but we may safely affirm, even from this cursory survey of their astronomy, that the ancient Sages of the East were not guessing nor "playing duck and drake" with figures, when they mentioned such vast periods as those we have been regarding. More than this, our astronomical basis rests in the soil of the Hindu mind, and the lofty superstructure we call our own has undergone many changes to *suit the fashion*, but the foundations have remained undisturbed.†

SEPHARIAL.

* This would, of course, set aside the idea of an elliptical orbit in the case of the earth and planets of the solar system, and in its place a motion similar to that of the moon would be instituted. For modern astronomers to admit a motion of the sun through space, and to retain the theory of the elliptical orbit, as they do, merely to bolster up the Newtonian Philosophy, is only another proof of their insane bigotry. Any school-boy can see that it is impossible to form an ellipse round a moving body!

† The Radius Vector of the earth, according to the ancients, was 800 million stadia. A stadium is 606 feet 9 inches: and this multiplied by the above number yields 91,931,818 English miles. These figures are so exactly within the limits prescribed by *the latest calculatians* that one cannot but be struck with the result of any comparison which might be made between them and the ifferent estimates of astronomers since the time of Copernicus. Thus:

Copernicus gives	3,391,200
Mayer ,, ...	184,000,000

These are *outside figures*.

Result from last transit of ♀ = between 91,600,000, and 92 millions.

R. Proctor gives 91,500,000.

The Great Pyramid, 91,840,000.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

Eat and drink with a friend, but do not trade with him.
He who wants a faultless friend, remains friendless.
He who wants the rose, must want the thorns also.
A sweet tongue draws the snake forth from the earth.
Without trouble one eats no honey.
Sacrifice your beard to save your head.

Found 1889

THE ROOTS OF RITUALISM IN CHURCH AND MASONRY

I.

THEOSOPHISTS are very often, and very unjustly too, accused of infidelity and even of Atheism. This is a grave error, especially with regard to the latter charge.

In a large society, composed of so many races and nationalities, in an association wherein every man and woman is left to believe in whatever he or she likes, and to follow or not to follow—just as they please—the religion they were born and brought up in, there is but little room left for Atheism. As for "infidelity," it becomes a misnomer and a fallacy. To show how absurd is the charge, in any case, it is sufficient to ask our traducers to point out to us, in the whole civilized world, that person who is *not* regarded as an "infidel" by some other person belonging to some different creed. Whether one moves in highly respectable and orthodox circles, or in a so-called heterodox "society," it is all the same. It is a mutual accusation, tacitly, if not openly, expressed; a kind of a mental game at shuttlecock and battledore flung reciprocally, and in polite silence, at each other's heads. In sober reality, then, no theosophist any more than a non-theosophist can be an infidel; while, on the other hand, there is no human being living who is not an infidel in the opinion of some sectarian or other. As to the charge of Atheism, it is quite another question.

What is *Atheism*, we ask, first of all? Is it disbelief in and denial of the existence of a God, or Gods, or simply the refusal to accept a personal deity on the somewhat gushy definition of R. Hall, who explains Atheism as "a ferocious system" because, "it leaves nothing *above* (?) us to excite awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness" (!) If the former, then most of our members —the hosts in India, Burmah, and elsewhere—would demur, as they believe in Gods and supernal beings, and are in great *awe* of some of them. Nor would a number of Western Theosophists fail to confess their full belief in Spirits, whether spatial or planetary, ghosts or angels. Many of us accept the existence of high and low Intelligences, and of Beings as great as any "personal" God. This is no occult secret. What we confessed to in the November LUCIFER (editorial), we reiterate again. Most of us believe in the survival of the Spiritual Ego, in Planetary Spirits and *Nirmanakayas*, those great Adepts of the past ages, who, renouncing their right to Nirvana, remain in our spheres of being, not as "spirits" but as complete spiritual human Beings. Save their corporeal, visible envelope, which they leave behind, they remain as they were, in order to help poor humanity, as far as can be done without sinning against Karmic law. This is the "Great Renunciation," indeed; an incessant, conscious self-sacrifice throughout æons and ages till that day when the eyes of blind mankind will open and, instead of the few, *all* will see the universal truth. These Beings may well be regarded as God and Gods—if they would but allow the fire in our hearts, at the thought of that purest of all sacrifices, to be fanned into the flame of adoration, or the smallest altar in their honour. But they will not.

Verily, "the secret heart is fair Devotion's (only) temple," and any other, in this case, would be no better than profane ostentation.

Now with regard to other invisible Beings, some of whom are still higher, and others far lower on the scale of divine evolution. To the latter we will have nothing to say; the former will have nothing to say to us: for we are as good as non-existent for them. The homogeneous can take no cognizance of the heterogeneous; and unless we learn to shuffle off our mortal coil and commune with them "spirit to spirit," we can hardly hope to recognise their true nature. Moreover, every true Theosophist holds that the divine HIGHER SELF of every mortal man is of the same essence as the essence of these Gods. Being, moreover, endowed with free-will, hence having, more than they, responsibility, we regard the incarnated EGO as far superior to, if not more divine than, any spiritual INTELLIGENCE *still awaiting incarnation.* Philosophically, the reason for this is obvious, and every metaphysician of the Eastern school will understand it. The incarnated EGO has odds against it which do not exist in the case of a pure divine Essence unconnected with matter; the latter has no personal merit, whereas the former is on his way to final perfection through the trials of existence, of pain and suffering. The shadow of Karma does not fall upon that which is divine and unalloyed, and so different from us that no relation can exist between the two. As to those deities which are regarded in the Hindu esoteric Pantheon as finite and therefore under the sway of Karma, no true philosopher would ever worship them; they are signs and symbols.

Shall we then be regarded as atheists, only because while believing in Spiritual Hosts—those beings who have come to be worshipped in their collectivity as a *personal* God—we reject them absolutely as representing the ONE Unknown? and because we affirm that the eternal Principle, the ALL in ALL, or the *Absoluteness* of the *Totality*, cannot be expressed by limited words, nor be symbolised by anything with conditioned and qualificative attributes? Shall we, moreover, permit to pass without protest the charge against us of idolatry—by the Roman Catholics, of all men? They, whose religion is as pagan as any of the solar and element worshippers; whose creed was framed out for them, cut and dry, ages before the year 1 of Christian era; and whose dogmas and rites are the same as those of every *idolatrous* nation—if any such nation still exists in spirit anywhere at this day. Over the whole face of the earth, from the North to the South Pole, from the frozen gulfs of Northland to the torrid plains of Southern India, from Central America to Greece and Chaldea, the Solar Fire, as the symbol of divine Creative Power, of Life and Love, was worshipped. The union of the Sun (male element) with Earth and the Water (matter, the female element) was celebrated in the temples of the whole Universe. If Pagans had a feast commemorative of this union—which they celebrated nine months ere the Winter Soltice, when Isis was said to have conceived—so have the Roman Catholic Christians. The great and *holy day* of the *Annunciation*, the day on which the Virgin Mary "found favour with (her) God" and conceived "the Son of the *Highest*," is kept by Christians *nine months before Christmas.* Hence, the worship of the Fire, lights and lamps in the churches. Why? Because Vulcan, the fire-God, married Venus, the daughter of the Sea; that the Magi watched over the sacred fire in the East, and the Virgin-Vestals in the West. The Sun was the "Father;" Nature, the eternal Virgin-Mother: Osiris

and Isis, Spirit-Matter, the latter worshipped under each of its three states by Pagan and Christian. Hence the Virgins—even in Japan—clothed with star-spangled blue, standing on the lunar crescent, as symbolical of female Nature (in her three elements of Air, Water, Earth); Fire or the male Sun, fecundating her yearly with his radiant beams (the "cloven tongues like as of fire" of the Holy Ghost).

In *Kalevala* the oldest epic Poem of the Finns, of the pre-Christian antiquity of which there remains no doubt in the minds of scholars, we read of the gods of Finland, the gods of air and water, of fire and the forest, of Heaven and the Earth. In the superb translation by J. M. Crawford, in Rune L (Vol. II.) the reader will find the whole legend of the Virgin Mary in

> "*Mariatta*, child of beauty,
> Virgin-Mother of the Northland . . ." (p. 720).

Ukko, the great Spirit, whose abode is in Yûmäla, the sky or Heaven, chooses the Virgin Mariatta as his vehicle to incarnate through her in a Man-God. She becomes pregnant by plucking and eating a red berry *(marja)*, when, repudiated by her parents, she gives birth to a "Son immortal," in the *manger of a stable*. Then the "Holy Babe" disappears, and Mariatta is in search of him. She asks a star, "the guiding star of Northland," where her "holy babe lies hidden," but the star answers her angrily:—

> "If I knew, I would not tell thee;
> 'Tis thy child that me created,
> In the cold to shine for ever. . . ."

and tells the Virgin nothing. Nor will the golden moon help her, because, Mariatta's babe having created her, left her in the great sky:—

> "Here to wander in the darkness,
> All alone at eve to wander,
> Shining for the good of others. . . ."

It is only the "Silver Sun" who, taking pity upon the Virgin-Mother, tells her:—

> "Yonder is thy golden infant,
> There thy holy babe lies sleeping,
> Hidden to his belt in water,
> Hidden in the reeds and rushes."

She takes the holy baby home, and while the mother calls him "Flower,"

> "Others named him *Son of Sorrow*."

Is this a post-Christian legend? Not at all; for, as said, it is *essentially pagan in origin* and recognized as pre-Christian. Hence, with such data in hand in literature, the ever-recurring taunts of idolatry and atheism, of infidelity and paganism, ought to cease. The term *idolatry*, moreover, is of Christian origin. It was used by the early Nazarenes, during the 2½ centuries of our era, against those nations who used temples and churches, statues and images, because they, the early Christians themselves, *had neither temples, statues, nor images*, all of which they abhorred. Therefore the term "idolatrous" fits far better our accusers than ourselves, as this article will show. With Madonnas on every cross road, their thousands of statues, from Christs and Angels in every

shape down to Popes and Saints, it is rather a dangerous thing for a Catholic to taunt any Hindu or Buddhist with idolatry. The assertion has now to be proved.

II.

We may begin by the origin of the word God. What is the real and primitive meaning of the term? Its meanings and etymologies are as many as they are various. One of them shows the word derived from an old Persian and mystic term *goda*. It means "itself," or something self-emanating from the absolute Principle. The root word was *godan*—whence Wodan, Woden, and Odin, the Oriental radical having been left almost unaltered by the Germanic races. Thus they made of it *gott*, from which the adjective *gut*—"good," as also the term *gotz*, or idol, were derived. In ancient Greece, the word Zeus and *Theos* led to the Latin *Deus*. This *goda*, the emanation, is not, and cannot be, identical with that from which it radiates, and is, therefore, but a periodical, finite manifestation. Old Aratus, who wrote "full of Zeus are all the streets and the markets of man; full of Him is the sea and the harbours," did not limit his deity to such a temporary reflection on our terrestrial plane as Zeus, or even its antetype—Dyaus, but meant, indeed, the universal, omnipresent Principle. Before the radiant god *Dyaus* (the sky) attracted the notice of man, there was the Vedic *Tad* ("that") which, to the Initiate and philosopher, would have no definite name, and which was the absolute Darkness that underlies every manifested radiancy. No more than the mythical Jupiter—the later reflection of Zeus—could Sûrya, the Sun, the first manifestation in the world of Maya and the Son of Dyaus, fail to be termed "Father" by the ignorant. Thus the Sun became very soon interchangeable and one with Dyaus; for some, the "Son," for others, the "Father" in the radiant sky; *Dyaus-Pitar*, the Father in the Son, and the Son in the Father, truly shows, however, his finite origin by having the Earth assigned to him as a wife. It is during the full decadence of metaphysical philosophy that *Dyâva-prithivi* "Heaven and Earth" began to be represented as the Universal cosmic parents, not alone of men, but of the gods also. From the original conception, abstract and poetical, the ideal cause fell into grossness. Dyaus, the sky, became very soon Dyaus or Heaven, the abode of the "Father," and finally, indeed, that Father himself. Then the Sun, upon being made the symbol of the latter, received the title of *Dina-Kara* "day-maker," of *Bhaskara* "light-maker," now the Father of his Son, and *vice versa*. The reign of ritualism and of anthropomorphic cults was henceforth established and finally degraded the whole world, retaining supremacy to the present civilized age.

Such being the common origin, we have but to contrast the two deities —the god of the Gentiles and the god of the Jews—on their own *revealed* WORD; and judging them on their respective definitions of themselves, conclude intuitively which is the nearest to the grandest ideal. We quote Colonel Ingersoll, who brings Jehovah and Brahma parallel with each other. The former, "from the clouds and darkness of Sinai," said to the Jews:—

"'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.....Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, *visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them* that hate me.' Contrast this with the words put

by the Hindu into the mouth of Brahm: 'I am the same to all mankind. They who honestly serve other gods, involuntarily worship me. I am he who partaketh of all worship, and I am the reward of all worshippers.' Compare these passages. The first, a dungeon where crawl the things begot of jealous slime; the other, great as the domed firmament inlaid with suns. . . ."

The "first" is the god who haunted Calvin's fancy, when he added to his doctrine of predestination that of Hell being paved with the skulls of *unbaptized* infants. The beliefs and dogmas of our churches are far more blasphemous in the ideas they imply than those of the *benighted* Heathen. The *amours* of Brahmâ, under the form of a buck, with his own daughter, as a deer, or of Jupiter with Leda, under that of a swan, are grand *allegories*. They were never given out as a *revelation*, but known to have been the products of the poetic fancy of Hesiod and other mythologists. Can we say as much of the *immaculate daughters* of the god of the Roman Catholic Church—Anna and Mary? Yet, even to breathe that the Gospel narratives are allegories too, as they would be most sacrilegious were they accepted in their dead letter, constitutes in a Christian born the *acme* of blasphemy!

Verily, they may whitewash and mask as much as they like the god of Abraham and Isaac, they shall never be able to disprove the assertion of Marcion, who denied that the God of *Hate* could be the same as the "Father of Jesus." Heresy or not, but the "Father in Heaven" of the Churches remained since then a hybrid creature; a mixture between the Jove of the Pagan mobs and the "jealous God" of Moses, exoterically the SUN, whose abode is in Heaven, or the sky, esoterically. Does he not give birth to LIGHT "that shineth in Darkness," to the Day, the bright Dyaus, the Son, and is he not the MOST HIGH —*Deus Cœlum?* And is it not again *Terra*, the "Earth," the ever immaculate as the ever prolific Virgin who, fecundated by the ardent embraces of her "Lord"—the fructifying rays of the Sun, becomes, in this terrestrial sphere, the mother of all that lives and breathes on her vast bosom? Hence, the sacredness of her products in Ritualism—the *bread* and the *wine*. Hence also, the ancient *messis*, the great sacrifice to the goddess of harvest (*Ceres Eleusina*, the Earth again): messis, for the Initiates, *missa* for the profane,* now transformed into the Christian mass or liturgy. The ancient oblation of the fruits of the Earth to the Sun, the *Deus Aitissimus*, "the Most High," the symbol of the G.A.O.T.U. of the Masons to this day, became the foundation of the most important ritual among the ceremonies of the new religion. The worship offered to Osiris-Isis (the Sun and the Earth),† to Bel and the cruciform Astarte of the Babylonians; to Odin or Thor and Friga, of the Scandinavians; to Belen and the *Virgo Paritura* of the Celts; to Apollo and the *Magna Mater* of the Greeks; all these couples having the same meaning, passed bodily to, and were transformed by, the Christians into the Lord God or the Holy Ghost descending upon the Virgin Mary.

Deus Sol or *Solus*, the Father, was made interchangeable with the Son: the "Father" in his noon glory, he became the "Son" at Sun-rise, when he was said to "be born." This idea received its full apotheosis annually on December the

* From *pro*, "before," and *fanum* "the temple," *i.e.*, the non-initiates who stood before the fane, but dared not enter it.—(*Vide* the Works of Ragon.)

† The Earth, and the Moon, its parent, are interchangeable. Thus all the lunar goddesses were also the representative symbols of the Earth.—*Vide Secret Doctrine, Symbolism.*

25th, during the Vernal Solstice, when the Sun—hence the solar gods of all the nations—was said to be born. *Natalis solis invicte.* And the "precursor" of the resurrecting Sun *grows*, and *waxes strong*, until the vernal equinox, when the god Sol begins its annual course, under the sign of the Ram or the *Lamb*, the first lunar week of the month. The 1st of March was feasted throughout all pagan Greece, as its *neomenia* was sacred to Diana. Christian nations celebrate their Easter, for the same reason, on the first Sunday that follows the full moon, at the Vernal Equinox. With the festivals of the Pagans, the canonicals of their priests and Hierophants were copied by Christendom. Will this be denied? In his "Life of Constantine" Eusebius confesses—thus saying, perhaps, the only truth he ever uttered in his life—that "in order to render Christianity *more attractive to the Gentiles, the priests* (of Christ) *adopted the exterior vestments and ornaments used in the pagan cult.*" He might have added "their rituals" and dogmas also.

III.

It is a matter of History—however unreliable the latter—for a number of facts preserved by ancient writers corroborate it, that Church Ritualism and Freemasonry have sprung from the same source, and developed hand in hand. But as Masonry, even with its errors and later innovations, was far nearer the truth than the Church, the latter began very soon her persecutions against it. Masonry was, in its origin, simply archaic Gnosticism, or early esoteric Christianity; Church Ritualism was, and *is, exoteric paganism*, pure and simple—*remodelled*, we do not say *reformed.* Read the works of Ragon, a Mason who forgot more than the Masons of to-day know. Study, collating them together, the casual but numerous statements made by Greek and Latin writers, many of whom were Initiates, most learned Neophytes and partakers of the Mysteries. Read finally the elaborate and venomous slanders of the Church Fathers against the Gnostics, the Mysteries and their Initiates—and you may end by unravelling the truth. It is a few philosophers who, driven by the political events of the day, tracked and persecuted by the fanatical Bishops of early Christianity—who had yet neither fixed ritual nor dogmas nor Church—it is these Pagans who founded the latter. Blending most ingeniously the truths of the Wisdom-religion with the exoteric fictions so dear to the ignorant mobs, it is they who laid the first foundations of ritualistic Churches and of the Lodges of modern Masonry. The latter fact was demonstrated by Ragon in his ANTE-OMNIÆ of the modern Liturgy compared with the ancient Mysteries, and showing the rituals conducted by the early Masons; the former may be ascertained by a like comparison of the Church canonicals, the sacred vessels, and the festivals of the Latin and other Churches, with those of the pagan nations. But Churches and Masonry have widely diverged since the days when both were one. If asked how a profane can know it, the answer comes: ancient and modern Freemasonry are an obligatory study with every Eastern Occultist.

Masonry, its paraphernalia and modern innovations (the Biblical Spirit in it especially) notwithstanding, does good both on the moral and physical planes —or did so, hardly ten years ago, at any rate.* It was a true *ecclesia* in

* Since the origin of Masonry, the split between the British and American Masons and the French "Grand Orient" of the "Widow's Sons" is the first one that has ever occurred. It bids fair to make of these two sections of Masonry a Masonic Protestant and a Roman Catholic Church, as far as regards ritualism and brotherly love, at all events.

the sense of fraternal union and mutual help, the only *religion* in the world, if we regard the term as derived from the word *religare*, "to bind" together, as it made all men belonging to it "brothers"—regardless of *race* and *faith*. Whether with the enormous wealth at its command it could not do far more than it does now, is no business of ours. We see no visible, crying evil from this institution, and no one yet, save the Roman Church, has ever been found to show that it did any harm. Can *Church* Christianity say as much? Let ecclesiastical and profane history answer the question. For one, it has divided the whole mankind into Cains and Abels; it has slaughtered millions in the name of her God—the Lord of *Hosts*, truly, the ferocious Jehovah Sabbaoth—and instead of giving an impetus to civilization, the favourite boast of her followers—it has retarded it during the long and weary Mediæval ages. It is only under the relentless assaults of science and the revolt of men trying to free themselves, that it began to lose ground and could no longer arrest enlightenment. Yet has it not softened, as claimed, the "barbarous spirit of Heathendom"? We say no, most emphatically. It is Churchianity with its *odium theologicum*, since it could no longer repress human progress, which infused its lethal spirit of intolerance, its ferocious selfishness, greediness, and cruelty into modern civilization under the mask of *cant* and meek Christianity. When were the Pagan Cæsars more bloodthirsty or more coolly cruel than are the modern Potentates and their armies? When did the millions of the Proletariat starve as they do now? When has mankind shed more tears and suffered than at present?

Yes; there was a day when the Church and Masonry were one. These were centuries of intense moral reaction, a transitional period of thought as heavy as a nightmare, an age of strife. Thus, when the creation of new ideals led to the apparent pulling down of the old fanes and the destruction of old idols, it ended in reality with the rebuilding of those temples out of the old materials, and the erection of the same idols under new names. It was a universal re-arrangement and whitewashing—but only skin deep. History will never be able to tell us—but tradition and judicious research do—how many semi-Hierophants and even high Initiates were forced to become renegades in order to ensure the survival of the secrets of Initiation. Prætextatus, pro-consul at Achaia, is credited with remarking in the IVth century of our era, that "to deprive the Greeks of the sacred mysteries *which bind together the whole mankind* was equivalent to depriving them of their life." The Initiates took perhaps the hint, and thus joining *nolens volens* the followers of the new faith, then becoming all domineering, acted accordingly. Some hellenized Jewish Gnostics did the same; and thus more than one "Clemens Alexandrinus"—a convert to all appearance, an ardent Neo-Platonist and the same philosophical *pagan* at heart—became the instructor of ignorant Christian Bishops. In short the convert *malgré lui* blended the two external mythologies, the old and the new, and while giving out the compound to the masses, kept the sacred truths for himself.

The kind of Christians they made may be inferred from the example of Synesius, the Neo-Platonist. What scholar is ignorant of the fact, or would presume to deny, that the favourite and devoted pupil of Hypatia—the virgin-philosopher, the martyr and victim of the infamous Cyril of Alexandria—had not even been baptised when first offered by the bishops of Egypt the Episcopalian See of the Ptolemaïd? Every student is aware that, when finally baptised,

after having accepted the office proffered, it was so *skin-deep* that he actually signed his consent only after his conditions had been complied with and his future privileges guaranteed. What the chief clause was, is curious. It was a *sine quâ non* condition that he was to be allowed to abstain from professing the (Christian) doctrines, that he, the new Bishop, did not believe in! Thus, although baptised and ordained in the degrees of deaconship, priesthood, and episcopate, he never separated himself from his wife, never gave up his Platonic philosophy, nor even his sport so strictly forbidden to every other bishop. This occurred as late as the Vth century.

Such transactions between initiated philosophers and ignorant priests of reformed Judaism were numerous in those days. The former sought to save their "mystery-vows" and personal dignity, and to do so they had to resort to a much-to-be-regretted compromise with ambition, ignorance, and the rising wave of popular fanaticism. They believed in Divine Unity, the ONE or *Solus*, unconditioned and unknowable; and still they consented to render public homage and pay reverence to *Sol*, the Sun moving among his twelve apostles, the 12 signs of the Zodiac, *alias* the 12 Sons of Jacob. The *hoi polloi* remaining ignorant of the former, worshipped the latter, and in them, their old time-honoured gods. To transfer that worship from the solar-lunar and other cosmic deities to the Thrones, Archangels, Dominions, and Saints was no difficult matter; the more so since the said sidereal dignities were received into the new Christian Canon with their old names almost unchanged. Thus, while, during Mass, the "Grand Elect" reiterated, under his breath, his absolute adherence to the Supreme Universal Unity of the "incomprehensible Workman," and pronounced in solemn and loud tones the "Sacred Word" (now substituted by the Masonic "Word at low breath"), his assistant proceeded with the chanting of the *Kyriel* of names of those inferior sidereal beings whom the masses were made to worship. To the profane catechumen, indeed, who had offered prayers but a few months or weeks before to the Bull Apis and the holy Cynocephalus, to the sacred ibis and the hawk-headed Osiris, St. John's eagle * and the divine Dove (witness of the Baptism while hovering over the Lamb of God), must have appeared as the most natural development and sequence to his own national and sacred zoology, which he had been taught to worship since the day of his birth.

* It is an error to say that John the Evangelist became the patron Saint of Masonry only after the XVIth century, and it implies a double mistake. Between John the "Divine," the "Seer" and the writer of *Revelation*, and John the Evangelist who is now shown in company of the Eagle, there is a great difference, as the latter John is a creation of Irenæus, along with the fourth gospel. Both were the result of the quarrel of the Bishop of Lyons with the Gnostics, and no one will ever tell what was the real name of the writer of the grandest of the Evangels. But what we do know is, that the Eagle is the legal property of John, the author of the *Apocalypsis*, written originally centuries B.C., and only *re-edited*, before receiving canonical hospitality. This John, or *Oannes*, was the accepted patron of all the Egyptian and Greek Gnostics (who were the early Builders or *Masons* of "Solomon's Temple," as, earlier, of the Pyramids) from the beginning of time. The *Eagle* was his attribute, the most archaic of symbols—being the Egyptian *Ah*, the bird of Zeus, and sacred to the Sun with every ancient people. Even the Jews adopted it among the Initiated Kabalists, as "the symbol of the Sephirah Tiph-e-reth, the spiritual Æther or air," says Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah." With the Druids the eagle was the symbol of the Supreme Deity, and again a portion of the cherubic symbol. Adopted by the pre-Christian Gnostics, it could be seen at the foot of the *Tau* in Egypt, before it was placed in the Rose-Croix degree at the foot of the Christian cross. Pre-eminently the bird of the Sun, the Eagle is necessarily connected with every solar god, and is the symbol of every seer who looks into the astral light, and sees in it the shadows of the Past, Present, and Future, as easily as the Eagle looks at the Sun.

IV.

It may thus be shown that both modern Freemasonry and Church ritualism descend in direct line from initiated Gnostics, Neo-Platonists, and renegade Hierophants of the Pagan Mysteries, the secrets of which they have lost, but which have been nevertheless preserved by those who would not compromise. If both Church and Masons are willing to forget the history of their true origin, the theosophists are not. They repeat: Masonry and the three great Christian religions are all inherited goods. The "ceremonies and passwords" of the former, and the prayers, dogmas, and rites of the latter, are travestied copies of pure Paganism (copied and borrowed as diligently by the Jews), and of Neo-Platonic theosophy. Also, that the "passwords" used even now by Biblical Masons and connected with "the tribe of Judah," "Tubal-Cain," and other Zodiacal dignitaries of the Old Testament, are the Jewish *aliases* of the ancient gods of the heathen *mobs*, not of the gods of the Hierogrammatists, the interpreters of the *true* mysteries. That which follows proves it well. The good Masonic Brethren could hardly deny that in name they are *Solicoles* indeed, the worshippers of the Sun in heaven, in whom the erudite Ragon saw such a magnificent symbol of the G. A. O. T. U.—which it surely is. Only the trouble he had was to prove—which no one can—that the said G. A. O. T. U. was not rather the *Sol* of the small exoteric fry of the *Pro-fanes* than the *Solus* of the High *Epoptai*. For the secret of the fires of SOLUS, the spirit of which radiates in the "Blazing Star," is a Hermetic secret which, unless a Mason studies *true* theosophy, is lost to him for ever. He has ceased to understand now, even the little indiscretions of Tshuddi. To this day Masons and Christians keep the Sabbath sacred, and call it the "Lord's" day; yet they know as well as any that both *Sunday*, and the *Sonntag* of Protestant England and Germany, mean the Sun-day or the *day of the Sun*, as it meant 2,000 years ago.

And you, Reverend and good Fathers, Priests, Clergymen, and Bishops, you who so charitably call theosophy "idolatry" and doom its adherents openly and privately to eternal perdition, can you boast of one single rite, vestment, or sacred vessel in church or temple that does not come to you from paganism? Nay, to assert it would be too dangerous, in view, not only of history, but also of the confessions of your own priestly craft.

Let us recapitulate if only to justify our assertions.

"Roman sacrificators had to confess before sacrificing," writes du Choul. The priests of Jupiter donned a tall, square, black cap (*Vide* Armenian and Greek modern priests), the head dress of the *Flamines*. The black *soutane* of the Roman Catholic priest is the black *hierocoraces*, the loose robe of the Mithraic priests, so-called from being *raven* coloured (raven, *corax*). The King-Priest of Babylon had a golden seal-ring and slippers kissed by the conquered potentates, a white mantle, a tiara of gold, to which two bandelets were suspended. The popes have the seal-ring and the slippers for the same use; a white satin mantle bordered with golden stars, a tiara with two bejewelled bandelets suspended to it, etc., etc. The white linen *alb* (*alba vestis*) is the garment of the priests of *Isis*; the top of the heads of the priests of Anubis was shaven (*Juvenal*), hence the tonsure; the *chasuble* of the Christian "*Father*" is the copy from the upper garment of the Phœnician priest-sacrificers, a garment called *calasiris*, tied at the neck and descending to their *heels*. The *stole* comes to our priests from the female garment worn by the *Galli*, the male—*Nautches* of the temple, whose office was that of the Jewish *Kadashim*; (*Vide* II. Kings xxiii. 7, for the true word) their *belt of purity* (?) from the *ephod* of the Jews, and the *Isiac* cord; the priests of Isis being vowed to chastity. (*Vide* Ragon, for details.)

The ancient pagans used *holy* water or lustrations to purify their cities, fields, temples, and men, just as it is being done now in Roman Catholic countries. Fonts stood at the door of every temple, full of lustral water and called *favisses* and *aquiminaria*. Before sacrificing, the pontiff or the *curion* (whence the French *curé*), dipping a laurel branch into the lustral water, sprinkled with it the pious congregation assembled, and that which was then termed *lustrica* and *aspergilium* is now called sprinkler (or *goupillon*, in French). The latter was with the priestesses of Mithra the symbol of the Universal *lingam*. Dipped during the Mysteries in lustral milk, the faithful were sprinkled with it. It was the emblem of Universal fecundity; hence the use of the holy water in Christianity, a rite of phallic origin. More than this; the idea underlying it is purely occult and belongs to ceremonial magic. Lustrations were performed by fire, sulphur, air, and water. To draw the attention of the celestial gods, *ablutions* were resorted to; to conjure the nether gods away, *aspersion* was used.

The vaulted ceilings of cathedrals and churches, Greek or Latin, are often painted blue and studded with golden stars, to represent the canopy of the heavens. This is copied from the Egyptian temples, where solar and star worship was performed. Again, the same reverence is paid in Christian and Masonic architecture to the Orient (or the Eastern point) as in the days of Paganism. Ragon described it fully in his destroyed volumes. The *princeps porta*, the door of the World, and of the "King of Glory," by whom was meant at first the Sun, and now his human symbol, the Christ, is the door of the Orient, and faces the East in every church and temple.* It is through this "door of life"—the solemn pathway, through which the daily entrance of the luminary into the *oblong square* † of the earth or the Tabernacle of the Sun is effected every morning—that the "newly born" babe is ushered, and carried to the baptismal font; and it is to the left of this edifice (the gloomy north whither start the "apprentices," and where the candidates got their *trial by water*) that now the fonts, and in the days of old the well (*piscinas*) of lustral waters, were placed in the ancient churches, which had been pagan fanes. The altars of heathen Lutetia were buried, and found again under the choir of *Notre-Dame* of Paris, its ancient lustral wells existing to this day in the said Church. Almost every great ancient Church on the Continent that antedates the Middle Ages was once a pagan temple in virtue of the orders issued by the Bishops and Popes of Rome. Gregory the Great (Platine *en sa Vie*) commands the monk Augustine, his missionary in England, in this wise: "Destroy the idols, never the temples! Sprinkle them with holy water, place in them relics, and let the nations worship in the places they are accustomed to." We have but to turn to the works of Cardinal Baronius, to find in the year XXXVIth of his *Annals* his confession. The Holy Church, he says, was *permitted to appropriate the rites and ceremonies used by the pagans in their idolatrous cult*, since she (the Church) *expiated them*

* Except, perhaps, the temples and chapels of dissident Protestants, which are built anywhere, and used for more than one purpose. In America I know of chapels hired for fairs and shows, and even theatres; to-day a chapel, the day after sold for debts, and fitted for a gin shop or a public-house. I speak of chapels, of course, not of Churches and Cathedrals.

† A Masonic term; a symbol of the Arks of Noah, and of the Covenant, of the Temple of Solomon, the Tabernacle, and the Camp of the Israelites, all built as "oblong squares." Mercury and Apollo were represented by oblong cubes and squares, and so is Kaaba, the great temple at Mecca.

by her consecration! In the *Antiquités Gauloises* (Book II. Ch. 19) by Fauchet, we read that the Bishops of France adopted and *used the pagan ceremonies in order to convert followers to Christ.*

This was when Gaul was still a pagan country. Are the same rites and ceremonies used now in Christian France, and other Roman Catholic countries, still going on in grateful remembrance of the pagans and their gods?

V.

Up to the IVth century the churches knew of no altars. Up to that date the altar was a *table* raised in the middle of the temple, for purposes of *Communion*, or fraternal repasts (the *Cœna*, as mass was originally said in the evening). In the same way now the table is raised in the "Lodge" for Masonic Banquets, which usually close the proceedings of a Lodge, and at which the resurrected Hiram Abifs, the "Widow's Sons," honour their toasts by *firing*, a Masonic mode of transubstantiation. Shall we call their banquet tables *altars*, also? Why not? The altars were copies from the *ara maxima* of pagan Rome. The Latins placed square and oblong stones near their tombs, and called them *ara*, altar; they were consecrated to the gods *Lares* and *Manes*. Our altars are a derivation from these square stones, another form of the boundary stones known as the gods *Termini*—the Hermeses, and the Mercuries, whence *Mercurius quadratus*, *quadriceps*, *quadrifrons*, etc., etc., the *four-faced* gods, whose symbols these square stones were, from the highest antiquity. The stone on which the ancient kings of Ireland were crowned was such an "altar." Such a stone is in Westminster Abbey, endowed, moreover, with a voice. Thus our altars and thrones descend directly from the priapic boundary stones of the pagans—the gods *termini*.

Shall the church-going reader feel very indignant if he is told that the Christians adopted the *pagan* way of worshipping *in a temple*, only during the reign of Diocletianus? Up to that period they had an insurmountable horror for altars and temples, and held them in abomination for the first 250 years of our era. These primitive Christians were Christians indeed; the moderns are more pagan than any ancient idolators. The former were the *Theosophists* of those days; from the IVth century they became Helleno-Judaic Gentiles *minus* the philosophy of the Neo-Platonists. Read what Minutius Felix says in the IIIrd century to the Romans:—

"You fancy that we (Christians) conceal that which we worship because *we will have neither temples nor altars?* But what image of God shall we raise, since Man is himself God's image? What temple can we build to the Deity, when the Universe, which is Its work, can hardly contain It? How shall we enthrone the power of such Omnipotence in a single building? Is it not far better to consecrate to the Deity a temple in our heart and spirit?"

But then the *Chres*tians of the type of Minutius Felix had in their mind the commandment of the MASTER-INITIATE, *not to pray in the synagogues and temples* as the *hypocrites* do, "that they may be seen of men." (Matthew vi., 5). They remembered the declaration of Paul, the Apostle-Initiate, the "Master Builder" (1 Corinthians iii., 10), that MAN was the one temple of God, in which the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God, dwelleth; (*Ibid.*) They obeyed the truly Christian precepts, whereas the modern Christians obey but the arbitrary canons of their respective churches, and the rules of their Elders. "Theo-

sophists are notorious Atheists," exclaims a writer in the "Church Chronicle." "Not one of them is ever known to attend divine service . . . . the Church is obnoxious to them"; and forthwith uncorking the vials of his wrath, he pours out their contents on the *infidel, heathen* F.T.S. The modern Churchman stones the Theosophist as his ancient forefather, the Pharisee of the "Synagogue of the Libertines" (*Acts* vi., 9), stoned Stephen, for saying that which even many Christian Theosophists say, namely that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands" (*Ibid.* 48); and they "suborn men" just as these iniquitous judges did (*Ibid.* 11) to testify against us.

Forsooth, friends, you are indeed the righteous descendants of your predecessors, whether of the colleagues of Saul, or of those of Pope Leo X., the cynical author of the ever famous sentence: "How useful to us this *fable* of Christ," "*Quantum nobis prodest hac fabula Christi!*"

VI.

The "Solar Myth" theory has become in our day stale—*ad nauseam*—repeated as we hear it from the four cardinal points of Orientalism and Symbolism, and applied indiscriminately to all things and all religions, except Church Christianity and state-religion. No doubt the Sun was throughout the whole antiquity and since days immemorial the symbol of the Creative Deity—with every nation, not with the Parsis alone; but so he is with the Ritualists. As in days of old, so it is now. Our central star is the "Father" for the *pro-fanes*, the Son of the ever unknowable Deity for the *Epoptai*. Says the same Mason, Ragon, "the Sun was the most sublime and natural image of the GREAT ARCHITECT, as the most ingenious of all the allegories under which the moral and good man (the *true sage*) had ever endowed infinite and limitless *Intelligence*." Apart from the latter assumption, Ragon is right; for he shows this symbol gradually receding from the ideal so represented and conceived, and becoming finally from a symbol the original, in the minds of his ignorant worshippers. Then the great Masonic author proves that it is the *physical* Sun which was regarded as both the Father and the Son by the early Christians.

"Oh, initiated Brethren," he exclaims. "Can you forget that in the temples of the existing religion a large *lamp* burns night and day? It is suspended in front of the chief altar, the depository of the ark of the Sun. Another *lamp* burning before the altar of the virgin-mother is the emblem of the light of the *moon*. Clemens Alexandrinus tells us that the Egyptians were the first to establish the religious use of the lamps . . . Who does not know that the most sacred and terrible duty was entrusted to the Vestals? If the Masonic temples are lighted with three astral lights, the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *geometrical star*, and with three vital lights, this Hierophant and his two *Episcopes* (Wardens, in French *Surveillants*), it is because one of the Fathers of Masonry, the learned Pythagoras, ingenuously suggests that we should not speak of divine things without a light. Pagans celebrated a festival of lamps called *Lampadophorics* in honour of Minerva, Prometheus, and Vulcan. But Lactantius and some of the earliest fathers of the new faith complained bitterly of this pagan introduction of lamps in the Churches; 'If they deigned,' writes Lactantius, '*to contemplate that light which we call the* SUN, they would soon recognise that *God has no need of their lamps.*' And Vigilantius adds: 'Under the pretext of religion the Church established a Gentile custom of lighting vile candles, while the SUN is there illuminating us with a thousand lights. *Is it not a great honour* for the LAMB OF GOD (the sun thus represented), *which placed in the middle of the throne* (the Universe) *fills it with the radiance of his Majesty?*' Such passages prove to us that in those days the primitive Church worshipped THE GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE WORLD in its image the SUN, sole of its kind." (*The Mass and its Mysteries*, pp. 19 and 20.)

Indeed, while Christian candidates have to pronounce the Masonic oath turned to the East and that their "Venerable" keeps in the Eastern corner, because the Neophytes were made to do the same during the Pagan Mysteries, the Church has, in her turn, preserved the identical rite. During the High Mass, the High-Altar (*ara maxima*) is ornamented with the Tabernacle, or the pyx (the box in which the Host is kept), and with six lighted tapers. The esoteric meaning of the pyx and contents—the symbol of the Christ-Sun—is that it represents the resplendent luminary, and the six tapers the six planets (the early Christians knowing of no more), three on his right and three on his left. This is a copy of the seven-branched candlestick of the synagogue, which has an identical meaning. "*Sol est Dominus Meus*" "the Sun is my Lord!" exclaims David in Psalm xcv. translated very ingeniously in the authorized version by "The Lord is a great God," "a great King *above* all Gods" (v. 3), or planets truly! Augustin Chalis is more sincere in his *Philosophie des Religions Comparées* (Vol. II., p. 18), when he writes:

"All are devs (demons), on this Earth, save the God of the Seers (Initiates) the sublime IAO; and *if in Christ you see aught than* the SUN, then you adore a *dev*, a phantom such as are all the children of night."

The East being the cardinal point whence arises the luminary of the Day, the great giver and sustainer of life, the creator of all that lives and breathes on this globe, what wonder if all the nations of the Earth worshipped in him the visible agent of the invisible Principle and Cause; and that *mass* should be said in the honour of him who is the giver of *messis* or "harvest." But, between worshipping the ideal as a *whole*, and the physical symbol, a part chosen to represent that whole and the ALL, there is an abyss. For the learned Egyptian, the Sun was the "eye" of Osiris, not Osiris himself; the same for the learned Zoroastrians. For the early Christians the Sun became *the* Deity, *in toto*; and by dint of casuistics, sophistry, and dogmas not to be questioned, the modern Christian churches have contrived to force even the educated world to accept the same, while hypnotising it into a belief that *their* god is the one living true Deity, the maker of, *not the Sun*—a demon worshipped by the "heathen." But what may be the difference between a wicked demon, and the anthropomorphic God, *e.g.*, as represented in Solomon's Proverbs? That "God," unless poor, helpless, ignorant men call upon him, when their "fear cometh as desolation" and their "destruction as a whirlwind," threatens them in such words as these: "I will *laugh* at your calamities, I will *mock* when your fear cometh!" (Prov. i., 27.) Identify this God with the great Avatar on whom the Christian legend is hung; make him one with that true Initiate who said, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted": and what is the result? Such identification alone is quite sufficient to justify the fiendish joy of Tertullian, who laughed and rejoiced at the idea of his *infidel* next of kin roasting in hell-fire; the advice of Hieronymus to the Christian convert to trample over the body of his pagan mother, if she seeks to prevent him *leaving her for ever* to follow Christ; and it makes of all the Church tyrants, murderers, and *omnes gentes* of the Inquisition, the grandest and noblest exemplars of *practical* Christianity that have ever lived!

H. P. B.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

By CHARLES HANNAN, F.R.G.S., Author of "A Swallow's Wing," etc.

I HAVE considerable difficulty in writing, nor do I know exactly what half impels me to do so, unless it be that something of the author's spirit has actually returned with me to the East of Time. That he is not dead must be apparent to you as it is to me, else should I be unable to transcribe these lines; yet I cannot understand how it should be a matter of such difficulty to write to you now, unless it be that my medium, living five hundred years ago, is seriously ill. Otherwise, having once completed the mesmeric circle, it should be a matter of no difficulty to resume communication at any future time.

At the moment I have to resist the negative power, for, as you may conceive, I have no desire to return to the life which is his! It is curious for me to look back. I can remember distinctly now, all that has occurred, both before I stepped back into the past, and during the time whilst I was with him as a part of his soul.

I awoke with a terrible shock, whose awfulness it is beyond my power to explain. It was as though the living struggled with the dead in a contest of awful intensity—won in a moment's space of time. Sharing with him the agony of the seconds that shuddered into darkness, I waited calmly, whilst he, placing the pistol against his breast, pulled the trigger and shattered the life which was within him.

And then? I know nothing, save of things unearthly, and beyond the ken of man. * * * *

I appear to have returned to my own earthly frame *in the middle of the night*, a fact which is, I suppose, accounted for in this—that the exact hour of my release from his existence must, of course, differ considerably from the hour at which I find myself instantly reinstated in the corresponding moment in the East of Time.

Looking back upon that terrible time—terrible to me as well as to him in that I partook of a full share of all emotions which coursed his brain—I am filled with wonderment.

Youth! I sought youth, did I? Well, I found it, friends, and it was a ghastly thing!

It occurs to me as a curious question, "What has my earthly frame done during these ten days?" I am here in my own room in the dead of night. Have I never moved thence during these past days? Impossible! Someone would surely have found me else lying in a trance, and in that case I should not be as I now am, reclining in my chair, fully dressed. It puzzles me. How is it that I find myself just as I was ten

days ago? What fields of wonderful investigation lie before me! Can it be that, entranced as I have been, and lost in the past, buried, soul by soul, with him who lived five hundred years ago, I have yet gone through my ordinary life without consciousness, in the East of Time? If it were not night, my question might be solved. As it is, I must wait. Yet no! I have it now! If I have been performing every act of my ordinary life in this age, I must have read my news. My box must have been emptied daily; by that I shall know. One moment. . .

This is the most extraordinary thing. My box contains several items of news, yet it is not full, as it would be to overflowing in ten days' time! Therefore I might presume that I had been regularly emptying its contents without knowing it, daily performing actions in the future, of which my soul, which had fled to the past, was unconscious, were it not for this singular fact.

The few items which it contains are of the day following the hour on which I passed from the future into the bygone age, and therefore all, without exception, nine or ten days old!

I cannot make it out. This is the only solution that occurs to me—that in the olden time ten days are as one of ours now, and yet this seems to be absurd. I cannot fathom—I long for the day to come. Stay! one thing I might do without disturbing the household; it is the only way of getting at it. Useless as it seems, it would be curious if I were successful in my search. Yes; I shall set about it at once.

I shall search again every nook and corner in my library to find if it be there—the second volume of the biography of the man who is writing now.

What a strange thing if it were to be found—if I could actually read of this man's life—if I could read of his suicide and learn what has happened to him now. He certainly cannot be dead, else I could not write through him; and yet again he must have come within an ace of death, else my spirit had never escaped as it has done. I can recall everything with the greatest clearness. I can recollect even the last moment of the transition of my spirit in its entirety from the future to the past, and the first of the awakening amidst curious old scenes, and I can recall every hour of those days passed in his youth and amidst his misery with Onora Mayne—everything down to the moment when he fired. I am filled with amazement when I recognise that I too was in love, and that by some strange chain this man, believing me to be an accursed thing, found evil spring up within him. No; my nature was not the same as his after all. It has been like a terrible dream, and it may be that in my fear lest I should never return from the past, I forced him to commit the final crime! For the rest, his misery was mine, his sin became my sin, his thoughts my thoughts, and how was I to blame that this was so, for I could not *remember*, although the future existed side by side with the past, and I could not return to my own frame when I would.

Even now *I* am, in a measure, linked to him in the past. I think *he* must feel feeble still, for I feel weak and ill, and I am curious indeed to know what has happened to him, and how the bullet missed its mark—as it must have missed its mark—and how he still comes to live. It is useless to search my library—I feel it—I have done it so thoroughly before—before I read in the book of life—yet if that volume has existence I shall find it, I swear it, to-night.

Here again comes a curious point—in what way does my finding this book interfere with destiny? He, in the past, when my spirit was with his, strove to turn aside the future time and could not; yet if I find this book and read therein and communicate its contents to him before they have been written, and if he writes them, then what course of fate can render what he writes the exact unaltered copy of the biographer who will refuse to use his words?

I am filled with a great wonder—he and I together, when side by side in the past, failed to alter the inevitable—but now, if I find this volume, then, surely, the course of destiny shall be by me turned aside.

And because of that thought I fear that I shall never find this book!

I shall search, though I search in vain!!!

How weary I am now that I arise. I must sleep a little, and to the daylight leave all things that perplex me now, for I am so tired that I can scarcely move.

* * * * * * *

It is still dark. I cannot tell if I have slept through an entire day or but an hour, for it is still night. Yet I feel rested and my thoughts re-awaken with new strength, and questions of every kind torment me and gnaw my heart.

But it is dark and I can do nothing. Nay, I am wrong, the volume that I sought in vain, days and days ago, would help me could I but find it now. Yes, I shall search at once—I shall tread lightly so that the household may not be disturbed.

The household be disturbed! How is it that I have been left alone as I find myself now for ten days! It *must have been* ten days, though my news box gives that fact the lie. Yet I have lived ten days in the past—did I not lie here for ten days in the present? I am lost in vague wonderings.

Once again, I must be patient and wait—this time without sleep—for the light of day, yet I would that I could know how long I have slept—an hour or a day—which was it?

* * * * * * *

What a long time it seems to me since I was last here in my library.

I have been searching for this book for hours, and all is still in vain.

The dawn is approaching, for the grey tinge of light is struggling over all, and in time the world shall wake and I shall know and be known and live amongst my own people once more.

How shall they greet me? as one who was dead and is alive, or as one whom all had forgotten as he sat in trance undisturbed in his silent room? How could they all forget me? How could it be? I weary myself with the things which in good time the day will cast its light upon.

To my search—to my search!

* * * * * * *

I hold it here—*it*—the second volume of the Biography of Geoffrey Harborough, the book which I have sought for everywhere, and now have found.

It appears to have been re-bound in some distant bygone day, and in its plain and dust-covered binding I may have passed it by unnoticed, for it has been cut a smaller size as though to renovate the old, old leaves. It is now but a fragment, for the pages are loosened and many lost, yet I hold the book—that is enough for me!

And now, you in the West, you of whose latter days I am about to read ere you have passed away, learn and write as I read of that which has been and is to be, and when you have so written, question this—May not destiny after all by your so writing be turned from its course?

I open near the end this book, centuries after it has been written—and to you I communicate what has been written, therefore write:

" . . . It is sad to contemplate the decline of an intellect which was, at one time, great.

"It is in his prose that we admire him most, for his poems speak more of the actual nature of the man—a nature at once tinged with beauty and with gloom—than of that thorough abandonment to the heart's imaging which makes the poesy we love.

"We cannot but feel that a genius which exhibited its powers in earlier life had attained its height shortly prior to his death. Whether the shadow that fell upon him was due to a mental overgrowth, or entirely to an unhappy love, is a point which we are not competent to decide; but certain it is that the little which has been given to us as emanating from his pen during the few weeks prior to his death exhibits no signs of that mental decay to which his attempted suicide has been attributed. At the last his mind appears to have chiefly turned to verse, and the lines which are to our knowledge the last fragmentary effusion from his pen speak to us, not of distorted genius, but rather of an excess of that depth of sorrow which descended upon him in the few days before his attempted suicide. Death mercifully came upon him thereafter within two days. These are the fragmentary and uncorrected lines:

"IF GOD SHOULD SAY: 'THERE IS NO GOD.'

"'Then the birds in the thicket branches,
Self-taught in the music they pour
From the throats that gather the echoes
Of the water's murmurous store,
Should be still as the stream whose music
Could sing to the trees nevermore.

"'And the night should be ashy paleness,
And the moonlight upon the stream
Never more should now tempt the troutlet
To dance in the silvery gleam.
Never more should now see its own beauty
In the chrystal of chrystal stream.

"'And the wind should come sighing, listless,
With despair in each shuddering tone,
As the voice of the dying creature
In the wilderness left alone,
When it lifts up its head, forsaken
And gives to the desert its moan.'

"It is perhaps well that the poem was never completed, for his genius must have failed to bring before us the awfulness of that day, when the world shall be no more!"

* * * * * * *

I ceased for a little, because it seemed to me that he who from these lines I have read still lives, approaches the death that slowly creeps upon him, and I do not know at what hour his pen may fall for ever from his hand. Two days between the pistol-shot and the end, but *I have slept*, and know not how long I have slept, and how near the end may be!!!

* * * * * * *

I looked up from the page and shrieked aloud, for the light has come, and my shrieks echoed and re-echoed through the house, and came back to me as I fell, in a fit of maddened terror, upon the floor.

"If God should say, 'There is no God!!!!'"

Nothingness has come upon my soul.

* * * * * * *

For many hours I have been as one mad, and now am calm and I know and realise the truth. My soul has been filled with an exceeding stupor—a thing beyond fear, for upon everything the blight has come.

No eyes looked upon me in my trance, for there were none who had sight to see.

I slept undisturbed. The blight of death descended upon all things,

and in that hour it descended upon my frame—upon what was not—for my spirit was in the West of Time.

And I alone, whose soul existed in the past when all things ceased to be, am now returned to the world of the dead.

Ten days ago, my news ceased. Ten days ago, the end of all things came, and God's love has gone from the world, for no living thing is upon the earth.

A world of the speechless dead! And I still live!

I alone am returned, as from the dead, to look upon the desolation around!

And I cry aloud within myself, "Away from this! Back—back to all that is hideous—back to the misery of *his* life—back to the past—away—away from a world which has ceased to be."

There is no life, no living thing in all the universe, for the greyness of death has spread its calm over all, and the end of all things has come.

I was as one who knew not, and then the light came and I awoke, and slowly saw.

And what I saw I cannot tell to you, for my soul is as a stone, and cannot speak.

I alone still live. I, who was dead, when the end of the world came. I, alone, who had fled into the past. I alone who now call aloud for death, and call in vain, for God has said: "There is no God."

* * * * * * *

All is grey with a greyness my mind is powerless to portray—still, unmoving frames inhabit the desolate rooms; corpses, alone, in ghastly mockery fill the streets; not a leaf stirs in the breeze; there *is* no breeze, for the air is still and the cold world still moves on though every leaf and blade of grass is dead.

And the awfulness of silence stills me—of silence so great as to be beyond the comprehension of man, and the madness that was with me would return did I not hope to die.

For my spirit is linked with his spirit and my soul shall die with his soul, and I know that he who still writes is dying now, and I, too, grow weaker and more feeble even as he.

Yet I would not return to your age lest our souls be then as one to pass into eternity, but remain here linked with him and speaking through him to the end. I would die with him when he dies as a linked, yet separate, soul, I, in the East of Time—he, in the far, far West.

And when I die I shall have passed away for ever, for the end of the world has come and none shall be born upon the earth!

And how it came, I know not. How should I know, I who was with you when the silence fell and numbed all the things that lived?

* * * * * * *

I cannot fathom the everlasting or the co-existence of Time. My

wonderings are futile, for I cannot pierce the infinite, and yet I am as one dizzy, who stand at a great height and look back upon the ages which have passed between the time when you are and the nothingness in which I now am. I am dying, and he is dying, even as he wished to die, with pen in hand.

I open once more this volume, to read the end, for it is as though there were something which I did not yet know, and I, who am the child of destiny, even as he, may read as he may write, till the end comes, for neither he nor I can alter one tittle of which is written here (and is to be written there), nor change one atom of that which is to be, of that which has been, in the centuries which lie between him and me.

Write on—you, Geoffrey Harborough, in the West of Time—write on, that the things which have been may be, and that all may be complete.

"Since the conclusion of this volume it has been deemed advisable to add a special note regarding the publication of the first part of an extraordinary conception 'From the East of Time,' which has now for the first time appeared as one of Geoffrey Harborough's works. This strange creation made its appearance in one of our magazines, accompanied with the following explanatory note:

"'*A certain feeling of reticence as to publishing the last words of Geoffrey Harborough has caused the lady in whose possession the manuscript has been to refrain from that which she has now come to look upon as a duty, alike to the public and to the dead. Many years have intervened since the author's death, and the above is now published in obedience to the expression in words upon his deathbed of his desire that it should ultimately see the light and appear exactly as he has written it, without note or explanation of any kind save this which has itself emanated intact from his pen.*'

"This note is in strange conformity with the manuscript to which it refers, of the latter part of which we have been deprived by one of those literary scandals which accuses the lady, the possessor of the MS., of being, herself, the author of an extraordinary production, now issued under the name of the dead. For these and other reasons the remainder of the MS. has been, we trust, only temporarily suppressed, for of so strangely metaphysical a nature is the last conception of Geoffrey Harborough that we are struck with wonder at this which differs so essentially from all his former works.

"That some light will be thrown upon the poet-author's later days—perhaps even up to the moment of his death—by the remaining portion of the MS. seems a certainty, and personally we believe the statement that the manuscript is that of Geoffrey Harborough, notwithstanding that the following, which is one of those inexplicable coincidences we sometimes meet with, occurs in the already published part. The author has strangely chanced, as it seems, to foretell certain *words of ours* in the

first volume of this essay—a volume which *had just been sent to press*—when the following, which we extract, appeared in From the East of Time :—

"*He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was during this year that he fell in love. This love, from the depth of his poetic nature, became a passion of the most intensified character, and was the cause of that change which cast a shadow upon——*"

"This quotation will be found in the last pages of the first volume of this book!

"We are, indeed, curious to read the remaining portion, and the conclusion of 'From the East of Time.'" * * *

* * * * * * *

I in the far East, he in the far West, write that conclusion now!

I am filled with something greater than wonder at the unravelling of the coils. And I see for a moment, as though with a clearer sight, that the hand which guides holds all things, and that we cannot understand, and are not meant to understand,

The Mysteries of Destiny and Time.

* * * * * * *

Something obscures me, light and darkness grow as one. In the West he is dying—in the East, I, too, feel Death clutching at my heart.

A great hand is stretched above me. I can feel its warmth beat down upon me till my soul is scorched, for the palm is heated, as it were, by the fires of Hell.

Death! I feared you not till your hand was near me—and now a great awe is within me, and a terror from which I cannot flee has taken possession of my evil soul.

Thy hand! I can look upon it now in its hideous strength and swollen veins! Blood, as of the heat of fire oozes from thy finger-nails to drop in terrible pollution upon earth and upon earth's passing things.

And now I alone remain to testify to thy silent power!—alone, and yet not alone, for in the Eternity of Everlasting Time another in the far West is even now beneath thy palm.

A great hand is stretched above me! Something has come to me, so that I no longer fear. The hand, which is the hand of death, has changed; now no longer to scorch my soul. My fevered brow is soothed! All is beautiful, with the shadow of a great love, passing the understanding of woman and of man.

The hand of Death is above me in the beauty of its unyielding strength. Its terror has gone.

* * * * * * *

I cannot breathe. The blackness of the unknown encircles me. Who shall say what is beyond? . . .

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER V.

COLLEAGUES.

THE steamer on which Pancho took passage was a most beautiful ship of enormous dimensions. She had good accommodation, not only for numerous cabin passengers, but also for a great many Chinamen, who were about to return to their homes in the land of the Celestials, to celebrate the New Year; for on this important day it is customary in China to square up all accounts, and he who cannot settle his bills then and there loses his reputation and credit. There were over a thousand Chinese on board, occupying the lower deck, while in the state-rooms were lodged ladies and gentlemen of position, English lords travelling for pleasure, foreign consuls returning to their posts, grave-looking professors of science bent upon the discovery of some new insect or plant, and last, but not least, a number of young and gay missionaries with their newly-married wives, anxious to convert the heathen, and hoping to find a comfortable parsonage, with very little martyrdom connected with it.

There was a great bustle and noise as the preparations for leaving the harbour were progressing, and soon Pancho wished himself back to his quiet home. More than once he instinctively started to return; but while he hesitated the bell rang the last signal, the whistle sounded, the ropes that held the steamer to the wharf were drawn in, and all this seemed to him like the reading of his death warrant and preparations for the execution. Then the bridge was taken away, the ponderous engines began to puff and to roar, and the musicians played a valse. The command was given, the steamer began to move, and a watery grave opened its jaws between him and his beloved Conchita. For one moment he was ready to leap over the railing and jump back upon the wharf; but he hesitated, and in a moment it was too late. Then, for the first time, he fully realized that he was now separated from his wife, and it took all the strength of his will to keep himself from giving way to despair. He wanted to throw himself upon the ground, like Romeo in the play. He too was now banished from his beloved country and from the world in which his Juliet lived. Banished, not by a tyrant in mortal form, but by the demon of curiosity, the king of all evils.

Hurrahs arose from the crowd on the shore and from the sailors on board; they sounded to him like the howling of devils rejoicing over his torture; but in his soul there arose a cry of despair far louder than all that music and hurrahing, a cry which must certainly have reached beyond the noisy wharf and beyond the house-tops and spires of the City of a Thousand Hills, and reached a little cottage where a beautiful woman was lying in a death-like swoon upon the floor.

There was one more chance for escape, for when the ship left the "Golden

Gate," entering upon the open sea, the pilot left the ship, and a number of people who had accompanied their friends returned with him; but now Pancho had sufficiently recovered his will-power to resist the temptation. He watched the pilot-boat as it receded from the steamer, and the people in it waving their handkerchiefs to their friends, and as he watched, he thought he saw a female figure, dressed in white, with long, black hair falling over her shoulders, standing on the forecastle, wringing her hands, and a cry like that of one dying in agony covered the roar of the waves, calling: "O, Pancho! My Pancho, return!"

Too late! A breeze began to blow and the waves grew higher, showing their foam-covered crests. Occasionally a wave higher than the others dashed against the side of the steamer, throwing a spray of salt water upon the lower deck and causing consternation among the Chinamen, while the passengers on the upper deck enjoyed the fun. But soon the latter ceased in their turn to laugh, and the faces of many assumed a serious aspect. The first effects of sea-sickness were manifested in the high and the low, and even the missionaries turned pale and lost their hilarity.

It is doubtful whether there is any condition during which man feels more miserable than when his brain loses its point of balance on account of sea-sickness. The desire to die became so strong in Pancho's mind that it excluded every other thought. But even the greatest evils will have an end, no grief is lasting for ever, and after a few days other curious events attracted his attention.

Among the passengers there was one especially grave and solemn-looking young man with long dark-brown hair, looking like an itinerant clergyman of the Baptist persuasion. This young man was accompanied by an extraordinary tall and lean female of past middle age, with sharp features and a short aquiline nose. Her artificial hair was of a different colour from that which had still been spared on her head by the cruel, destroying hand of Time. She was dressed in the height of fashion, with a profusion of sham jewellery, and her eyes wandered restlessly all over the ship, scrutinizing everybody, especially the rest of the ladies on board.

For several days the dignified-looking young man, either on account of his natural modesty, or on that of etiquette, was not seen to speak with anyone except the old lady, but as he occupied a place at the dinner-table next to Pancho, the usual civilities habitually indulged in on such occasions led to a conversation, in the course of which the stranger handed his card to Pancho. It was as follows:

A. B. C. GREEN, T.CH.M.B.,
M.S.D.W., G.S.L.E.,
L. C. B. W. T., V. A., S. S. S., C. B.,
etc., etc., etc.

It appeared afterwards that these mysterious letters were to be interpreted as

follows:—Anthony Balthazar Charles Green, Titulary Chela of the Mysterious Brotherhood, Member of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, Graduate of the School of Law at Edwardsville, Late Correspondent of the *Bullington Weekly Times*, Visitor of America, Student of the Secret Sciences, Collector of Books, etc., etc., etc.

This introduction was followed by that of the old lady, whose name was Amelia Celestina Gloriosa Honeycomb.

Mr. Green continued to look very solemn and had little to say, but Mrs. Honeycomb at once opened her heart. She expressed herself delighted in making Pancho's acquaintance.

"In one of my former incarnations," she said, "I knew a person to whom you have a striking resemblance. He was a very dear friend of mine, and many a star-lit night have I wandered with him along the flowery banks of the Nile, inhaling the odours of the acacias and listening to the song of the nightingales, or we would be gliding along the current of the river in a mahogany boat, covered with roses and orange blossoms, while the chaste moon overhead threw her silvery rays upon the water, and our Nubian slave, sitting at the rudder and guiding the boat, would sing to us one of his weird native songs, accompanying it with his harp."

"So you are a believer in reincarnation?" asked Pancho.

"O, yes!" sighed Mrs. Honeycomb. "I remember ten of my incarnations. In my last one I was a Greek slave; but I was treated so badly by my cruel master that I hate to think of it. I only know that I was very, very beautiful, and that my beauty caused me a great deal of trouble."

"Dear me, how much she has changed!" thought Pancho. However, he did not express his thought, but asked Mr. Green whether he also remembered his past incarnations.

"I have been told that I was Socrates," replied Mr. Green very gravely, "but I do not remember it. However, I expect to find out all these things when we arrive at Urur."

"Are you going to Urur?" asked Pancho, surprised.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Green. "I have been accepted as a probationary Chela by the Mysterious Brotherhood."

"Let me congratulate you," said Pancho. "Do you already know who your Master is?"

"I am not personally acquainted with him, but his name is Rataraborumatchi."

"And from whom do you get your orders?"

"I get them through Mrs. Honeycomb," replied Mr. Green. "She is very much advanced in Chelaship, as you may see by the fact that she remembers her ten incarnations; but this is due to the fact that she was an Egyptian priestess, a thousand years ago."

Mrs. Honeycomb seemed to be well pleased with Mr. Green's explanation. "If anyone fails to see," she exclaimed, "that Mr. Green was Socrates, I shall have my own opinion about such a person's clairvoyance. I tell you Socrates is in him, and will out occasionally. When we were at Saratoga at dinner with my friend, the Countess Carnivalli, she said Mr. Green reminded her so much of Socrates. 'My dear friend Mrs. Honeycomb,' said the Countess, 'there cannot be the slightest mistake about his having been Socrates.'"

Mr. Green looked still more solemn and dignified, if possible. Suddenly he said: "Gnothi seauton."

"There; you have it!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "It means, '*know thyself.*' Mr. Green always says that when Socrates speaks in him."

"It is a very wise saying," remarked Pancho.

"Indeed it is!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "It is an excellent saying. There is nothing so useful as when one knows himself. Now-a-days it is an easy thing to know oneself, but in Socrates' time it was difficult, because people did not have such good looking-glasses then as now; we had only those miserable metal mirrors, and it took a lot of scrubbing to keep them polished."

"Tell us something of your experience when you were the Greek slave," begged Pancho.

"Don't mention it," sighed Mrs. Honeycomb. "It makes me feel dreadful to think of it! I was fastened to a chain, and there was a man who used to trifle with my affections. I remember him well. If I ever catch him in this present incarnation, I will make it hot for him," she suddenly fired up.

"Peace, Mrs. Honeycomb!" said, very severely, Mr. Green. "Do not give way to feelings which are entirely below the dignity of a Chela. The man may have repented and suffered for his wickedness in *Avitchi*, or he may be still in *Kama loca*, and your revengeful feeling will keep him there."

"I have looked all over *Kama loca*, but I could not find the villain," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "Of course, I did not go to *Avitchi*. I do not like to go to such a disreputable place."

"So you are clairvoyant?" asked Pancho.

"I occasionally go out in my astral body," answered Mrs. Honeycomb, evasively.

"I wish I could do the same thing," he said.

"It is a dangerous thing to do," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "You must be well trained, especially if you attempt it without a guide. Before Captain Bumpkin, the Hierophant, was well trained, he once tried to get out in his astral body. He staggered around the room like a blind man, and struck his astral head against the too material bed-post. When he awoke he had a great big bump on his physical eye."

"How does it feel, when one gets out in his astral body?" asked Pancho.

"Oh, so nice," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "Everything looks just as natural as when you are in your physical body, but then you see only the astral counterpart of things. My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, went out once in her astral body, and was nearly frightened to death by an astral cow. It was all she could do to get back into her physical sheath before the cow knocked her down. It was in the country, and when the Countess Carnivalli opened her eyes there was actually a physical cow rushing at her, and she had to climb with her physical body over a physical fence."

"And then those horrid Elementals and Elementaries!" added Mr. Green. "I have been told that the very sight of them is enough to make one sick at the stomach."

"O, Mr. Green!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "Will you do me the favour and never use such a vulgar expression in my presence again. Say 'digestive organs' if you have to say anything in regard to such physiological apparatus."

"Well," said Mr. Green, "it makes one sick at one's digestive organs."

"You have quite shocked my nerves," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "Go to my cabin and fetch me my bottle with smelling salts."

"A nice young man!" remarked Pancho, while Mr. Green was hurrying away.

"Very nice indeed!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "Only he uses such vulgar expressions and does such boorish things. Would you believe it! When we were invited to dinner, at the house of my friend, the Countess Carnivalli, he actually cut his fish with a knife. I thought I should die. Of course my friend, the Countess Carnivalli, fainted right away."

"He seems to have excellent qualifications for Chelaship," said Pancho.

"O yes!" answered Mrs. Honeycomb. "He is ready to believe anything, especially if it comes in a letter that is dropped on his head."

Mr. Green returned with the smelling salts.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Honeycomb, receiving the bottle. "The Master says you may now go and meditate for an hour."

"All right!" said Mr. Green, going away. But Mrs. Honeycomb called him back.

"Mr. Green," she said, "Master says you must not let any idea come into your head."

"Never!" solemnly acquiesced Mr. Green.

"Now go!" She ordered him off, and Mr. Green disappeared down stairs.

"What is he going to do?" enquired Pancho.

"We always make him sit every day for an hour or two and look at any fly-speck on the wall," replied Mrs. Honeycomb, "so that the Master can work his brain and get it into good shape to make it receptive. The poor fellow is very anxious to become clairvoyant."

"He seems to be very obedient."

"O, yes! He is easily managed. If we would tell him to jump overboard, he would do so unhesitatingly. He is used to obedience. He was educated by a Christian clergyman, who made him do lots of nonsensical things to train him to obey. For two years Mr. Green had to carefully water a walking cane stuck into a flower-pot every day, although he knew well enough that it would never grow. It was merely done to get him into the habit of not using his reason."

"But why did you tell him not to let any idea get into his head?"

"Because," was the answer, "there is nothing more dangerous for a Chela than if he does his own thinking. He should never think, but always believe what we tell him."

"What do you mean by *we?*" asked Pancho. "Has Mr. Green any other teacher besides yourself?"

"At present I am his only guide," she answered. "He has full faith in me; but I always take care not to tell him anything very unreasonable; for he cannot be trusted. He used to believe everything that the clergyman told him from the First Book of Genesis down to the last Chapter of St. John's Revelations, but one day that clergyman told him that they were going to have apple pie for dinner and instead of that it was squash. From that hour, Mr. Green then lost his faith in his clergyman, and called him a liar. Ever since then, moreover, he swears that the whole Bible is a tissue of lies."

"But what has the Bible to do with the apple-pie?" asked Pancho.

"Mr. Green has studied logic," she replied. "He says that anything which a man who once lied tells us must not be believed. It was the clergyman who told him that the Bible was true, and, as the clergyman lied about the pie, this proved the Bible false."

"Very logical," thought Pancho. "These Chelas are very queer people."

During the subsequent days he became more intimately acquainted with Mr. Green. He found him to be a man of tolerably good education, but who, in spite of his having been Socrates, had not the faintest idea of the meaning of the term "self-knowledge." He had read a great many books and believed that nobody could possibly know anything unless he had read it in a respectable book, or had been told of it by a respectable person. All his knowledge consisted in a belief in what he had been taught, and this belief was based upon nothing else but a belief in the respectability and veracity of his teacher. If the teacher happened to lose his respectability in the eyes of Mr. Green, then necessarily all the beliefs of the latter, and consequently all of his knowledge, went for nothing and were lost.

"I do not believe in the truth of the doctrines of a Church which employs untruthful and disreputable persons to teach them," said Mr. Green, once; "for how could anything else than lies come out of the mouth of a liar? In my country nobody reads any book unless its author is well known for his veracity."

"And who is to decide about the veracity of the author?" asked Pancho.

"It is the business of the publisher to see to that," replied Green. "If a book is brought out by a publisher who has a reputation to lose, it must necessarily be a good book, and everybody will buy it; but if it is published by one whom nobody knows, nobody will want it, no matter what it contains. In my country, and especially in Germany, nobody cares for the contents of the book, and it also matters little who is the author. All that the reading public wants to know is, who is the publisher?"

"This is very true," said Pancho, "and still those respectable publishers are often very ignorant people, who are perfectly incapable of judging of the value of the books which they undertake to sell."

"How can that be possible?" asked Mr. Green. "What warrant have you to make such a statement? What would become of the public, if they could not trust any longer in the veracity of respectable publishers? And how can anybody know whether or not a thing is true, unless he can rely on the veracity of the person who tells him so."

"I prefer to use my own judgment rather than to rely on anybody's veracity," said Pancho.

"So do I," said Mr. Green. "I am not of a credulous, but of a very sceptical turn of mind. I never accept any statement from anybody unless I have sufficient proof of his respectability. I would not even have believed in Mrs. Honeycomb's statements, if she had not given me sufficient proof of her veracity. I am not a man who is easily imposed on. I had once such an experience, and since then I am more careful."

"How do you know that what Mrs. Honeycomb tells you is the truth?" asked Pancho.

"How could it be otherwise? Is not all that she says inspired by the

Mysterious Brotherhood? Has she not given sufficient proof that she is in communication with Adepts? Does she not remember her past ten incarnations? Can she not go out in her astral body?"

"I don't know," our hero answered.

"That is because you are not a Chela," answered Mr. Green. "We Chelas are not permitted to doubt."

Such and similar conversations with Mr. Green made Pancho very sad and almost wish that he had stayed at home, for he recognized in him an overdrawn picture of his own self. All Mr. Green's hopes and inspirations were based upon a belief in Mrs. Honeycomb's veracity. All that had induced Pancho to go in search of the Mysterious Brotherhood was his belief in the truth of the statements made to him by Mr. Puffer.

"Is it then really true," he asked himself, "that nobody can be found who actually knows anything, and that all our supposed knowledge is merely belief in statements made by others? Who is there who knows anything except what he is told by somebody else, and that somebody else what has been told in his turn to him? Can any truth be found except in mathematics and logic, and are we perfectly sure that even the basis upon which we base our calculation and logic is the correct one? Is not the truth of that basis likewise a mere assumption, if it cannot be logically proved; and if its truth can be known without any logical reasoning, why then should not all things be known without such artificial help? If I believe that 2×2 is four, because $1 + 1$ is two, my belief is based upon the assumption that twice one is two, and this again is incomprehensible unless I take it for granted that 1 is unchangeable and does not turn into another number. But what if we could not depend on the one? What if it were suddenly to change into two or into some other number; then $1 + 1$ instead of being 2 would perhaps be 3 or 4. But how do we know that 1 is 1 and unchangeable? As authority for it we have neither the statement of Mr. Puffer, nor that of Mrs. Honeycomb, nor even the declaration of an Adept. Nevertheless we know it, or imagine we know it, and if we can absolutely know one thing by our own intuition and without having been informed of it by another, why should we not be able to know all things in the same manner and without the necessity of logical proof? Surely there must be a mystery about these things, which I hope to have explained to me at Urur."

Among the passengers there were two German professors, of great scientific reputation. They were called by some the "inseparables," as they were always seen together. They were like "two hearts that beat as one," but as neither of them seemed to be in possession of that kind of knowledge which Pancho imagined to be possible to attain, they sometimes became divided in their opinions, and then they quarrelled with each other in a most objectionable manner.

It was a fine evening. The sun shone in tranquil glory in the sky, as if he did not care a straw about the opinions of all the astronomers in the world, and the planet Earth revolved with the usual velocity around its axis, regardless of any scientist on board of the steamer, now aware of no other movement than that of the ship. The two professors were discussing some theories with regard to the interior of the earth; and while one insisted that the globe was a solid mass in a state of terrible heat, the other maintained that it was a hollow, egg-shaped body,

containing no solid matter, but an atmosphere like our own. They had already waxed warm in defending their respective arguments, and their dispute began to attract the attention of the passengers on deck.

"Your theory," cried Professor Hopfer, "is absurd. As a man of science, you ought to know that if one digs down into the earth, he finds the temperature rising at the rate of about 2° R. for every hundred feet, which gives a heat of some 2,000 degrees at a depth of 100,000 feet below the surface. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"This antiquated theory of yours, which is at present held only by those who are entirely ignorant of scientific principles," answered Professor Schlei, "has long ago been discarded by those who are better informed. It seems that you are not aware of the fact that at the boring of the artesian well at the insane asylum of St. Louis, the temperature increased in the manner described by you only until a depth of 3,209 feet had been reached, where it became 106 degrees, after which it began to sink, and at a depth of 3,817 feet the thermometer stood at 105; at ten feet farther down at 104, showing a decrease of 1° R. for every ten feet, which at 10,000 feet would give a cold of 900 degrees, showing that the inner strata of the earth's crust are in a frozen state. *Verb. sap. sat.*"

"It seems more probable," remarked the other, "that the observations at the digging of that well were taken by the inmates of the asylum. A schoolboy would laugh at your theory, if he ever heard of volcanoes, the safety valves of the earth."

"Because," replied his opponent, "the schoolboy would be asinine enough to imagine that the fire of the volcanoes came from the centre of the earth, while those who have studied the matter know that it comes from chemical decompositions taking place within the crust of the earth. Do you want to make people believe that they are standing upon the top of a fiery mass of thousands of miles in diameter, with only an egg shell between them and a glowing hell below, which at any time might burst and send them to perdition?"

"I had some suspicion," he was promptly answered, "that you are in your dotage. Now I am certain of it, and arguments would be wasted upon you. If you were capable of reasoning, you would comprehend that we are not living on the periphery of a soap-bubble, which is at any moment ready to explode. You do not seem to know that Descartes had a similar theory and was forced to give it up, and that, according to the newest discoveries, our planet is a seven axial rotating ellipsoid. You seem to be ignorant of the fact that Gyldén of Stockhalm has solved the mathematical problem of the three bodies, by introducing the transcendental periodical functions discovered by Jacobi, and that he estimated the medium density of the earth as being 5·7."

This was a stunner for Mr. Schlei, but he quickly recovered.

"I hope," he exclaimed, "to live long enough to demolish you and your doctrines. I shall certainly write a book exposing your ignorance. I shall go to the North Pole and enter through Symes' hole into the interior of the earth, to enjoy a good laugh at your stupidity."

"And have you forgotten, then," said Mr. Schlei, "that I am on my way to Naples, where I will dig a tunnel connecting the crater of Vesuvius with the Mediterranean? I will put out the fires of the volcano, and of the whole

of the interior of our globe. I shall explode your vile theory, and this if I have to blow up the whole earth to do so."

The quarrel was becoming serious, and it was with great difficulty that they were pacified by the bystanders. These were likewise divided in their opinions as to which one of the professors was in the right. Mr. Green proposed that it should be submitted to the decision of the Mysterious Brotherhood, but one of the missionaries said that it had already been decided in the Bible. Was it not written that in the beginning the earth was *void*, and there was *darkness* upon the face of the deep? If the earth were full of molten minerals, it could not have been void, and if there were a fire in it, it could not be dark; but this darkness also disposed of the theory about the holes at the poles.

It has not been stated whether or not everybody was satisfied with that explanation; but we know that Pancho was not. "What kind of a science is this," he said to himself, "if men of science know nothing, and only imagine certain things to be true by drawing deductions from external appearances or phenomena, which may go to support two opposite theories, and whose causes may be entirely different from what we imagine them to be? What kind of a being is man if he does not even know the nature of the planet upon which he lives, and how can he dare to decide on that which is beyond the stars?"

It was growing late. The passengers, one after another, retired to their cabins: but Pancho had no inclination to sleep. He stood at the railing and looked at the porpoises that were playing around the steamer, and at the streaks of liquid gold which the ship left in her track as she ploughed her way through the phosphorescent waves. The moon was not visible, but the stars were shining brightly. Their light was reflected in the foaming waters which were thrown into confusion by the unceasing motion of the screw. The air was pure and calm, and fit for meditation, and the stars taught Pancho a lesson. For, while their reflections in the water were distorted by the motion of the waves, they themselves were not a bit affected by it, but shone and twinkled in the sky. "Thus," he said to himself, "it may be with Truth. It remains for ever the same; but its rays are broken and often distorted in the minds of men. Those who can see only the distorted image but mistake it for truth itself, live in illusion; those who can see Truth itself, see the Reality, and are in possession of knowledge."

Pancho wondered from whence he got this idea. It had never been told to him by anyone, neither by Mr. Puffer nor Mrs. Honeycomb, and he believed in it, although its correctness had not been warranted to him by any respectable authority that he knew. But where could he find real truth?

As if in answer to his thought, a red glow appeared upon the eastern sky. Gradually the moon arose, throwing a silver stream upon the waters, causing the masts and the smoke-stacks to cast phantastic shadows upon the sea. A broad path of light seemed to extend from the horizon towards the ship, showing plainly the form of each wavelet within the glittering path; but it did not penetrate the watery depths below, where the corals and pearls, the sharks and the mermaids, were hidden far away from human sight.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

They were now approaching the coast of Japan, and one morning when Pancho stepped upon the deck a wonderful sight met his eyes. Before him, and resting high in the air, was a new planet, a bright, glittering world, illuminated by the rays of the terrestrial sun, although the latter had not yet risen above the horizon. It was the snow-covered top of the volcano Fuji-yama radiating with light, but whose foot was in darkness, for it was still dark in the valley, and a mass of mist and vapours played round the base of the mountain, making it appear as if the latter was not a thing belonging to this Earth, but a satellite created during the night.

After a short stop at Yokohama the steamer proceeded on her way. Gracefully she ploughed her way through the waters along the beautiful coast of Japan, and in sight of its bluff-lined shore. There were many lovely islands, and here and there, from behind the bushes, surrounded by a luxurious vegetation, and half hidden behind camphor and persimmon trees, peeped the roofs of the houses of the natives; neat cottages in idyllic places, such as Pancho had often dreamed about, and where he would have wished to spend the rest of his days with Conchita. Soon, however, the trees disappeared, and in the distance arose the volcano Oyama, grim and forbidding-looking, enveloped in smoke, sending dark masses of vapour up into the blue ether, and the edges of the clouds were reddened by the lurid fires coming from the mysterious crater below.

Among those who enjoyed the novel sight was Mrs. Honeycomb, and, being gifted with the power of clairvoyance, she described the elementals of fire as they arose from the crater and delved again into its depths.

"How quickly these fiery elementals bob up and down!" she exclaimed. "Now, do you see that big one with his black, curly locks and the pitchfork in his hand? How they frolic and jump."

"Do you see anything?" asked Mr. Green.

"Of course I do," answered Mrs. Honeycomb. "If you do not see them you must be as blind as a bat. The crater is full of them, and they wriggle and squirm like bees in a hive. There are big ones and little ones. They elongate their bodies and contract them again."

"Are there any female elementals among them?" asked Mr. Green.

"Mr. Green!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I have already told you repeatedly not to think about females. It seems that you still have women on the brain. Were you not told that you could not become a genuine Chela as long as you are thinking of women? If you do that again you will draw upon you a severe reprimand from Rataraboru——"

"Hush!" interrupted Mr. Green. "There are people listening. Do not pronounce that holy name so publicly."

"——matchi," added Mrs. Honeycomb to her former sentence. "If I start to say something, it must out. I do not want to choke over it."

"I wish I could get an occult letter!" said Mr. Green. "It would do me much good, and then it would be such a good test for my friends, if I were to get one here on board where nobody can be suspected of cheating."

"You do not deserve any as long as you are such a doubter," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

"I am doing the best I can," replied Mr. Green.

It seems that then and there an invisible "adept" was present and heard Mr. Green's request; for, incredible as it may appear, on the very night that followed this conversation, Mr. Green, being alone in his room, found an occult letter under his pillow, which was as follows:

"*To Mr. Green, Prob. Chel. M.B.*—Fortunate are those who can see without seeing, and hear without hearing, and know without knowing. Have faith in Mrs. Honeycomb. I will communicate my orders through her.—*Rataraborumatchi.*"

Little sleep came upon the eyes of Mr. Green that night. He wept for joy, and more than once he started to knock for admittance at Mrs. Honeycomb's door, to tell her of his good fortune. He was only restrained from doing so by fear of creating a scandal which might have injured Mrs. Honeycomb's reputation. He therefore concluded to say nothing about it and to see whether Mrs. Honeycomb would discover it by her clairvoyant power; nor was he deceived in his intuition; for when he met her at the breakfast-table next morning, she asked him whether he had received a message from the Mysterious Brotherhood. This test fully convinced Mr. Green of Mrs. Honeycomb's occult powers, and he saw all his doubts vanish before the sunlight of truth.

Mr. Green was delighted. From a mere titulary aspirant for Chelaship, he had now become an accepted probationary chela, as was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt by the wording of the letter. His bearing became still more solemn. He never permitted himself to indulge in a joke, and looked displeased when others showed signs of hilarity. He felt too much the importance and dignity of his position not to be overcome with awe, and he wondered at his own hidden greatness, which had entitled him to such honours.

"With the receipt of that letter," he said to Pancho, "a new chapter has begun for me in my book of life. To become an accepted probationary Chela is one of the most respectable positions that can be obtained; but it is also one of the most important ones, and not without danger, for I have been told that as soon as such a honour has been conferred upon one, it brings out all of his latent propensities for evil. If one has an inherited inclination to lie or to steal, as soon as he becomes a probationary Chela, he becomes a liar or thief.* I tell you this as a matter of precaution in your intercourse with me. I am not fully aware of all my inherited propensities, and if you should some day miss your watch or something, you will have to attribute it to my development. As far as lying is concerned, I do not believe that there is any danger. I do not feel any inclination to lie."

Heretofore the subject of Occultism had been discussed only amongst our friends, but now Mr. Green, feeling, as he said, the influence of Rataraborumatchi upon him, considered it his duty to make propaganda among the passengers for a belief in Adepts, and the possibility of their existence soon became the general topic of conversation on board of the steamer. Mrs. Honeycomb received numerous applications from people who wanted to obtain occult letters and

* No greater truth was ever said in a work of fiction and a satire.—[ED.]

tests. One lady, who had been reading "Count de Gabalis," requested Mr. Green to get her an attendant spirit to do her work; because she said that she always had so much trouble with her chambermaids, and would prefer a Sylphide that would not talk about her affairs with the neighbours. A young fellow wanted an Undine, and promised, if his request was granted, to provide her with all the water she could reasonably desire. Some wanted to be taught the art of making gold, and love powders, and a rich old invalid confidentially offered to Mr. Green a thousand dollars for a bottle of the Elixir of Life.

Mr. Green expressed his regret at his present inability to grant these requests, but promised to lay them before his "Master" on his arrival at Urur. He moreover stated that if he should ever return to England, he proposed to establish there a College of Occultism, in which he would himself be professor.

Among the new passengers who had come on board in Japan, there was a

MR. A. BOTTLER, M.S.R.P.S., & S.S.D.U.S.

Professor of Magic.

All Orders Promptly Attended.

As may be seen by the above card, Mr. Bottler was a Member of a Society formed for the purpose of making Researches in Psychology, and also of Several other Societies for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences. He was himself a Professor of Magic, and had gained considerable reputation by testifying before the Seybert Commission in Philadelphia that he had never seen any spiritual phenomena, and that they were, therefore, all performed by tricks. He was an expert in classifying everything, and prided himself that he could explode anything which would not submit to his classification, as a humbug. Nevertheless, he was not a sceptic or an infidel, but rather of a religious turn of mind. It was especially due to his efforts that a Society had been formed to explore the bottom of the Red Sea, to rake up the golden chariot-wheels which had been lost by the Egyptians drowned in their pursuit of the children of Israel. Mr. Bottler, in a scientific dissertation laid before the "Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences," had clearly given his reasons for his belief that these chariot-wheels, as well as many other articles of value, had resisted the influence of salt water, and could be recovered. He, moreover, had made himself famous by writing a book showing that the unicorn was not an extinct animal, and that some specimens of it still existed on the Island of Madagascar. He was now on his way to it to secure the beast, and to sell it to Barnum's Museum.

Strange to say, while Mr. Bottler firmly believed in the occurrence of all the miracles described in the Bible, the accounts of which he took in their literal sense, he was a man of too scientific an education to believe in the existence of "Soul." He had himself been a professor of Psychology at a college in England, and knew that there was no such thing as that. Every fact which went to show that man could exercise powers other than those which were produced

by the physiological action of his physical body was peremptorily denied by Mr. Bottler, and there was nothing too evident for him to deny. When he heard of the existence of a Mysterious Brotherhood possessing occult powers, he became much excited.

"Let these Mysterious Brothers come out of their dens," he said. "Let them show their certificates and qualifications! Let us see whether they can stand the test of science, before they come to ask us to believe in what they teach. Let them come out, I say! Who cares for sages whom nobody knows? Let them appear and perform their miracles before a committee of the S.R.P.S., and if they can stand the test, we will take them under our protection An adept with a certificate from our association would command belief wherever he goes; but if he has no standing in our profession, he is only a quack."

Such disrespectful language in regard to the Mysterious Brotherhood could not be tolerated by Mr. Green, who, in his capacity as a Chela, felt it to be his duty to defend them.

"These Brothers," he said, "care nothing for your S.R.P.S., nor for your S.D.U.S. Their reputation is already too well established to need any certificates from *your* Society, but if you will come to Urur, I promise you in the name of the great Rataramorubatchi, whose influence I feel, that you will get satisfactory proof that such adepts do exist."

"Who is that Rataramorubatchi?" asked Mr. Bottler.

"He is a man whose name ought to be pronounced only with the greatest reverence," said Mr. Green. "He is over a thousand years old, and still he looks as if he were thirty-five, because whenever he feels himself getting old, he takes a dram of the Elixir of Life and makes himself young again. He and the other adepts are persons who know everything; because the greatest ancient mysteries have been handed down to them from the remotest antiquity, either orally or by tradition. What they say is true and cannot be denied. All the religious systems in the world have been instituted by persons who are now dead, and of whom we, therefore, do not know whether or not they were sufficiently respectable to be believed by our present and more enlightened generation. But the members of the Mysterious Brotherhood are living persons whose respectability has been vouched for by many respectable persons. Moreover, they have given sufficient proof of their occult powers, and what they teach must be true."

"What kind of occult powers are they supposed to have?" asked Mr. Bottler.

"Come to Urur, and you will see it. In the meantime, you had better be more guarded in your expressions in regard to them." So saying, Mr. Green walked away.

Mr. Bottler doubted very much the sanity of the Chela's mental condition. Nevertheless his curiosity was now excited, and he desired to obtain more information in regard to Urur.

"What," he thought, "if the existence of the Adepts were a truth after all? If I could learn from them the art of making gold by artificial means, or to hypnotize the people in England and make them elect me a Member of Parliament. How astonished would be the members of the S.S.P.S., if I could bring them not only a Unicorn, but a living Adept!"

Mr. Bottler made up his mind to consult Mrs. Honeycomb.

Mrs. Honeycomb, in spite of her advanced years, was a remarkable woman. Her marriages with her first, second, and third husbands had not been happy ones. She must have been very attractive in her youth, as her first lover threatened to kill himself if she would refuse him, and she married him out of compassion. A generous soul she was, but the ungrateful wretch made her life miserable, and finally ran away. Her second husband, who at the time of his betrothal to her showed no symptoms of a desire to commit suicide, was heard to curse the day that he was born, soon after the honeymoon. But why should we revive these painful memories, which Mrs. Honeycomb tried to forget?

Love of truth compels us, however, to state that at the time of which we are writing, Mrs. Honeycomb had not yet given up all hopes of finding her real affinity. She had accepted a call from Captain Bumpkins to become one of the high-priestessess of the Shrine, and a diploma that admitted her to the inner circle of the Elect, and was on her way to enter upon her duties. Whether or not dreams of the Elixir of Life and of rejuvenation entered into her programme, we are not permitted to tell.

"This Mr. Green," said Mr. Bottler, as he was walking upon the deck with Mrs. Honeycomb, "seems to be hallucinated. I am sure that there is not a word of truth in what he says."

"Men can never be trusted," answered Mrs. Honeycomb with a sigh, "and it may be that Mr. Green is just as bad as the rest of them. If I were a young girl, I would not believe a word of what any man said, unless I had the marriage certificate in my hand. They blow hot one day and cold the next, and even after the marriage they cannot be relied upon."

"I meant to say," continued Mr. Bottler, "that Mr. Green proposed to me. . . ."

"Did he, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb, interrupting his sentence. "Well, I am not astonished at anything. You could hardly believe what queer things may happen to probationary Chelas. It must have been an evil spirit throwing a glamour over his eyes to make him imagine you were a woman. Such things are often done by black-magicians. My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, had a similar experience. She once thought she saw the spirit of an Adept walking in the yard, and when she ran out to meet him, it was only an old table-cloth that had been hung up to dry."

"I am glad to hear you express such good and sensible views," said Mr. Bottler. "All these spirits and ghosts are nothing but impostures and hallucinations, degrading to the dignity of man and destructive to the purity of women. The ancients believed in ghosts, but modern science has destroyed all such illusions. I have studied psychology thoroughly, and found that there is no such thing as a soul. Who ever saw a soul? It can be found neither in the pineal gland nor in the big toe. All thought is dynamic and molecular. It is produced by a hypertrophy of the ganglia of the brain. It is due to a condition caused by a spasmodic contraction of the dynamic centres of the cerebellum, in consequence of which the transversal oscillatory rythmic movements of the interior vibrations of the brain cells are kinetically altered. If you will look at the oscillatory curves of the four dimensional extensions of the thought dynamides,

you will see that thoughts are produced by an increased action of the motor nerves of the cerebellum, entirely analogous to the oxydation of zinc in a voltaic battery."

"I always thought so," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "It's the best explanation I ever heard. My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, says the same thing whenever she is influenced by her guiding spirit. When he takes possession of her, he makes her vibrate like a battery, and when she speaks the whole audience becomes electrified."

"It's the air that acts as a conductor," said Mr. Bottler. "When the four dimensional movements of the transversal oscillations of the thought dynamides have once been started by the contact and galvanic action of the grey matter of the brain with the blood corpuscles, the sympathetic impulses liberated in the mass of which the convolutions are composed may be transmitted to the auditory sense of the audience by means of the oscillations of the tympanum, and it is unnecessary to assume the action of spirits."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb; "my husband was, then, a conductor. Poor man! He did not know anything about such things, and so he used spirits. I always told him that it was unnecessary, but after he once got into the habit, he could not quit it, and it killed him at last."

"It is all due to a state of disturbed equilibrium," said Mr. Bottler.

"Perfectly true!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "His equilibrium was sometimes so much disturbed that he tumbled from one side to the other. O! if I could find the man in whom equilibrium is restored, I would follow him to the end of the world. I would recognize in him the true affinity for which my soul is yearning."

"But, my dear madam," said Mr. Bottler, "it seems that we are talking about two different subjects. You are thinking of yearnings, while I am discussing the most profound philosophical questions."

"O, you men!" sighed Mrs. Honeycomb. "You will never understand a woman's heart!"

Consultation with Mrs. Honeycomb having proved unsatisfactory, Mr. Bottler turned again to Mr. Green, and the latter insisted that Mr. Bottler should go to Urur to see the Talking Image, which would undoubtedly clear up all his doubts. "This Image," he said, "is not an invisible spirit; but a substantial thing, made of some solid material, and it can think and talk like a human being."

"The construction of such an Image," said Mr. Bottler, "would go to prove the correctness of my theory about the thought dynamides. All we have to do is to construct a proper organism and to supply it with brain and blood in the right proportions, and there will be no difficulty in causing it to evolve thoughts. Add to that the proper organs of speech, and you will have a Talking Image as complete as the one you describe. On my return from Madagascar I will go to Urur and examine the Image, and if it is what you represent it to be, I shall construct one like it and present it to the S. R. P. S."

"I will speak with Rataraborumatchi about it," replied Mr. Green, "and recommend you to his attention. He will grant you all the necessary facilities to bring your investigation to a successful result."

The steamer passed by the island of Formosa and entered the Chinese sea.

Soon the long low hills of the coast were seen and the number of fishing boats encountered increased until the sea seemed to be a forest of masts. After they entered the tortuous channel that leads to Hong Kong a great commotion took place among the Chinese on board, who seemed swayed by one common impulse, the joy of returning home. Many longing hearts were beating as the steamer approached the harbour; many anxious eyes were watching the ship from the shore; hundreds of boats swarmed out from the wharf and surrounded her, and when, after anchor was cast, the human tide overflooded the deck, while the landing took place, Pancho wrote a letter to his wife, from which we will copy the following:

"The nearer I come to the place of my destination, the more do I become convinced that it was necessary for me to go, so as to see with my own eyes whether or not those marvels are true. There is no dependence to be put on anything that anyone hears. I have met with some scientific celebrities who differ in their opinions just as much as vulgar and ignorant people. Moreover I have met with two Chelas; but their statements are too absurd to be believed. I therefore am still far from a solution of the problem, and my heart beats with joy as I am coming nearer to the attainment of my object. We are half way on our journey now, and I shall soon see the Talking Image and sit at the feet of the great Hierophant, listening to his instructions and receiving positive proof that man has a soul."

The rest of the letter contained such trifles as are usually talked of among lovers, and which it would be indiscreet to reveal.

During the last few days of the voyage, some learned discussions took place between Mr. Bottler and Green in regard to certain historical occurrences certified to in the Bible, in the reality of which Mr. Bottler fully believed, but which he explained on scientific grounds, meeting, however, occasionally with some difficulties. For instance, Mr. Bottler had no doubt that Jonah was swallowed by a fish, only he said that for some anatomical reasons it could not have been a whale, a mistake undoubtedly due to a mistranslation of the original text. He went into long speculations about Noah's ark and the system which the former had adopted to feed the different animals. He also made a project on his return to Europe to raise an army of volunteers to recapture the Castle of Zion, which, as he said, had been long enough in the hands of the infidels.

As to Mr. Green, he denied the truth of the Bible. He said that such a respectable person as the Virgin Mary is represented would surely have selected a more suitable place than a stable to give birth to her child, and that Jesus would not have ridden into Jerusalem on an untrained ass, because, if he had not been an expert in horsemanship, he would have been in danger of being thrown and making himself ridiculous in the eyes of the people. In fact, it seemed as if Rataramorubatchi's influence was already acting, as his Chela took actually to reasonings, while Mr. Bottler became daily more and more petrified in his own opinions.

Many philosophical interviews took place also between Mr. Bottler and Mrs. Honeycomb. The great scientist explained to her his ideas about the fourth dimension of space, and proved to her the enormous progress which science had made since the days of Plato. He demonstrated clearly and beyond the

possibility of a doubt that an average schoolboy of our days knows a great deal more than did Socrates or Pythagoras. As to Plato, he was an old imbecile, whose intelligence was surpassed even by that of Mr. Green.

While Mrs. Honeycomb listened with infinite patience to Mr. Bottler's explanations, which she neither understood nor cared to understand, the yearnings of her soul carried her mind far away to a more ideal realm, where she hoped to find her affinity. Pancho, as he came nearer to his destination, felt a more solemn influence pervading his being. He knew that he should now soon stand in the awful presence of Captain Bumpkins, the Hierophant, who would unveil before him the goddess of Nature, and introduce him to the Mysterious Brotherhood.

The ship now approached the African coast, and one day the island of Madagascar was reached, where Mr. Bottler left the ship to go to Tanarivo to hunt for his unicorn. He promised that after having accomplished his object he would come to Urur to investigate the claims of the followers of the Mysterious Brotherhood.

A few days more and a long blue line was seen, indicating land. Was it a part of the Lybian Desert where the sages dwell? Was that grey cloud on the western horizon hovering over the city of Kakodumbola, the abode of the Adepts?

Nearer and nearer; now the long hills with forests and houses could be plainly distinguished. Then the harbour appeared, and the city beyond, with its towers and palaces. Crowds of people were seen to walk about the shore watching the steamer, and among the boats that came and approached the ship there was one bearing a flag with the letters "S. D. W.," meaning "Society for the Distribution of Wisdom," written upon it.

"Stop!" The heavy engines which had laboured so long and faithfully ceased to work; a signal was given, and down came the heavy anchor, fastening its fangs in the deep.

The people from the boat of the S. D. W. came on board. They were members of that society, venerable Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Zulus, who gave a hearty welcome to our friends, and invited them into their boat to go ashore, where carriages were awaiting to take them further on to Urur.

They landed, and Pancho entered a carriage with one of the Zulus.

"I am exceedingly anxious to make the acquaintance of Captain Bumpkins," said Pancho, as they drove along the beach on the road to Urur.

"We hope," said the Zulu, after some hesitation, "that you will have some influence over him."

"How could I, a mere beginner, have any influence over the Hierophant?" asked Pancho astonished. "Is it not far more probable that I will have to sit at his feet and listen to his wisdom?"

"It is all very well," said the Zulu; "but, speaking confidentially, I will tell you that Bumpkins has some little peculiarities, and that we have stood his nonsense long enough; even the Hottentots will stand it no longer. We do not want to be made the laughing-stock for small boys and servant girls; we can see no wisdom in that. He wants us to march through the streets of the city, each one to wear a badge and a little flag in his hand. He means well enough; but we will not stand his nonsense, we won't! We hope that you will persuade him to give it up, or there will be a mutiny. This is all that I am permitted to say."

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D

(To be continued.)

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann by William Ashton Ellis.)

(Continued from the February Number.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE dawn broke in many-coloured shafts of light through the painted windows of the church. Alone and sunk in contemplation I sat in my confessional. Only the steps of the lay-brother who was cleaning the church rang through the vaults. A rustling sound near me; I saw a tall, slim maiden, clad in strange guise, her face concealed by a long veil. She had entered by the side door and approached me to make her confession. Her every movement breathed an indescribable grace. As she sank upon her knees a deep sigh escaped from her. I felt her warm breath. It was as though an intoxicating charm was cast around me, even before she spoke! How can I describe the wonderful thrilling tone of her voice? Each word tore my breast, as she confessed that she harboured a forbidden love, against which she had long and vainly striven, and that this love was the more sinful as the object of her passion was bound by holy and irrevocable vows; in the madness of hopeless despair she had breathed a curse upon these vows. She paused—then, with a flood of tears that well-nigh drowned her words, she broke forth: "*Thyself*, Medardus, it is whom I love so madly!"

My nerves quivered as in the grip of death; I was beside myself; an unknown emotion played havoc in my breast; to see her, to press her to me, to perish in joyous pain, one moment of this bliss and ever after the eternal torments of Hell!

She was silent, but I heard her deep-drawn breath. With one despairing effort I girded up my strength. What I said I know not, only I know that she arose in silence and departed, while I drew my cowl deep over my eyes and, as though dazed, remained alone and half-conscious within the confessional.

Fortunately no one else came into the church, and I was able to pass unnoticed to my cell. But how changed all seemed now to me, how trivial and how hollow my own set purpose! I had not even seen the face of my strange visitor, and yet it lived within my inner vision and gazed on me with its witchery of dark-blue eyes, set with pearly tears which fell like hot fire upon my soul and kindled flames such as no prayers and not any penance could again extinguish. Yet did I chastise myself, torturing myself with bloody scourge, in order to escape the everlasting damnation which threatened me, for the raging fire in which this strange woman had set me had lit up a flame of sinful desire, hitherto unknown, so that I knew not how to save myself from the voluptuous pain.

An altar in our church was dedicated to Saint Rosalia, and above it was depicted her martyr-death. The features of the Saint were those of my beloved;

I knew them well, and even the drapery was the fac-simile of that my unknown maid had worn. There lay I by the hour, as though reft of my senses, and heaved forth terrible wails of desperation, so that the monks fled in horror from the spot. In quieter moments I rushed into the cloister-garden, and wherever I went I saw *her* in the distance. She came from out the bushes, she mounted with the fountain, she hovered o'er the flowering meadows; everywhere *her* form alone! Then I cursed my vows, my very being! Out into the world would I forth, never to rest till I had found her, till I had bought er with the forfeit of my soul.

At last I was able at least to moderate the excess of my outbursts in presence of the astonished Brothers and the Prior. I would *seem* more restful, but ever more deeply burnt the brand into my heart's core. No sleep, no peace! Pursued by her image, I dashed my sides against the planks of my bed and called on all the saints—not to preserve me from the tempting phantom that haunted me, not to save my soul from eternal destruction, no!—to give to me the maid, to loose me from my oath and set me free for my sinful fall!

At last my whole soul was set upon one thing, to end my torment by flight from the Monastery. Freedom from the cloister vows seemed the one thing needful to deliver this woman into my arms and to still the desire that devoured me. I determined to disguise myself by shaving off my beard and donning worldly clothes, and thus to wander about the city until I found her. I never once reflected how difficult, perchance impossible, this might be, nor that I could not without money exist perhaps even one day beyond the walls.

The last day which I intended to pass in the cloister had dawned; by fortune I had obtained some passable burgher clothing, and with the fall of night I meant to leave the Monastery for ever. It was already evening when the Prior unexpectedly sent for me. I shuddered, for nothing seemed more sure than that he had discovered something of my secret plan. Leonardus received me with unwonted solemnity, nay with so imposing a dignity that involuntarily I quailed before him.

"Brother Medardus," began he, "thy extraordinary behaviour, which I attribute to a violent outbreak of that mental excitation which thou hast long fostered, and perchance not from the purest motives, is destroying our peaceful intercourse. It disturbs that serenity of spirit which I have always endeavoured to cherish among the Brothers as the evidence of quiet, pious living. It may be that some untoward event which has befallen thee bears all the blame. Thou mightest have found consolation from me as thy friend and father in whom thou couldst implicitly confide; but thou hast kept silent, and I can the less press thee for an avowal, as now thy secret might rob me of a portion of that peace which in my old age I cherish above all else. Thou hast often, and especially before the altar of Saint Rosalia, sadly distressed not only the Brothers, but even strangers who have found themselves within the church, by the terrible utterances that seem to burst in madness from thee. According to the rules of the monastery, I might chastise thee for this harshly; but this will I not do, since perchance some evil power, or even the Adversary himself, whom thou hast not successfully withstood, is cause of all thy erring, and prompts thee but to be more strenuous in thy prayers and fastings. But, mark me well, I can see straight into thy soul; *thou wouldst be free!*"

Leonardus's gaze searched through and through me; I could not bear his glance, and sobbing cast myself to the ground, overwhelmed with the conscience of my wicked purpose.

Leonardus proceeded: "I understand thee, and I even believe that, better than the solitude of the cloister, the world, if only thou wanderest piously through its ways, will heal thee of thy error. A matter concerning our monastery demands the presence of a Brother in Rome. I have chosen thee for this mission, and to-morrow, armed with full powers and my instructions, thou canst set forth on thy journey. Thou art all the more fitted for this business as thou art young, robust, and expert in affairs, and art complete master of the Italian language. Go now to thy cell; pray fervently for the welfare of thy soul, as I will; but give up all thy penances, which would but weaken thee and unfit thee for thy journey. With the break of day I wait for thee within this chamber."

Like a ray from heaven came to me the words of the worthy Leonardus. I had hated him, but now, with a delightful pang, returned the love which had bound him once to me. I shed hot tears, I pressed his hands unto my lips. He embraced me, and it seemed to me as though he knew my inmost thoughts and yielded me the freedom to follow out the destiny which might perchance fling me, after a few short moments of bliss, into everlasting ruin.

My flight was now unnecessary; I might openly leave the cloister, and follow without ceasing her without whom there was now no rest and no salvation for me on earth. The journey to Rome, the embassy, seemed to me but a device of the Prior to free me from the monastery in decent fashion.

That night I spent in prayer and in preparations for my journey. I filled a wicker-bound flask with the remnant of the miraculous wine for future use, and replaced its original receptacle within the casket.

I was not a little surprised when I learnt from the lengthy instructions of the Prior that my mission to Rome was no mere pretext, and that the occurrence which demanded the presence of a Brother as a plenipotentiary was one of grave importance. It fell as a heavy weight upon my heart, for I had thought to give myself unreservedly to my new freedom with the first step outside the cloister. Yet *her* image gave me fresh courage, and I resolved to remain true to my own plan.

The Brothers were all assembled, and the parting from them, especially from Leonardus, gave me the deepest sorrow. But at last the monastery gate was closed behind me, and I had set forth on my long journey into Freedom.

PART II.

ENTRANCE ON THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

Veiled in blue mist the monastery lay below me in the valley; the fresh morning breeze wafted through the air to me the pious hymns of the Brothers. Involuntarily I joined my voice to theirs. In rosy flames the sun arose behind the city, its golden glitter glancing through the trees; like glowing diamonds the dewdrops fell on myriads of gaily-painted insects, who circled round in buzzing concert. The birds awoke and fluttered through the wood, singing songs of

gladness and caressing one another for very joy. A band of peasant-lads and bright-dressed lasses came up the hill. "Praised be Jesus Christ!" they cried to me in passing; "To all eternity," I answered.

I felt as though a new day, full of joy and freedom and thousand happinesses, were breaking on my life. Never before had my spirits been so mirthful; I seemed to be a different being, and, as though endowed with newly-wakened force, I rushed down through the forest.

I asked a peasant whom I met to direct me to the place which was marked on my itinerary as my first sleeping station; he pointed to a footpath branching off from the highway, through the hills. I had already journeyed a considerable distance before the thought of my unknown maid and my fantastic plan for seeking her recurred to me. But her picture was blurred as though by some strange unknown power, so that only by an effort could I recognize the dim, disfigured traits; the more I strove to hold the vision in my mind, the more it faded into mist. Only my extravagant behaviour in the monastery, after that mysterious occurrence, stood clear before my eyes. It was incomprehensible even to myself, that the Prior should have borne with me in patience, and sent me forth into the world, in place of well-deserved chastisement. I almost convinced myself that the appearance of the fair unknown was but a vision resulting from too great strain of mind, and instead of ascribing the traitorous phantasm to the ever-watchful persecution of the Adversary, as once I should have done, I laid its blame on my own over-strung senses; for the circumstance that the stranger was clad just like Saint Rosalie seemed to show that the speaking likeness of the Saint, which could easily be seen from my confessional, had a great share in the matter. I was deeply moved by the wisdom of the Prior, who had chosen the very means for curing me, since, cribbed within the cloister-walls, always surrounded with the self-same objects, and ever devoured by the broodings of my heart, that vision, borrowing more vivid colours from my solitude, might well have driven me to madness. More and more enamoured with the idea that this was but a dream, I could scarce refrain from laughing at myself, and, overcome with unwonted frivolity, I jested with myself on the thought that I had presumed to choose a Saint for temptress, and even to imagine myself a second Saint Anthony.

I had journeyed for some days among the mountains, between stern, towering pinnacles of rock, and across narrow rustic bridges, beneath which the forest torrents rushed; more desolate and more toilsome grew the way. It was high noon; the sun beat fierce upon my unprotected head; I parched with thirst, but no spring was near, nor could I reach the hamlet I was seeking. Prostrate, I sat myself upon a boulder, and could no longer resist the temptation to draw a draught from the wicker flask, though I would fain preserve my precious liquor as long as possible. New force glowed through my veins; refreshed and strengthened, I set forth once more to reach my nearing goal.

Denser and denser grew the pine forest; in its deepest recess I heard a rustling sound, and immediately thereon I heard the neighing of a haltered steed. I pressed a few steps forward, and shrunk back in terror as I found myself upon the brink of a fearful abyss, beneath which, between jagged slabs of stone, a torrent hissed and foamed on its course, with a sound of thunder that I had heard while yet far off.

At the very edge of this precipice, upon a jutting crag of rock, there sat a young man in uniform, his hat with its high tuft of feathers, his sword and his pocket-case lying beside him. His whole body bent forward over the abyss, he seemed to have fallen asleep, and each moment he sank to a more perilous position. His fall was thus inevitable. I ventured forward; seizing him with my hand to hold him back, I shouted loud "For Christ's sake, awake! For Christ's sake!"

As soon as I touched him he jumped up, aroused from his deep sleep; but at the same moment, losing his balance, he fell into the gulf and dashed from crag to crag, his mangled limbs splintering with cruel crash. His piercing cries re-echoed from the immeasurable depth, until at last only a muffled sound was borne aloft, and this too died away.

Stupefied by terror and amaze, I stood awhile, and then took up the hat, the sword, and letter-case, and would have rushed from the fatal spot; but a young man, clad like a hunter, rushed from the wood to meet me. He gazed first searchingly upon my face, and then began to laugh so immoderately that an ice-cold shudder shook my frame.

At last he spoke: "My gracious master, the disguise is magnificent. If the adorable lady had not been warned beforehand, indeed she would not recognize her sweetheart. But where have you thrown your uniform, my worthy count?"

"I threw it into the torrent," answered a dull, hollow voice from within me. It was not *I* who spoke the words, for they came unbidden from my lips. Absorbed within myself, my eyes turned only to the precipice; in dread lest the corpse of the Count should rise and confront me, I stood there mute. It seemed as though I had committed murder; but still I held the hat and sword and letter-case in firm-clasped grip.

The young man went on: "Now, my gracious master, I will take the bridle-path to the town, and hold myself in readiness, in the house beside the left-hand gate. You must go straight down to the castle, where some one is already awaiting you. I will take the hat and rapier with me."

I handed both to him.

"Adieu, Sir Count! Good luck at the castle!" cried the young man, and singing and whistling he disappeared in the thicket. I heard him loose his steed and take his way.

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as I had recovered from my stupefaction, and could think over the occurrence, I saw that I was the plaything of some curious chance that had thrust me all at once into the strangest of relations. It was clear to me that some remarkable similarity of my features with those of the unhappy Count had deceived his servant, and that the dead man must have selected the disguise of a Capucin monk for sake of some adventure in the neighbouring château. Death had overtaken him, and at the same time forced myself into his place. An inward irresistible impulse, the will of this strange destiny, to carry on the *rôle* of this young Count, overcame my every scruple, and hushed the inner voice which accused me of murder and of an ill-intent. I opened the portfolio;

letters and notes for considerable sums fell into my hand. I wished to go through the papers and read the letters one by one, in order to acquaint myself with the history of the Count; but my inward unrest, and the mad rush of a thousand new ideas storming through my brain, permitted it not.

After a few steps I paused again and rested on a block of stone, in order to regain a quieter frame of mind, for I plainly saw the danger of rushing at once, so unprepared, into a fresh circle of experiences.

The cheerful sound of horns came through the wood, and the joyous cry of many voices came nearer and ever nearer. My heart beat loud within my bosom, and my breath came fast as I felt that now a new world and a new mode of life was opening out before me.

I hid myself in a narrow passage of the rock that led me at last to a steep decline, from whence I could see, in the valley below, a stately castle. This must be the scene of the adventure on which the Count was bent, and gallantly I went towards it.

I soon found myself within the park that surrounded the castle. Walking in a shady valley I saw two men, one of whom was clad like a lay-brother. They approached me, but without observing they passed me by, absorbed in deep converse. The *secular* was a youth, whose fair features were blanched with the deadly pallor of gnawing care; the other, whose plain dress yet bore the mark of distinction, appeared to be a man advanced in years. They sat down upon a bench of stone, with their backs turned to me, but so close that I could hear every word they uttered.

"Hermogen," said the older man, "you are bringing despair upon your family by your stubborn silence. Your moroseness is increasing every day; your youthful strength is broken, and the bloom of health is fading fast away. Your resolve to adopt a spiritual calling shatters all the hopes and wishes of your father! Yet would he gladly cast aside these hopes if only a real inner call, an irresistible bent to solitude, had fostered this decision from your youth up; he would not then attempt to strive with the decree of fate. But the sudden change of your whole nature shows only too plainly that some occurrence, on which you preserve an obstinate silence, has shaken your inner soul in dreadful mode, and still pursues its deadly work. You were once a bright, ingenuous youth, full of the joy of life. What is it that can have so estranged you from humankind that you despair to find within a human breast the balm for your sick soul? You answer not; you stare vacantly before you; you sigh, Hermogen? Once you loved your father above all else; now, though even it be impossible to you to unveil your heart to him, at least spare him the pain of seeing this garb which indicates your terrible purpose! I beseech you, Hermogen, cast off this hateful garment! Believe me, there lurks a hidden force in these externals. Since I am sure there can be no misunderstanding between us, you will not be offended with me when I remind you how often it happens that an actor, once dressed for his part, yields easily to the impressions of the character he must play, as though incited by some foreign spirit. Let me speak more in my usual way, and use a lighter tone than may seem fit to you. Can you not conceive that, if this long robe did not compel your gait to gloomy gravity, you would once more step forward fresh and blithesome, and leap and spring as was your wont? The glitter of the epaulettes which once

adorned your shoulders would cast again the glow of youth upon these blanched cheeks—the clinking spurs, like sweet music, would sound to cheer the mettled steed that neighed to greet you, curvetting for joy, and arching down its neck in homage to its dear-loved master. Up, Baron! off with the dismal garb that suits you not! Shall Frederick go to fetch your uniform?"

The old man arose and would have departed, but the youth fell on his neck.

"Ah! how you torture me, Reinhold," cried he, in halting tones; "you pain me unspeakably. Alas! the more you try to strike the chords within my breast that once responded in harmony to your touch, the more I feel the iron grip of fate which has crushed out all their music, and turned them all, as in a broken lute, to discord!"

"So it seems to you, dear Baron," replied the other; "you talk of some dread destiny that has overtaken you; but whence its origin, you say not. But sure, a youth like yourself, full of inner strength, in the first flush of manhood's vigour, must well be able to ward off that iron grasp of destiny, and, as though illuminated with the divine light of nature, rise above the decrees of fate, and thus awakening and enkindling his higher self, must mount above the sordid cares of life. Baron, I know no destiny that has the might to crush to death this inner Will."

Hermogen stepped back a little, and, staring at the older man with a defiant look of secret scorn, that had something appalling in its glance, he cried in hollow, muffled tones:

"Know then that I myself am the Nemesis that crushes out myself, that a terrible sin is weighing on me, a shameful crime that I atone in misery and in despair. Therefore, be pitiful, and pray my father that he open to me the cloister gates!"

"Baron," answered the old man, "you are in a condition of mind that indicates a nature totally unstrung. You must not leave us, you *dare* not part. To-day the Baroness returns with Aurelie; and they must see you."

The young man laughed, a laugh of terrible contempt, and cried in a voice that rang through all my body:

"Must I? Must I stay? In sooth, old friend, your words are true; I must remain, and my penance here will be more fearful than within the mute and lonely walls!"

With these words he sprang into the shrubbery and left the older man, who stood, his head propped by one hand, the picture of unutterable grief.

"Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ!" I said in greeting tones.

He started, looking at me in wonder; yet the next moment he seemed to recognize my advent as something for which he was already prepared, and said:

"Surely, reverend Sir, it is you whose visit the Baroness has some time promised us, in consolation of this mourning family."

As I assented, Reinhold resumed at once the cheerfulness of mood that seemed his chief characteristic. We wandered through the beauties of the park, and came at last to a leafy bower adjoining the castle, in face of which the whole fair panorama of the mountains lay expanded. Upon his call a servant, who was just leaving the doorway of the castle, came to us, and soon a sumptuous breakfast was spread out. Whilst we were clinking our brimming glasses, it seemed to me that Reinhold observed me with growing attention, as though he were

taxing his memory for some half-forgotten occurrence. At last he broke the silence:

"Heavens above, my reverend master! If I am not much mistaken, you must be Father Medardus, from the Capucin monastery in B——. Yet how were that possible? But, nay, it is so. You are certainly the Father Medardus. Only tell me!"

As though a lightning-flash had struck me, my every nerve thrilled at Reinhold's words. I saw myself discovered, unmasked, and accused of murder; yet my desperation gave me strength, for it was now a question of life or death. "I certainly am Father Medardus, from the monastery in B——, and at present am journeying with full powers to Rome," this I said with all the composure it was possible for me to simulate.

"Is it, then, a mere chance," said Reinhold, "that you have strayed from the high road and found our castle, or how is it that the Baroness has made your acquaintance and sent you here?"

Without knowing what I uttered, and blindly following the dictates of an inner voice that whispered me the words, I said, "Upon my journey, I met the confessor of the Baroness, and he begged me to fulfil an errand in this house."

"It is true," resumed Reinhold; "that is what the Baroness wrote us. Heaven be thanked that it has led you on this path, for the salvation of the house, and that, as a devout and trusty man, you have been pleased to interrupt your journey, here to execute a deed of good. Some years ago, I was by chance in B——, and heard the words of comfort that you let fall from the pulpit, in truly heaven-sent inspiration. I trust to your piety, your manifest calling to bring healing to lost souls with fervent zeal, and to your noble inborn eloquence, to accomplish that in which we all have failed. I am glad that I have come across your path before you had met the Baron. I will use this opportunity to make you acquainted with the history of this family, concealing nothing; as is my duty to you, most reverend sir, to a holy man whom Heaven itself would seem to have sent us for our consolation. I must, therefore, in order to give your efforts the right direction, tell you at least the outline of much on which I otherwise would gladly have kept silence."

(To be continued.)

UNIVERSAL PROVERBS.

The wolf changes his coat but not his nature.

What good is soap to a negro, and advice to a fool?

God builds the nest of the blind bird.

The eye is a window which looks into the heart.

He who is far from the eye is far from the heart.

The young of the raven appears to it a nightingale.

The dog barks, but the caravan passes on.

Theosophical Activities.

THE BUDDHIST, our new journal at Colombo, No. 4 (the 10th *Pura Durutu*, 2432 A.D., of Buddha) writes :

"It is with heartfelt joy that we announce that the veteran President of the T. S. is expected to reach Colombo on Sunday the 13th of this (Feb.) month. . . . He is on his way to confer with and assist our Brother Buddhists in Japan, where we trust that his presence will have the effect of checking the recent tendency towards the adoption of the Western heresies. We quarrel with no man for changing his faith upon sincere conviction ; but our Japanese friends have been contemplating Christianity not as a religion, but merely as an aid to mercantile speculation, and it is right that their eyes should be opened to the awful consequences that may follow from playing with fire. We most loyally wish our revered President-Founder all success on his errand of mercy ; and we trust that his mission will draw into closer bonds of love brothers who at present know too little of one another. All who love our LORD and His Law will join in a hearty welcome to our brave leader. . . . He will leave for Yokohama on the 17th of this month."

Again we find in the issue of the 2nd *Ava Durutu*, 2432 A.D.B. (or Feb. 18th, 1889) of the same excellent little weekly of our Buddhist brethren of Ceylon, an account of our President's visit to Colombo.

"The days spent by the President in Colombo were full of official work. He held the Anniversary of the local Branch and election of officers; organized the new Ceylon section, distributed the prizes to the Buddhist English High School, and delivered an address to the invited guests ; gave a lecture in our Headquarters Hall ; transacted very important financial business connected with the Branch Society's real estate ; breakfasted with his old friends, Mr. Arnachalam, the Hindoo Registrar-General, and the Hon. Mr. Ramanathan, Tamil member of the Governor's Council ; had several interviews with the High Priest Sumangala ; and attended to other Society affairs. At our Colombo Headquarters, facing the charming lake, two very clever Japanese priests are living, one sent by the erudite Akamatz, of the Monto sect, to study Pali under Sumangala, the other by Professor Max Müller's favourite pupil, Bunyu Nanjio, to learn Sanscrit under Pandit Batwantudawe. Their education finished, they are to return to Japan with sets of the Sinhalese Buddhist Scriptures, and devote themselves to the comparative study of the sacred books of the Northern and Southern canons. Thus has our Society served as the bridge over which will pass to and fro the most learned priests of the Mahayana and Hinayana—the "Greater Vehicle" and the "Lesser Vehicle"—to exchange views about the primitive teaching of BUDDHA SAKYAMUNI, a *rapprochement* unknown since the great schism at the Vaisali Council two thousand one hundred years ago, which resulted in the formation of the two major bodies, the Northern and Southern Churches. In view of this impressive fact it is not unreasonable to count upon results of great moment from the President's first tour in Japan. As he began his Ceylon work by convening, at Galle, a council of Priests of the Siam and Amarapura sects, so he hopes to be able to call a similar one of the forty sects into which Japanese Buddhism is said to be divided. All good wishes attend him."

Our revered President-Founder left these shores upon his mission to Japan on the day following the full-moon-day. His departure was quite dramatic. It fortunately

happened (quite without pre-arrangement) that the Right Reverend High Priest Sumangala was preaching at the Theosophical Hall on that evening, and the noble old Colonel and his young companion, Mr. Dhammapala Hevavitarana, entered the Hall and solemnly took Pansil just before starting. The High Priest, after reciting the Pali Sutra which he had chosen as his text, spoke a few hearty words of friendly farewell to the voyagers before commencing his sermon. He said :—

"Once when our LORD BUDDHA wished to send some one to preach his LAW to unknown and foreign nations, an Arahat named Punna Thero, who was noted for his kindliness and long-suffering, offered himself for the service. Our LORD said to him :—

"'Supposing that when you preach to foreign and savage nations, the people, instead of hearing you gratefully, should revile you and heap abusive language upon you ; what would be your feelings towards them ?'

"Punna Thero replied :—

"'LORD, I should feel kindly and gratefully towards them, because they abused me only, but did not hustle or assault me.'

"'But supposing that they proceeded to hustle and assault you, what then ?' continued our LORD.

"'LORD, I should still feel kindly and gratefully towards them, because, though they assaulted me, they yet did not injure me with weapons.'

"'But if they did injure you with weapons, what then ?' asked our Master.

"'LORD, I should still feel kindly and gratefully towards them, in that although they thus injured me, they did not kill me.'

"'But if they even proceeded to kill you, what would your feelings be ?'

"'LORD, I should still feel kindly and gratefully towards them, because, having injured me so severely, they did not leave me to linger in agony and desire death in vain.'

"Then said our Blessed Lord : 'Go forth and preach, and prosper in your work ; for you are indeed fit to carry My law among the heathen.'

"Now Colonel Olcott is not yet an Arahat, nor are the people to whom he is going to preach heathen ; they are Buddhists—followers of the same glorious LORD whom we obey, though perhaps it has not been their good fortune to preserve His Teaching as pure, as unaffected by outer influences, as we in this favoured island have been able to do. But yet Colonel Olcott possesses many of those qualities which so highly distinguished Punna Thero of old. He has frequently been abused, and his noble work unappreciated, but he has shown that he knows how to return good for evil, and to treat his bitterest opponents with kindness and forbearance. He is the only person who could undertake and successfully carry out this missionary work for Buddhism ; it is well therefore that our Japanese brothers have heard of the great good that he has done for our religion, and have sent for him to help them also.

"And his companion, Mr. Dhammapala Hevavitarana, who, at an age when young men usually think of nothing but their own enjoyment, has devoted his whole life to the service of our glorious religion, is worthy to share the high honour of his task, and to be the first Sinhalese who sets foot upon the shore of Japan.

"My parting advice to them as they leave us for their noble work is that, in whatever danger or difficulty they may find themselves, they will never forget the Three Gems they have taken for their Guide, and in whose strength they go forth—the LORD, the LAW, the ORDER ; and I would charge them to bear in mind our Master's words :—

Akkodhena jine kodhan
Asadhun sadhuna jine.

which means :—

Overcome another's envy by your kindness ;
Overcome bad people by your goodness.

"I invoke upon their heads all the blessing of the devas, and I ask you all to speed them on their way with your heartiest good wishes."

The Hall was crowded to excess, but the entire assembly rose with one accord, and so, with the solemn blessing of the greatest Priest of the Southern Church, and amid the ringing cheers of their Buddhist brothers, our beloved President and his young companion passed forth to work which has been given them to do.

History repeats itself. The rise and triumph of Christianity and its general spread in the West were due originally to a purely political exigency. While remaining to his death a devoted heathen, Constantine enforced the creed of the Nazarene sect upon his army and people, and made of it a state religion. The fall and decadence of Christianity will be due, as Karmic effect, to the same cause, and Christian constitutional Sovereigns will have perhaps at no distant day to make away with priests and Churches for the same political reasons as those which guided the wily Constantine. The hand of the great Law of Retribution is already at work. How low the fundamental idea that underlies the teachings of Christ has now fallen is instanced in what is going on at the present moment in Japan. Christianity is advocated there, not because of its ethics, not because it is regarded as the *one revealed* religion, or even the best; but the conversion—in this case *perversion*, surely—of a whole nation is contemplated simply as a trade commodity, the price paid for the right of standing in the same rank as the European nations. It is by such a *suicidal* step that this misguided and truly benighted, though clever and good, people hopes to reach the same level of civilization as we have attained. That they would reach at the same time all the moral degradation of our centres of civilization does not seem to have entered their dazed minds. The real motive that prompts some of their leaders is confessed with praiseworthy sincerity by some Japanese *literati* and publicists, and the slap on the face of Christianity is received by the servants of Christ with rapturous joy. "Is it advisable to embrace the religion of Europe and America?" ask some politicians. *It is*, answer the greatest Materialists of Japan. The whole question is in a nutshell, and we find it stated in a small paragraph of a daily:

"Those connected with the movement say that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but advise that it be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. Mr. Fukuzawa, a well-known writer, urges this course, although he says he takes no personal interest whatever in religion, and knows nothing of the teaching of Christianity; but he sees that it is the creed of the most highly civilised nations. To him religion is only a garment, to be put on or taken off at pleasure, but he thinks it prudent that Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbours, with whom she desires to stand well. Professor Toyama, of the Imperial University, has published a work to support this view. He holds that Chinese ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics, and that the benefits to be derived from the introduction of Christianity are: (1) The improvement of music; (2) union of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious co-operation; and (3) the furnishing a medium of intercourse between men and women.

Oh, poor purblind Japs! But:—

"Mr. Kato, the late President of the Imperial University, who says that religion is not needed for the educated, and confesses his dislike to all religions equally, urges the introduction of religious teaching into the Government schools, on the ground that the unlearned in Japan have had their faith in old moral standards shaken, and that there is now a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses. Among the replies to this is one by a Mr. Sugiura, who is described as 'a diligent student of Western philosophy for many years.' He speaks of the specially marked lack of religious feeling and sentiment in his countrymen: The Japanese, he says, have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible that they should ever become a religious people. The youth of Japan, he argues, being free from the thraldom of creeds, and free to act according to reason, are so far in advance of Europeans, and instead of talking about adopting a foreign religion Japanese should go abroad and preach their religion of reason to foreign countries. Other writers urge the same views."

The second proposition is an improved notion and we hope it will pass. The voyage of our President to Japan may yet become fruitful of events and help in this later amendment. In the matter of ethics and common morality, European nations are undeniably below the level, not only of Japan, but of India and every other *uncivilized* country. It is a boast of Church and civilization that Christian grace has softened the hearts of men and reformed barbarous customs. Facts and centuries of experience prove this to be a *boast* truly, and nothing else. Ideal Christianity or the Gnosticism of a Marcion or Valentinus would have softened the rude customs of barbarous ages and have been an improvement of the *inner* man, such as he was during the period of the decadence of Rome. Church Christianity, however, helped by the fatal law of *reversion* to original types, caused only the outward bearing of the physical man to assume a more polished and therefore less sincere demeanour than shown by the barbarian of old; and civilization, while putting on the mask of Christian humility, has led the European nations back to all the moral dissolution, sensuality, crime, and cruelty of the polished Roman, but to none of the virtues of the rude Spartan. Outward leprosy has disappeared from the surface to work the more actively inwardly. The combination of pagan* rites and metaphysical ideas (now transformed into the Church dogmas and symbolism) with Gnostic Christianity euhemerized, has justified fully the wisdom of the reply to the disciples of John the Baptist; namely, that "men do not put their new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break and the wine runneth out." The pagan bottles of the Churches have broken, and shown their true origin thereby; and the wine of Christ is running out and spilling as fast as it can. Christianity has now become purely geographical; and the worst animal, bestial instincts in man seem to strengthen with every new step we take in civilization. Let us, then, have the Japs come to Europe by all means, and preach to it Buddhist

* *Vide* Art. *The Roots of Ritualism in Church and Masonry.*

morality. Any *ism* is better than all the licentiousness of the centuries of Caligula, Nero, and Messalina under the mask of mock Christianity and *cant*—that sickening Pecksniffianism of our modern day!

A NEW BRANCH AT SINGAPORE.

[We have just received the following letter.]

"You will be glad to learn that a Branch of the Theosophical Society was formed in Singapore, where Colonel Olcott stopped a little over a day on his way to Japan. The Sinhalese Buddhists, who are settlers of the place, came in a body and welcomed him. At the house of Mr. P. B. de Silva, a well known merchant, Colonel Olcott addressed those assembled upon the usefulness of united action in working for the interests of Buddhism, and by his persuasiveness the Buddhists were so much moved that immediately a Branch was formed; and as this is composed of all Sinhalese, Colonel Olcott directed that the Branch be included in the Ceylon Section, which already has ten branches. Colonel Olcott, Mr. Zensiro Noguchi, the Japanese Delegate, and myself left Singapore on the 24th instant, amidst the good wishes and blessings of those Sinhalese Buddhists.

"Like the Princess of the fairy tales, who, as she goes along, drops pearls from her mouth, so Colonel Olcott seems to drop pearls of good words, winning the people to his side and forming fresh branches of the T. S.

"From the letters and telegrams that have been received from Japan, Mr. Nugochi thinks that Colonel Olcott will have an enthusiastic reception from his countrymen, who are eagerly waiting to hear what the Colonel has to say.

"We have on board the good steamer *Djimnah* as fellow passengers three young Cambodian noblemen, who are returning home after an absence of three years in Paris, where they have been prosecuting their studies in French. From all that I hear from them there is a probability of Colonel Olcott's receiving an invitation from the King of Cambodia—who is a devoted and staunch Buddhist—to visit his country. There exists such a close relationship between Cambodia and Buddhist Ceylon, that it is only right that the friend and regenerator of Ceylon Buddhism should be invited to the court of a King who has all along taken an interest in the religion of our country. Ceylon is destined to become the central point of union between the Northern and Southern Churches of Buddhism, and the venerable Sumangala Náyaka Thero in his Sanskrit letter to the Japanese Buddhists, which Colonel Olcott takes with him to Japan, to add dignity to his mission, expresses this hope.

"As I have remarked in a letter to *The Theosophist*, it is a wonderful fact that after the Northern and Southern Churches have been dissevered for 2,200 years—since the great schism which separated Buddhism into the so-called Greater and Lesser Vehicles—our young Theosophical Society, a stripling born out of the womb of Destiny only 14 years ago (two 7's), should by some magical influence or other be made, perhaps, the link of gold to re-unite them into one stupendous Church! Who can tell? And one thing must be born in mind, that this trip to Japan, with all its results, is, as Mr. Nugochi said in his Madra speech to the Convention, a consequence of Colonel Olcott's success in Ceylon.

DHARMAPALA HEVAVITARANA."

"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS . . ."

THE God-fearing and truth-speaking *padris* of India and their pals in England are once more at work. The bitter truths uttered by Mr. Caine in his "Letters from India," about the failure of Christian proselytizing in the East, have touched a sore place in the heart of the wily dissenters. As a result we find in the "Methodist Times," a flat denial sprinkled with the spice of pious falsehoods of that which is a patent fact to everyone in, or out of, India.

The statement that instead of becoming Christian converts the educated youths of India join "the Brahmo, or the Arya Somaj, or become Theosophists" cut the "men of God" to the quick. Hence a cunning thrust in the direction of Theosophy—a thrust in the vacuum, of course—and a shower of pious mistatements. Says the "Methodist Times": "since the publication by the Rev. G. Patterson . . . . of the truth (?) about Mme. Blavatsky, theosophy has been little more than the butt and laughing stock of all India." This is why, we must suppose, the number of the "Fellows of the T. S."—since that failure of the Age, the attempt in *The Christian College Magazine* to *expose* those whom the meek missionaries hate and fear—has more than doubled in India, tripled in Europe, and quintupled in America? Alas for poor Yorick-Patterson! The attempt was speedily followed by an Address to the slandered victim, signed by several hundreds of the students *of the same Christian College of Madras*, who protested against the foul calumny. If the disproofs brought forward by the Methodists against Mr. Caine's assertions are as truthful as this statement and those others saying that Mme. B. was "*compelled* to become an exile from India," and therefore the T. S. rivals no longer Mormonism" (?!)—then Mr. Caine must feel secure. "Let God be true but *every man a liar*" is the Pauline precept carried out literally by most of the Missionary organs and those of the Methodists especially. Of course, if the necessity for missions at all "hath more abounded through my (their) *lie*," what have the "infidels" to say? Perhaps, however, there are still a few genuine Christians left who may think otherwise. There are those who would prefer seeing the Indian *padris*—the white ants of religion—girding their loins to turn homeward rather than disgracing Christianity as they do. An honest infidel is surely preferable to a lying and slandering Missionary: and of such there is a terrible percentage among those who claim to do their Christian duty.

THE CAMBRIDGE LODGE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

AT a Council meeting of the Cambridge Lodge T. S., held on February 17th, Mrs. Passingham resigned her position as President, and Mrs. Gillig- that of Secretary of the Lodge, in consequence of their approaching departure from Cambridge, both remaining Fellows of the Society at large.

The above resignations were duly accepted with many expressions of regret.

Mr. C. V. Naidu was proposed as President by Mr. Rogers, seconded by Mr. Heaton, and unanimously elected. It was proposed by Mr. Naidu, seconded by Mr. Heaton, and carried unanimously that Mr. Rogers be Vice-President, *vice* Mr. Naidu elected President, and that Mr. Edge be Secretary and Treasurer.

At a subsequent meeting held on February 24th, the above resolutions were confirmed.

Thus the officers for the year 1889 are:—

President, Mr. C. V. Naidu, Downing College.

Vice-President, Mr. Rogers, Caius College.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Edge, King's College.

THEOSOPHY IN SWEDEN.

A THEOSOPHICAL LODGE was founded in Stockholm on the 17th February, 1889, under the name of "The Swedish Branch of the Theosophical Society."

The members of the branch meet on the second Sunday of every month (except June, July and August), at 16 Jacobsgatan, where also the lodge library is accessible to members.

Every member pays 5 Kr. per year. for the formation of the library and other expenses.

The branch proposes to issue translations of Theosophical literature and to hold lectures and discussions.

Officers of the lodge :—
President, Dr. Gustaf Zander.
Vice-President, Baron Victor Pfeiff.
Secretary, Dr. A. F. Akerberg
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. Cederschiold.
Treasurer, Mr. Emil Zander.

Books already translated into Swedish :—

The Occult World.
Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky.
Esoteric Buddhism.
Buddhist Catechism.
Light of Asia.
Death and Afterwards.
Light on the Path.
Jehoshua.
Magic, White and Black.
Mystery of the Ages.

Reviews.

THE WANDERINGS OF OISIN AND OTHER POEMS.*

THE Ossianic legends naturally form an important part of the lyrics of the West of Europe. Present in Scotland, Ireland, Cornwall, and Brittany, their apparent absence in Wales can only be accounted for on the theory that in the Principality mediæval songs are preserved, while the more archaic ones have perished through the lapse of time. Perhaps the Ossianic legends have suffered most through the indiscreet efforts of Macpherson, who preserved the northern Gaelic aspect of the legends in a peculiarly improbable manner, though Napoleon the Great is said to have admired Macpherson's Ossian, which may account for some of his defeats. Dr. Johnson, however, disposed of his claims in the celebrated words: "I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still." (Boswell's "Life of Johnson," ed. 1847, p. 430.) And the verdict of posterity has confirmed the opinion of the great lexicographer. Fergus McIntyre, in Walter Scott's novel of the "Antiquary" (ch. xxx.), gives us a fair specimen of a dialogue that a Caledonian St. Patrick is supposed to have had with

* By W. B. YEATS. KEGAN PAUL.

Oisin, and the contest which took place between the advocates of the Christian and Druidical forms of theology. To our mind this dialogue is much more natural than the similar passages which exist in the same author's "Harold the Dauntless," or in Longfellow. Mr. Swinburne has attempted the same line of thought. However, we have a volume before us that deals with the whole subject of St. Patrick and Oisin, from one who combines the character of a ripe scholar of Irish tradition, folk-lore, poesy, and history, with that of an original and powerful poet, whose contributions to English verse will, ere long, receive their meet reward. Part of the work is on the Ossianic dialogue, in which the mythical St. Patrick ("Little Peter," a pure diminutive) holds a conversation with Oisin, the latter expressing the history of his sins, weakness, and blindness. Oisin reverts in the day of his death away from Christianity, to the thoughts of his forefathers. There are many who, in more modern days, do the same, and return to the ancient secret faith of their ancestry. We see this at the death-bed of most Jews who have joined the Christian religion. Here we cannot do more than give two verses to show the tone of Mr. Yeats' versification.

PATRICK.

"On the red, flaming stones, without refuge, the limbs of the Fenians are tost;
No live man goes thither, and no man may war with the strong spirits wage,
But weep thou, and wear thou the flags with thy knees, for thy soul that is lost,
For thy youth without peace, and thy years with the demons, and the godless fires of thine age."

OISIN.

"Ah me! to be old without succour, a show unto children, a stain,
Without laughter, a coughing, alone with remembrance and fear,
All emptied of purple hours as a beggar's cloak in the rain.
As a grass seed crushed by a pebble, as a wolf sucked under a weir."

Other verses are of equal merit, but in a far different style. "Time and the witch Vivien" is a ghastly poem, redolent with the higher knowledge of human nature, and resembles one of Antoine Wiertz's pictures done into verse. "Moscula" is pretty, and reminds one of Longfellow's "Spanish Student." Students of the Spanish drama are familiar with the manner in which a small number of actors perform many things. The plays of Calderon are better examples than those of Lope de Vega, and Mr. Yeats has followed the former model rather than the latter. It is in the most worthless plays of modern times that we see the unnecessary multiplication of superfluous *dramatis personæ* in the modern transpontine drama. Mr. Yeats, with the true hand of an artist, has done the reverse, and the result is that he has produced some good and systematic verses which will bear repeating, and of which the merit will increase with the age of the further productions by the same author. Considering that every month witnesses the production of at least thirty new volumes of poetry, of which we can only say *sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*, it is really a com-

fort to have a book of wholesome, ringing verse, which often illustrates the theosophical principle that Karma, Nemesis, or Destiny, attends all manifestations of life, and is an inseparable concomitant of every thought, word, and action. Mr. Yeats is never so graceful, never so deeply devout, as when expressing the higher mysteries of the theosophical philosophy. We shall be glad to see more verse from his pen.

LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES.*

PARABLES AND TEACHINGS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

THIS is one of the most charming little books which we have ever read. It consists of a series of communications received by a sensitive from the "other side,"—whether from spirits of the departed is another question into which it is needless to enter now. These communications take the form of anecdotes and stories, touching in beauty and simplicity of style and thought, most of them referring to the teaching and life of the Man of Sorrows, though one or two of them are of a different character. Each parable or story is followed by a few paragraphs of "Teaching," tending to enforce and illustrate the meaning conveyed in what precedes.

High philosophy and subtle metaphysics are not expected in such a book as this; but the parables, broad and noble in their teaching, are told with a grace and simplicity which will appeal to many far more than would any merely intellectual presentation of the ideas conveyed.

An all-embracing spirit of charity pervades this little volume, and no taint of exclusiveness mars the harmony of its thought. The parable of "The River and the Pool" is one that we all need to lay to heart, as it preaches a doctrine that we must all strive to practise—the Universal Brotherhood of all. It is this spirit which gives to these parables their theosophical tone, and should cause them to be widely read among all who are anxious to see the dawn of the day of peace and good will among mankind.

This class of literature is greatly needed at present as a means of educating the minds of people. It will assist in bridging over the difficult and dangerous transition from the narrowness and dogmatism of established churches, and the even more crushing exclusiveness of sectarianism in all its forms, to the wider and freer air, the larger and more embracing forms, which the religious instinct of men must create in the near future.

The book is one that deserves a wide circulation, the type is clear, and its low price brings it within reach of all. We shall look forward with feelings of pleasurable anticipation to the future volumes of the series which the author promises.

* London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 1s.

NOTE.—We regret that lack of space prevents our putting in this number the reviews of several interesting and valuable books, pre-eminently "A Study of Man," by Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, U.S.A., just received, and a few others. They will be all noticed in the April number.

Correspondence.

THEOSOPHICAL QUERIES.

THE first object of the Theosophical Society being to promote the principle of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, how can it be reconciled with the aim that, at the same time, it presents in life to every individual being :—the duty of developing his Higher Self, by the sacrifice of every selfish desire, by the conquest of all material interest, for the mere purpose of attaining a higher spiritual perfection, in order that this perfection should transform our *faith* in the spiritual world *into sight* and *knowledge*, and give us "life everlasting."

How can one practice altruism and philanthropy, when one devotes one's life to the cultivation of the inner spiritual being and the attainment of total indifference to the physical world?

Can there be a compromise? Can one divide one's existence, and serve two principles at once? Now if the first, which is the altruistic principle, be taken as a beacon for one's activity, which is the right way to apply it? If neglecting all personal interest, one works for the welfare of people, by trying to give them a happier earthly existence, may not the accusation be raised against one that it is too materialistic to work *only* for the practical welfare of people, as if men were born merely for enjoyment?

This reproach will be evaded if one holds to the theory that presents the reign of the moral law as the aim of an altruist . . . . But what is the right criterium for one's judgment? . . . . Can anybody be certain enough of possessing the real knowledge of truth, to demand blind submission to it from others? and what right has anyone to believe that his opinion must be accepted on authority—when he himself can err? If the Christian principle of giving away everything one possesses to the poor were universally practised, there would be no poor in this world to be benefitted; or rather there would be nobody who would want to possess any worldly goods, and so the benefit of civilisation would be lost? This seems very irrational. If, by a firm conviction in one's spiritual immortality, and complete indifference to all practical benefit in this world, a certain calmness of mind, can be attained, but through moral suffering, has one a right to impose it upon others? To try to show them that all that makes the enjoyment of life is but temporary and illusive; that we are on the eve of losing everything we love; would not such thoughts darken the existence of the majority, and deprive it of all energy for action in practical life? In such a case, what is the use of our faculties and talents, which must have a physical plane to act upon? Must they be neglected and stifled in order to give the spirit the liberty and the means to devote itself to the attainment of self-perfection, and the study of the higher spiritual knowledge that gives immortality?

5/17 February, 1889, BARBARA MOSKVITINOFF.
Petersbourg, Petite Morskaia.

THE questions asked and the difficulties propounded in the foregoing letter arise mainly from an imperfect acquaintance with the philosophical teachings of Theosophy. They are a most striking proof of the wisdom of those who have repeatedly urged Theosophists to devote their energies to mastering, at least, the outlines of the metaphysical system upon which our Ethics are based.

Now it is a fundamental doctrine of Theosophy that the "separateness" which we feel between ourselves and the world of living beings around us is an illusion, not a reality. In very deed and truth, all men are one, not in a feeling of sentimental gush and hysterical enthusiasm, but in sober earnest. As all Eastern philosophy teaches, there is but ONE SELF in all the infinite Universe, and what we men call "self" is but the illusionary reflection of the ONE SELF in the heaving waters of earth. True Occultism is the destruction of the false idea of Self, and therefore true spiritual perfection and knowledge are nothing else but the complete identification of our finite "selves" with the Great All. It follows, therefore, that no spiritual progress at all is possible except by and through the bulk of Humanity. It is only when the whole of Humanity has attained happiness that the individual can hope to become permanently happy,—for the individual is an inseparable part of the Whole.

Hence there is no contradiction whatever between the altruistic maxims of Theosophy and its injunction to kill out all desire for material things, to strive after spiritual perfection. For spiritual perfection and spiritual knowledge can only be reached on the spiritual plane; in other words, only in that state in which all sense of séparateness, all selfishness, all feeling of personal interest and desire, has been merged in the wider consciousness of the unity of Mankind.

This shows also that no blind submission to the commands of another can be demanded, or would be of any use. Each individual must learn for himself, through trial and suffering, to discriminate what is beneficial to Humanity; and in proportion as he develops spiritually, *i.e.*, conquers all selfishness, his mind will open to receive the guidance of the Divine Monad within him, his Higher Self, for which there is neither Past nor Future, but only an eternal Now.

Again, were there no "poor," far from the "benefits of civilisation being lost," a state of the highest culture and civilisation would be attained, of which we cannot now form the faintest conception. Similarly, from a conviction of the impermanence of material happiness would result a striving after that joy which is eternal, and in which all men can share. Throughout the whole letter of our esteemed correspondent there runs the tacit assumption that happiness in material, physical life is all-important; which is untrue. So far from being the most important, happiness in this life of matter is of as little importance in relation to the bliss of true spiritual life as are the few years of each human cycle on earth in proportion to the millions and millions of years which each human being spends in the subjective spheres, during the course of every great cycle of the activity of our globe.

With regard to faculties and talents, the answer is simple. They should be developed and cultivated for the service of Humanity, of which we are all parts, and to which we owe our full and ungrudging service.

LUCIFER

Vol. IV. LONDON, APRIL 15th, 1889. No. 20.

THOUGHTS ON KARMA AND REINCARNATION.

> "In man there are arteries, thin as a hair split a 1,000 times, filled with fluids blue, red, green, yellow, etc. The tenuous involucrum (the base or ethereal frame of the astral body) is lodged in them, and the ideal residues of the experiences of the former embodiments (or incarnations) adhere to the said tenuous involucrum, and *accompany it in its passage from body to body.*" —Upanishads.

"JUDGE of a man by his questions rather than by his answers," teaches the wily Voltaire. The advice stops half-way in our case. To become complete and cover the whole ground, we have to add, "ascertain the motive which prompts the questioner." A man may offer a query from a sincere impulse to learn and to know. Another person will ask eternal questions, with no better motive than a desire of cavilling and proving his adversary in the wrong.

Not a few among the "inquirers into Theosophy," as they introduce themselves, belong to this latter category. We have found in it Materialists and Spiritualists, Agnostics and Christians. Some of them, though rarely, are "open to conviction"—as they say; others, thinking with Cicero that no liberal, truth-seeking man should ever impute a charge of unsteadiness to anyone for having changed his opinions—become *really* converted and join our ranks. But there are those also—and these form the majority—who, while representing themselves as *inquirers*, are in truth *carpers*. Whether owing to narrowness of mind or foolhardiness they intrench themselves behind their own preconceived and not unseldom shallow beliefs and opinions, and will not budge from them. Such a "seeker" is hopeless, as his desire to investigate the truth is a pretext, not even a fearless mask, but simply a *false nose*. He has neither the open determination of an avowed materialist, nor the serene coolness of a "Sir Oracle." But—

> "You may as well
> Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
> As, or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
> The fabric of his folly. . . ."

Therefore, a "seeker after truth" of this kind had better be severely left alone. He is intractable, because he is either a skin-deep sciolist, a self-opinionated theorist or a fool. As a general rule, he talks re-incarnation before he has even learnt the difference between *metempsychosis*, which is the transmigration of a human Soul into an animal form, and Reincarnation, or the rebirth of the same Ego in successive human bodies. Ignorant of the *true* meaning of the Greek word, he does not even suspect how absurd, in philosophy, is this purely exoteric doctrine of transmigrations into animals. Useless to tell him that Nature, propelled by Karma, never recedes, but strives ever forward in her work on the physical plane; that she may lodge a human soul in the body of a man, morally ten times lower than any animal, but she will not reverse the order of her kingdoms; and while leading the irrational monad of a beast of a higher order into the human form at the first hour of a Manvantara, she will not guide that Ego, once it has become a man, even of the lowest kind, back into the animal species—not during that cycle (or Kalpa) at any rate.*

The list of queer "investigators" is by no means exhausted with these amiable *seekers*. There are two other classes — Christians and Spiritualists, the latter being in some respects, more formidable than any. The former having been born and bred believers in the Bible and supernatural "miracles" on *authority*, or "thirty-seventh hand evidence," to use a popular proverb, are often forced to yield in the face of the first-hand testimony of their own reason and senses; and then they are amenable to reason and conviction. They had formed *à priori* opinions and got crystallized in them as a fly in a piece of amber. But that amber has cracked, and, as one of the signs of the times, they have bethought themselves of a somewhat tardy still sincere search, to either justify their early opinions, or else part company with them for good. Having found out that *their* religion—like that of the great majority of their fellow men—had been founded on *human* not *divine* respect, they come to us as they would to surgical operators, believing that theosophists can remove all the old cobwebs from their bewildered brains. Sometimes it does so happen; once made to see the fallacy of first accepting and identifying themselves with any form of belief, and then only seeking, years later, for reasons to justify it, they very naturally try to avoid falling again into the same mistake. They had once to content themselves with such interpretations of their time-honoured

* Occult Science teaches that the same order of evolution for man and animals—from the first to the seventh planet of a chain, and from the first to the end of the seventh round—takes place on every *chain* of worlds in our Solar system from the inferior to the superior. Thus the highest as the lowest Ego, from the monads selected to people a new chain in a Manvantara, when passing from an inferior to a superior "chain" has, of course, to pass through every animal (and even vegetable) form. But once started on its cycle of births no human Ego will become that of an animal during any period of the seven rounds.—*Vide* SECRET DOCTRINE.

dogmas as the fallacy and often the absurdity of the latter would afford; but now, they seek to learn and understand before they believe.

This is the right and purely theosophical state of mind, and is quite consistent with the precept of Lord Buddha, who taught never to believe merely on authority but to test the latter by means of our personal reason and highest intuition. It is only such seekers after the eternal truth who can profit by the lessons of old Eastern Wisdom.

It is our duty, therefore, to help them to defend their new ideals by furnishing them with the most adequate and far-reaching weapons. For they will have to encounter, not only Materialists and Spiritualists, but also to break a lance with their ex-coreligionists. These will bring to bear upon them the whole of their arsenal, composed of the pop-guns of biblical casuistry and interpretations based on the dead-letter texts and the disingenuous translation of *pseudo* revelation. They have to be prepared. They will be told, for instance, that there is not a word in the Bible which would warrant belief in reincarnation, or life, more than once, on this earth. Biologists and physiologists will laugh at such a theory, and assure them that it is opposed by the fact that no man has a glimpse of recollection of any *past* life. Shallow metaphysicians, and supporters of the easy-going Church ethics of this age, will gravely maintain the injustice there would be in a posterior punishment, in the present life, for deeds committed in a previous existence of which we know nothing. All such objections are disposed of and shown fallacious to anyone who studies seriously the esoteric sciences.

But what shall we say of our ferocious opponents, the Kardecists, or the reincarnationists of the French school, and the *anti*-reincarnationists, *i.e.*, most of the Spiritualists of the old school. The fact, that the first believe in rebirth, but in their own crude, unphilosophical way, makes our task the more heavy. They have made up their minds that a man dies, and his "spirit," after a few visits of consolation to the mortals he left behind him, may reincarnate at his own sweet will, in whom and whenever he likes. The Devachanic period of no less than a 1,000, generally 1,500 years, is a vexation of mind and a snare in their sight. They will have nothing of this. No more will the Spiritualists. These object on the highly philosophical ground that "it is *simply impossible*." Why? Because it is so unpalatable to most of them, especially to those who know themselves to be the personal Avatar, or the reincarnation of some historically great hero or heroine who flourished within the last few centuries (rebirth from, or into, the scums of Whitechapel, being for them out of question). And "it is so cruel," you see, to tell fond parents that the fancy that a *still-born* child, a daughter of theirs, who, they imagine, having been reared in a nursery of Summerland, has now grown up and comes to visit them daily in the family séance-room, is an absurd belief, whether reincarnation be true or not. We must not *hurt their feelings* by insisting that every child who dies before the age of

reason—when only it becomes a responsible creature—reincarnates immediately after its death—since, having had no personal merit or demerit in any of its actions, it can have no claim upon Devachanic reward and bliss. Also that as it is irresponsible till the age of, say, seven, the full weight of the Karmic effects generated during its short life falls directly upon those who reared and guided it. They will hear of no such philosophical truths, based on eternal justice and Karmic action. "You hurt our best, our most devotional feelings. Avaunt!" they cry, "we will not accept your teachings."

E pur se muove! Such arguments remind one of the curious objections to, and denial of, the sphericity of, the earth used by some clever Church Fathers of old. "How can the earth, forsooth, be round?" argued the saintly wiseacres—the "venerable Bedes" and the Manichean Augustines. "Were it so the men *below* would have to walk with their heads downward, like flies on a ceiling. Worse than all, they could not see the Lord descending in his glory on the day of the second advent!" As these very logical arguments appeared irrefutable, in the early centuries of our era, to Christians, so the profoundly philosophical objections of our friends the *Summerland* theorists, appear as plausible in this century of Neo-Theosophy.

And what are your proofs that such series of lives ever take place, or that there is reincarnation at all?—we are asked. We reply (1): the testimony of every seer, sage and prophet, throughout an endless succession of human cycles; (2) a mass of *inferential* evidence appealing even to the profane. True, this kind of evidence—although not seldom men are hung on no better than such *inferential* testimony—is not absolutely reliable. For, as Locke says: "To infer is nothing but by virtue of one proposition, laid down as true, to draw in another as true." Yet, all depends on the nature and strength of that first proposition. The Predestinarians may lay down as true their doctrine of Predestination;—that pleasant belief that every human being is pre-assigned by the will of our "Merciful Father in Heaven," to either everlasting Hell-fire, or the "Golden Harp," on the pinion-playing principle. The proposition from which this curious belief is inferred and laid down as true, is based, in the present case, on no better foundation than one of the nightmares of Calvin, who had many. But the fact, that his followers count millions of men, does not entitle either the theory of total depravity, or that of predestination, to be called a universal belief. They are still limited to a small portion of mankind, and were never heard of before the day of the French Reformer.

These are pessimistic doctrines born of despair, beliefs artificially engrafted on human nature, and which, therefore, cannot hold good. But who taught mankind about soul transmigration? Belief in successive rebirths of the human *Ego* throughout the cycles of life in various bodies is a universal belief, a certainty innate in mankind. Even now, when

theological dogmas of human origin have stifled and well-nigh destroyed this natural inborn idea from the Christian mind, even now hundreds of the most eminent Western philosophers, authors, artists, poets and deep thinkers still firmly believe in reincarnation. In the words of Georges Sand, we are :—

"Cast into this life, as it were into an alembic, where, after a previous existence which we have forgotten, we are condemned to be remade, renewed, tempered by suffering, by strife, by passion, by doubt, by disease, by death. All these evils we endure for our good, for our purification, and so to speak, to make us perfect. From age to age, from race to race, we accomplish a tardy progress, tardy but certain, an advance of which, in spite of all the sceptics say, the proofs are manifest. If all the imperfections of our being and all the woes of our estate drive at discouraging and terrifying us, on the other hand, all the more noble faculties, which have been bestowed on us that we might seek after perfection, do make for our salvation, and deliver us from fear, misery, and even death. Yea, a divine instinct that always grows in light and in strength helps us to comprehend that nothing in the whole world wholly dies, and that we only vanish from the things that lie about us in our earthly life, to reappear among conditions more favourable to our eternal growth in good."

Writes Professor Francis Bowen, as quoted in "*Reincarnation*, a study of Forgotten Truths"*—uttering a great truth :—

"The doctrine of metempsychosis may almost claim to be a natural or innate belief in the human mind, if we may judge from its wide diffusion among the nations of the Earth and its prevalence throughout the historical ages."

The millions of India, Egypt, China, that have passed away, and the millions of those who believe in reincarnation to-day—are almost countless. The Jews had the same doctrine ; moreover, whether one prays to a *personal*, or worships in silence an impersonal deity or a Principle and a Law, it is far more reverential to believe in this doctrine than not. One belief makes us think of "God" or "Law" as a synonym of Justice, giving to poor little man more than one chance for righteous living and for the atoning of sins whether of omission or commission. Our disbelief, credits the Unseen Power instead of equity with fiendish cruelty. It makes of *it* a kind of a sidereal Jack the Ripper or Nero doubled with a human monster. If a *heathen* doctrine honours the Deity and a Christian dishonours it, which should be accepted ? And why should one who prefers the former be held as—an *infidel ?*

But the world moves on now as it has always moved, and along with it move the ideas in the heads of the fogies. The question is not whether a fact in nature fits, or not, some special hobby, but whether it is really *a fact* based on, at least, inferential evidence. We are told by those special *hobbyists* that it is not. We reply, study the questions you would reject, and try to understand our philosophy, before you dismiss our

* We advise every disbeliever in reincarnation, in search of proofs, to read this excellent volume by Mr. E. D. Walker. It is the most complete collection of proofs and evidences from all the ages that was ever published.

teachings *à priori*. Spiritualists complain, and with very good reasons, of men of science who, like Huxley, denounce wholesale their phenomena whilst knowing next to nothing of them. Why do they do likewise, with regard to propositions based on the psychological experiences of thousands of generations of seers and adepts? Do they know anything of the laws of Karma—the great Law of Retribution, that mysterious, yet—in its effects—quite evident and palpable action in Nature, which, sooner or later, brings back every good or bad deed of ours to rebound on us, as the elastic ball, thrown against a wall, rebounds back on the one who throws it? They do not. They believe in a personal God, whom they endow with intelligence, and who rewards and punishes, in their ideas, every action of ours in life. They accept this *hybrid* deity (finite, because they endow it most unphilosophically with conditioned attributes, while insisting on calling it Infinite and Absolute), regardless of, and blind to, the thousand and one fallacies and contradictions in which the theological teachings concerning that deity involve us. But when offered a consistent, philosophical and quite logical substitute for such an imperfect God, a complete solution of most of the insoluble problems and mysteries in human life—they turn away in idiotic horror. They remain indifferent or opposed to it, only because its name is KARMA instead of Jehovah; and that it is a tenet which emanates from Aryan philosophy—the deepest and profoundest of all the world philosophies—instead of from the Semitic cunning and intellectual jugglery, which has transformed an astronomical symbol into the "one living God of Gods." "We do not want an *impersonal* Deity," they tell us; "a negative symbol such as 'Non-Being' is incomprehensible to Being." Just so. "The light shineth in darkness; but the darkness comprehendeth it not." Therefore they will talk very glibly of their *immortal* spirits; and on the same principle that they call a personal God *infinite* and make of him a gigantic *male*, so they will address a human phantom as "Spirit"—Colonel Cicero Treacle, or "Spirit" Mrs. Amanda Jellybag, with a vague idea that both are at least sempiternal.

It is useless, therefore, to try and convince such minds. If they are unable or unwilling to study even the broad general idea contained in the term *Karma*, how can they comprehend the fine distinctions involved in the doctrine of reincarnation, although, as shown by our venerable brother, P. Iyaloo Naidu of Hyderabad, Karma and Reincarnation are, "in reality, the A B C of the Wisdom-Religion." It is very clearly expressed in the January *Theosophist*, "Karma is the sum total of our acts, both in the present life and in the preceding births." After stating that Karma is of three kinds, he continues:—

"*Sanchita Karma* includes human merits and demerits accumulated in the preceding births. That portion of the *Sanchita Karma* destined to influence human life . . . in the present incarnation is called *Prarabdham*. The third kind of Karma is the

result of the merits or demerits of our present acts. *Agami* extends over all your words, thoughts, and deeds. What you think, what you speak, what you do, as well as whatever results your thoughts, words, and acts produce on yourself, and on those affected by them, fall under the category of the present Karma, which will be sure to sway the balance of your life for good or for evil in your future development (or reincarnation)."

Karma thus, is simply *action*, a concatenation of *causes and effects*. That which adjusts each effect to its direct cause; that which guides invisibly and as unerringly these effects to choose, as the field of their operation, the *right person in the right place*, is what we call *Karmic law*. What is it? Shall we call it the hand of Providence? We cannot do so, especially in Christian lands, because the term has been connected with, and interpreted theologically as, the *foresight* and *personal design* of a personal god; and because in the active laws of Karma—*absolute Equity*—based on the Universal Harmony, there is neither foresight nor desire; and because again, it is our own actions, thoughts, and deeds which *guide that law*, instead of being guided by it. "Whatever a man soweth, that shall he reap." It is only a very unphilosophical and illogical theology which can speak in one breath of *free will*, and grace or damnation being *pre-ordained* to every human *from* (?) eternity, as though eternity could have a beginning *to start from!* But this question would lead us too far into metaphysical disquisitions. Suffice it to say that Karma leads us to rebirth, and that rebirth generates new Karma while working off the old, *Sanchita* Karma. Both are indissolubly bound up, one in the other. Let us get rid of *Karma*, if we would get rid of the miseries of rebirths or—REINCARNATION.

To show how the belief in Reincarnation is gaining ground even among the un-intuitional Western writers, we quote the following extracts from an Anglo-Indian daily.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

"Dissatisfaction with the results of missionary enterprise in India is the most prominent feature of cultivated Christian sentiment in these days, and it must force attention both to the mistake of assailing Hinduism with the mock-culture of cram . . . . and to the intellectual weakness of many of the benevolent persons entrusted with the operation. The mistake has already been painfully illustrated in the incidents of the Madras Christian College disturbance, and it is not difficult to find an illustration of the attendant misfortune. In a missionary production of some pretensions an attempt is seriously made to confute the theory of the 'Transmigration of Souls,' which betrays an incapacity for metaphysical presentments and an ignorance of psychology that are unfortunate in any person undertaking such a task. Yet this effusion finds admission into a recognised missionary organ, and will perhaps be regarded by young missionaries as a triumphant display of intellectual strength to be coveted for the present and, if possible, imitated afterwards. And people

wonder in the face of this sort of thing that the subtle Hindu mind laughs at Christian assaults on its stronghold! The arguments put forward in the paper referred to are worth looking into one by one.

"The first is that metempsychosis 'disregards the evidence of memory.' Proof of this presumption is, of course, not attempted. It so happens that psychologists from Plato downward have called attention to the familiar mental phenomenon in which persons placed, for the first time in their lives, in peculiar circumstances, are suddenly invaded by the conviction that they have gone through the same experience before. Most big schoolboys remember the explanation that this phenomenon may be attributable to the reduplicative property of consciousness resulting from the double lobing of the brain. But even such boys can hardly forget that the phenomenon has also been regarded as evidence of a pre-existent state; and reflecting men must see that one hypothesis is as moral, as reasonable, and as scientific as the other. It may, indeed, be said that the latter hypothesis finds better corroboration than the former in the moral analogies of our nature. There is nothing inconsistent with the highest philosophical teaching, or with the moral lessons or the actual experience of Christ; in the occlusions of memory Christ himself, even in adult manhood, under the stress of physical entanglements, sometimes entirely forgot his pre-existent state, and, what is more to the point, some of its radically inseparable convictions, such as that He had 'seen the Father,' and 'dwelt in the bosom of the Father,' and held communion with Him 'before the foundation of the world,' and had 'come down from heaven,' and should 'lose nothing.' On any other supposition some of Christ's most forcible sayings, and especially some of his most earnest prayers, would be unmeaning. If Christ then, because of his temporary incarnation in human nature, sometimes became so oblivious of His antecedent conditions—of His inseparable oneness with God, with its ineradicable accompaniments and its predestined results—as to be able earnestly to cry out 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me?' and 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me:' things which *neither could be nor were truly desired by himself*—why may not any other human nature, not inlaid with an essential divinity, forget for longer or shorter periods its state of pre-existence, if it had one? Is it contended that such infirmity, unattainable by fallible man, was possible only to the infallible Son of God? Once admit the possibility of occlusion of memory, and the duration of the interval and even its character become matters of detail. Theologians may attribute to immaturity of intelligence that apparent unconsciousness of infants, which a keener insight may recognise as the inevitable hiatus between distinct conditions of a human consciousness. The babe being as perfectly human as any man—and indeed being, according to Christ, in the highest natural moral condition of humanity—the theory of a temporary occlusion of memory is not less philosophical, nor is it less moral, than the theory of undeveloped consciousness. No doubt the rank and file of religious teachers, perhaps because they have been so taught and fear to think for themselves, have decided on teaching differently. But this may only show that the rank and file of religious teachers are incapable of balancing philosophical equations and are not qualified for their great office.

May it not also account for the melancholy fate of the religion taught by them in its conflict with Hinduism?

"It is gravely urged that 'spirit exists *only* as it acts or suffers in feeling thinking, willing. Spirit in any other sense is a meaningless abstraction.' If this means that while spirit exists anywhere its experience must be registered somewhere, it is superfluous platitude. If it means either that temporary unconsciousness, in whole or in part, is an impossibility, or that every spirit must in every moment of its existence be fully conscious of all experiences registered in every other moment of its existence, it assumes what is contradicted in the daily experience of all human beings but idiots. Admit the possibility of a hiatus, and its width and depth are mere questions of degree.

"The second argument is that metempsychosis involves a 'libel on divine justice.' The alleged belief of the Hindus, that suffering in one state of being expiates sin in another, which is not essentially unjust, nor a whit less moral than the dogma of inherited or imported sin, may or may not be unfounded; but the first question is—is the atonement of Christ incompatible with transmigration? If so, why? A single scripture text in support of this unwarranted assumption would be useful, for if transmigration is not inconsistent with the atonement of Christ, it is a waste of time trying to find out how or why it disagrees with any self-constituted religious teacher's ideas of divine justice. It is easy for omniscient sages to settle definitely what divine justice ought to be. . . . . For any unprepossessed mind there is certainly much in the Christian scriptures which is compatible with, and nothing that contradicts, the doctrine of a pre-existent state. In what conceivable way can the theory of a man's being a fallen spirit or a risen animal, or both, conflict with what Christ actually said? When, for instance, a group, who evidently believed in a former state of existence, actually asked him (John ix., 2 and 3) whether a particular man was 'born blind' because of his own sin or that of his parents, he answered, *not* that they were harbouring a mischievous delusion—which was what he did in an unmistakable way when men in difficulty sincerely submitted real delusions to his scrutiny—but that they were mistaken in their opinion in the particular case. His teaching here may be fairly claimed, not merely as not being antagonistic to, but as being in harmony with, and even lending colour to, the transmigration of souls. If religious teachers choose to decide that Christ knew less about 'divine justice' than they, the issue must be left to awakening Christendom.

"The third argument is that metempsychosis 'is contrary to all sound psychology.' Nine out of ten of the religious teachers who glibly dogmatise in this fashion are such indifferent psychologists that they have no intelligent conception even of the scripture teaching—leave alone any more abstruse presentments—on the differing spheres of body, soul and spirit in the three-fold nature of man,* and would be sorely puzzled to explain in what way many of the higher human responsibilities are adjusted between their own psychic and pneumatic natures; and also what becomes of the unity of individual responsibility in the face of this tri-partite allotment. And yet such persons are put up to grapple with pantheistic Brahmans on the mysteries of Vedantism! The

* The Christian scripture really teaches a *four-fold* nature in man—speaking of the natural body, the spiritual body, the soul, and the spirit. It is so far in close accordance with ancient Oriental ideas on the subject.

first step in comparative psychology is to show in a reasonable way that Christian psychology (as taught by its former and immediate disciples, and not as excogitated by low-pitched ecclesiastical afterthought) is unfavourable to metempsychosis. This step has not been taken. The difficulty of taking it seems insuperable, and bland assumption of its ease can only be regarded as the audacity of ignorance.

"The fourth argument against transmigration is that it 'is opposed to sound ethics.' This is another of those almost comical assumptions cheerfully made by self-sufficient men, who begin by regarding themselves as the oracles of God and sole repositories of his mind, and naturally end by treating all they feel inclined to say as inspired; but for which, it is well to remember, there is no particle of authority in scripture, and no particle of proof anywhere else. All that any system of sound ethics can demand surely is that personal responsibility shall be attached to every intelligent exercise of individual will. How any conflict with this condition or any of its logical inferences can arise from the necessity for a future state of existence, it is obviously incumbent on those to point out who fling forth arbitrary assertions right and left. Every thinking man must be aware of a growth in his own moral consciousness by which a gulf has intervened between his present and his past: while his personality has survived to identify him, he is aware of distinct stages in his moral nature to which very different degrees of responsibility attach. How does this fact militate against sound ethics? Wherein, moreover, does the innocence of the ignorant child, who retains individual identity while sustaining differing burdens of responsibility, involve any danger to sound ethics? In what sense, in which such innocence does not also do so, can a pre-existent state, of all whose burdens of responsibility a human mind may not be uniformly or continuously conscious in that region of understanding in which impression and expression constantly re-act on each other, 'annihilate the distinction between virtue and vice, right and wrong'? Any mind not determined to retain foregone conclusions must perceive that the words quoted are solemn nonsense. It is hardly a whit more silly to maintain that any hypothesis of the evolution of the photosphere must 'annihilate time and space.' The difficulty of disproving either statement of course arises from the utter absence of any connexion between premise and conclusion.

"The fifth contention against metempsychosis is that 'it is not in accord with science.' Religious teachers are for the most part so imperfectly equipped in science that it is amusing to find any of them stepping out of the region of confused and confusing theology, in which detection is not always sure, into the domain of science, where exposure is certain, to lay down the law as from the 'unanswerable pulpit.' Only a generation ago Darwin tickled the scientific world and convulsed the religious by inventing 'natural selection,' by which animals passed on their types, so to speak, to the next of kin. No assumption of recent years partakes more of the character of a metaphysical delusion; nor perhaps does any other scientific fad conflict more with Bible doctrine that every animal and every tree is self-contained, having 'its seed in itself.' Every true physiologist ought to understand this profound truth and its striking confirmation in scientific analogies which cannot be explained here. Nevertheless nearly all the prophets—all but a thinking few—employed what wit the theory

of Darwin left them in reconciling their religious sense (it cannot be called a religious conscience) to the unproved hypothesis, apparently for no better reason than that it was greatly affected by clever infidels. But what is there in science that negatives the idea, if it can be sustained by evidence of a natural selection by which if there be any soul at all, the individual soul of a lower organism may pass by stages into higher organisms? Science, of course, refuses to accept anything unproved, and from this point of view a religious man's begetting another in the spiritual hope, or the spirit of God causing a man to be born from above, are out of the range of physical science equally with the incarnation of Christ. But if such a thing as a physical life independently of a body, or a spiritual life independently of a soul, can exist at all, it is not more unscientific to imagine the soul of a monkey passing at some time after death into some higher type of animal, than it is to imagine either a spiritual birth on the one hand or a mutation of species on the other."—(Allahabad *Pioneer.*)

AN EGYPTIAN ALLEGORY.

(From "The Book of the Dead.")

Over the dark fields, heavy as a pall,
  Lit by no gleam of sun, or moon, or star,
Hangs the dark air, nor any sounds at all
  The sombre silence jar.

Still as the weed below a frozen sea,
  The pale sheaves of the ghostly harvest stand,
And through the serried rows unceasingly
  There moves a spectral band.

All that have lived are there, and from their eyes—
  Whether of king or beggar, maid or wife—
Gleam terror, and dismay, and wild surprise
  At the result of life.

For this the harvest is of all their deeds,
  This "corn of Aanroo, seven cubits high";
Their good and evil actions sowed the seeds
  They reap when once they die.

Gleaning their sheaves they go, with restless feet,
  Each for himself plying the crescent knife;
And if their deeds were good, the grain they eat
  Gives them eternal Life.

But if 'twas evil that their life did sow,
  The grain is poison, and the ghostly breath
They drew in Aanroo ceases, and they go
  To everlasting Death.

KATHARINE HILLARD.

New York.

VARIETIES OF MAGIC.

MAGIC is what might be properly termed a state or condition. Be it called white or black, it is a psychical condition, attainable by various methods. The main requisite is the inbred, innate capacity or fitness, followed up by a practice to be regulated and controlled by the one grand and all-powerful machine, *Will.* In Magic will is everything; ceremony comparatively nothing. By will must be understood something entirely different from the general definition of the word. It is a force, the source of which is lodged in a part of the human organisation, which is called by some the fourth principle.

The agent and tool with which the will accomplishes its results, is called by many magnetism. It can be made to affect all objects, self included. In Magic the progress from a given point is either in one direction or another. Let us call one of the directions up, the other down. The progress downward is "Black Magic," accomplishing *selfish*, hence evil results.

There is an off-shoot of black magic called Ceremonial Magic; a magician "who knows" will never employ ceremonies. They are simply for the purpose of concentrating the will, and are used by beginners in the black art, who know not what they do. The most powerful and elaborate conjuration does nothing more than direct the will of the operator towards the Elemental he wishes to summon, and concentrates it thereupon.

But these, as said before, are only used by tyros and beginners.

Apart from the ceremonial aspect of magic, the difference between what is called good and bad magic may be given in a word. In black or bad, that portion of man (the complete man) which has been symbolised under the phrase, "the Elixir of Life," is drawn down from the "life-giver," "*the* God," or the "tree of life," and is absorbed by the lower parts of the organism. In this process the "man" becomes rejuvenated, as it were, and his conscious existence is thereby extended over an enormous period of time. I have it on good authority that it is sometimes thus extended for more than a million of our years. But, then it must be remembered that the magician thus rejuvenated "has lost his soul," and, therefore, when he falls, "he falls, like Lucifer, never to rise again." When he dies, he dies for ever. Such a man has lost his immortality.

On the other hand, the process undergone when the magician is striving upwards on the white path or in white Magic, is as follows: The conscious man becomes absorbed into and is united with the Elixir, and hence is but a step from his Godhead, or the minor "tree of life";

and in time becomes one with it. When this latter takes place, the man has attained Nirvana. He then cannot die. This appears very simple on paper. So does the scaling of Mont Blanc; yet there is no analogy whatever between the two tasks.

The Black magician, or "Brother of the Shadow," associates with elementals. The White magician, or the "Brother of Light," controls them.

The elementals are all powerful in nature. Their name is a definition of their powers. There is nothing within the range and outside of human evolution that cannot be accomplished by the elementals. To know them and be able to obtain their help is the object of black magic. To produce human happiness and to assist in the onward and upward progress of the human race is the object of white magic. The elementals can be forced to assist in the latter, but only by pure and spiritual Adepts. A magician who consorts with elementals and accepts their services, may obtain much; but he never is wrapt up in divine ecstasy. His associations are too vile, and will not permit him. In fact, he does what is meant by the old saying, "selling one's soul to the Devil." There are devils (elementals) beside whom his orthodox Satanic Majesty would be nobody.

To enter here into details of how to become a white or black magician would be impossible, even if the writer knew them in full, a knowledge which he would disclaim by all means. However, it will suffice to say that if you have the necessary organism and qualifications to *become* an adept of either one side or the other, and if you "WILL" to know, and do not shrink from results when you achieve them, the chances are in your favour that you will be drawn to those for whose companionship you are most fitted. Brothers of the Shadow on the one hand, or Brothers of Light on the other.

Remember always, that like attracts like. It is not always a guarantee that because you are at first associated with one or the other, that you will always remain with your first companions. The hidden law which rules you cannot always be seen by you, and in each succeeding birth the conditions of your life will continue where it left off, provided, of course, that your aspirations are to become a magician.

A fact might be enunciated here, which will not be out of place. It has been stated that it requires ages to become an adept.* If, therefore, you find yourself somehow or other mixed up in mystic matters from your birth on, matters which you cannot explain to others, rest assured that it is the work of yourself in another life, and if you could strain your spiritual sight so as to see through the plexus of material results from former causes, you would behold yourself in another form, labouring in a definite direction, and you would see yourself as higher or lower, according to your merits.

* A full-blown Adept or an INITIATE. There is a great difference between the two. An Adept is one versed in some and *any* special Art or Science. An "*Initiate*" is one who is initiated into the mysteries of the Esoteric or Occult philosophy—a Hierophant.—[ED.]

To sum up: Magic, as everything else, has two poles, white and black, good and evil. The former is the building of the Temple in all its beauty and grandeur; the latter, a stunted ruin, old before its time. In its whole scope, black magic has not a single unselfish or good purpose, and white magic has not a single selfish or evil one. The physical requirements and practices, such as discipline, etc., to be used to attain the end of both systems, are identical, the difference consisting in the motives and desires. The farther the two diverge from each other, the more do their methods vary, till at last they are diametrically opposite; one at the top of the cycle, the pole of good, the other at the bottom, the pole of evil. The terms good and evil, as here used, are not to be understood in the general acceptation. Their meaning is something which cannot be EXPLAINED: it must be COMPREHENDED. The entrance into real black magic may be made by ceremony. Into white magic, never. They are the two principles, good and evil, or, to use words slightly different, but meaning *only* the same thing, *God* and the *Devil*.

JOSEF B. WIDEN, F.T.S.

A DREAM ABOUT FLOWERS.

"I AM the flower Aanru-tef, the flower of the hidden abode; let me be disengaged, and let me be loved by my lover, the only face for me."

—"Book of the Dead," Chap. 80.

"A material thing is only the symbol of an idea."

—HOFFMAN.

In a dream I gathered flowers
  In a mead in Aanru,
When Aurora's loveliest hours
  Gemmed the fields with heaven-born dew:
  I deem those flowers were symbols true.

Ah! 'tis hard to read our dreams,
  Phantoms from another sphere—
Fitful—shadowy—fickle gleams,
  Fading when we seize them near,
  When we know them, filled with fear.

One sweet flower, a Lily white,
  With pale cheeks all wet with tears,
Raised its head from out the night,
  Trembling as with human fears
  For the sorrows of the years.

And this Lily said to me,
  With a voice so low and sweet,
"Lo! I am not what you see
  And alas! in vain we meet,
  Vain that either heart should beat."

Then a Tulip fair to see
  Raised its languid eyes—love-bright,
Spake no word, but yet to me
  All its thoughts were clear as light,
  I could feel its heart's delight.

What that is I will not tell,
  'Tis a sacred trust for me,
Sweet is secret kept right well
  In two hearts' deep mystery,
  Two flower-hearts' love history.

Next the blue Forget-me-not
  Bloomed in clusters everywhere,
While the Meadow, lost in thought,
  Whispered "Ah! so very fair,
  Three such flowers so rich and rare."

Then that true Forget-me-not
  Sank deep down within my heart,
Whispering, "Love, forget me not,
  For of thee I am a part,
  Come to soothe life's bitterest smart."

Then I woke to clasp that flower;
  Alas! I found it but a dream
Sent by Love at waking hour
  * When truth is near with mystic gleam
  Only known to souls that dream.

A. J. C.

Lucerne, April, 1888.

* "What time the morn mysterious visions brings
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings."
—POPE. "Temple of Fame."

The flower or plant Aanru-tef is mysterious; it means, probably, the purified Soul arrived after death in the meadows of Aanru, the celestial, spiritual elysium, where it is united to the immortal Spirit—its "lover—the only face for it." Aanru is sometimes written Aalu, and it is supposed that the word Elysium is derived from it.

Lilies, with the Romans, were emblems of hope; on coins we see lilies with the motto "Augusta Spes."

With the Orientals the lily meant purity, innocence, and was also a symbol of early love, it being one of the earliest flowers to bud and bloom; hence Gabriel (a Zoroastrian Genius or angel) holds it towards the young Marie, more properly Miriam, that is "the beloved of God"—Meri-Amun. Of the Forget-me-not, silence is most fitting; it is a sacred symbol; its blue is the peace and calm of heaven, that is of celestial love.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

THE mother of life is death. Nowhere is this truth more conspicuous than in the animal kingdom; the life of the stronger is prolonged by the lives of the weaker, and the survival of the fittest is proclaimed by the shrieks of the mangled and hapless unfit. Long has the western world sought the solution of this grim riddle propounded to her lord and master, man, by Dame Nature, the sphinx of the ages.

It has, therefore, been found necessary for the continuance of average intellectual contentment to venture some guess which shall decently dispose of this obnoxious problem, and the leading representatives of the mind of the race, proceeding by the methods of the times, have carefully labelled the riddle "The Struggle for Existence," and having done so, are wisely refraining from further unnecessary explanations, knowing full well that their constitutents, the public, who require their thinking done for them, will gladly accept the label as a legitimate answer to the riddle, and, by frequently repeating it with knowing looks, be charmed, and in their turn charm others, with the magic of its sound, and using it as a mantric formula, banish objectors to the limbo of unpopularity.

And yet though the *why* of this great struggle remains as great a mystery as ever, the attempted answer is of great value from the conciseness with which it formulates the law of the Ever Becoming. Throughout all the kingdoms it obtains, and especially in Man, the crown and synthesis of all. At this point, however, a new development takes place, and when humanity reaches the balance of its cycle of evolution, and each race and individual arrives at the turning point of Ezekiel's wheel, a new Struggle for Existence arises, and we have God and Animal fighting for existence in Man. Now, at the close of the nineteenth century, in our enormously over-populated cities and in the accentuated individualism of modern competition, we see this deadly struggle in the white heat of its fury.

Grand, indeed, and magnificent has been the childhood of the white race in which material and intellectual progress have raced on madly side by side; witness the conquest of nearly the whole world's surface by its spirit of enterprise and adventure, rejoicing as a giant in its physical prowess, the subjugation of the henchman steam, and ever fresh triumphs over the master electricity. But the child cannot be ever a child, and the race draws nigh to its manhood; the God awakes and the Struggle for Existence begins in grim earnest.

First the units of the race, some here, some there, wake dimly to the feeling that they are not apart from the whole, they sympathise with their kind, they rejoice with them. Even in the animal the faint outlines of self-sacrifice have been shadowed forth by nature, as may be seen in the mother love of the females and the formation of gregarious communities. In inferior races, man repeats this lesson of nature, and the animal being dominant, improves on her, but slowly; in races of higher type, however, fresh areas of generous impulse, containing the germ of self-sacrifice, are gradually developed. It must be remembered, however, that the races are here mentioned in this order merely for the convenience of tracing the development of self-sacrifice in a monad, and not according to their natural genesis. Thus far the white race, as a race, or in other words, the average individual of the race, has developed the subtleties of his animal nature to their limit, and now comes in contact with the divine; and it is only by extending his area of interest and sympathy that the individual can expand into the divine to be at last one with universal love, the spirit of which is self-sacrifice.

From daily life we may take examples which clearly show forth the evolution of this god-like quality. We see the purely selfish man, who cares not if all rot so he have pleasure; the same man married, and an area of generosity developed, but bounded by wife and children; in other cases, the area increased by the extension of sympathy to friends and relations; and still further increased in the case of the fanatic or bigot, religious or patriotic, who fights for sect or country, as the she-animal for her cubs, whether the cause be good or bad. And here we may mention the instruments of national passions and cunning, necessary evils; for the race being in its youth, and very animal-like, not yet recognizing the right of self-sacrifice in the inter-relations of its constituent sub-races, requires the individual who serves his country in her wars and political schemes to reduce his moral standard to the race-level. These are types of the evolution of the animal man's affections, either in his individual development or modified by the development of the race. In most cases such types represent the mere expansion of selfishness or, at any rate, may be traced to selfish causes, or the hope of reward. Ascending, however, in the scale of manhood, we come to those who shadow forth the latent God in man in thoughts, words, and deeds of divine self-sacrifice; the prerogative of their God-head first manifesting in acts of real charity, in pity of their suffering fellow-kind, or from an intuitional feeling of duty, the first heralding of accession to divine responsibility, and the realization of the unity of all souls. "I am my brother's keeper," is the cry of repentant Cain, and the divine summons of return to the lost Paradise. With this cry the struggle for animal existence begins to yield to the struggle for divine existence. By extending our love to all men, ay, to animals as well, we joy and sorrow with them, and expand our souls towards the One that ever both sorrows and joys with all, in an

eternal bliss in which the pleasure of joy and the pain of sorrow are not.

Thus, in every man the mighty battle rages, but the fortune of the fight is not alike in all—in some the animal hosts rage madly in their triumph, in a few the glorious army of the god have gained a silent victory, but in the vast majority, and especially now, at the balance of the race cycle, the battle rages fiercely, the issue still in doubt. Now, therefore, is the time to strike, and show that the battle is not fought in men alone, but in Man, and that the issue of each individual fight is inextricably bound up in that of the great battle in which the issue cannot be doubtful, for the divine is in its nature union and love, the animal discord and hate. Strike, therefore, and strike boldly! These are no idle words, nor the utopian imaginings of a dreamer, but practical truths. For in what does man differ from the natural animal? Is it not in his power of association and combination? Therefore does he live in communities, and develope responsibility. From whence spring the roots of society, if not from mutual assistance and interchange of service? And if the race offers the individual the advantages of such combination, perfected by ages of bitter experience, do not those at least who are elder sons of the race, and find themselves in the enjoyment of such organizations, owe a debt of gratitude to their parent, and in return for the fortune amassed with tears and groaning by their forbears, repay the boon, by putting the experience of the past out to interest, and distributing the income acquired among their poorer brethren, who are equally the sons of their parent. And in this race family there are many poor, paupers physical, paupers mental, and moral paupers. How, then, shall the richer brethren help? Shower gold among the masses? Compel all to study the arts and sciences? Display the naked truth to the world? Nay, then should these poor children of the race be bond, not free! Let us, therefore, enquire into the problem.

In the evolution of all human societies we find the factor of caste; in the childhood of the race caste is regulated by birth, an heirloom from the past civilizations of older stocks. Gradually, however, the birth caste wanes before the rising money caste, and hence material possessions become the standard of worth in the individual, in that the race is then plunged most deeply in material interests and has reached its highest point of development on the material plane. But the zenith of the material is the nadir of the spiritual; the law of progress moves calmly onward with the wheel of time, and nature, who never leaps, develops a new standard of worth, the intellectual, which we see even now asserting itself in proportion to its adaptability to average comprehension and the material standard of the times, and pointing to the development of a new caste standard, to be in its turn superseded by the caste of true worth in which the spiritual development of the race will be completely established. This, however, will be the work of ages and for humanity

as a whole cannot easily be quickened, for it is impossible to change the natural law of evolution which proceeds spirally in curves that never re-enter into themselves, but ever ascend to so-called higher planes. At certain periods, however, of these cycles, a forecast or antetype is offered of the consummation, whereby an example of humanity in its perfect state is dimly shadowed forth. Such a period the white race is now entering upon, and the earnest of perfect type humanity will be given by those, whether of the money or mind caste, who, realizing the goal of evolution and capable of destroying the illusion of time, by translating the future into the present, freely extend the benefits of their caste to the pariahs of the race, and approaching them in friendship, gain a practical knowledge of their wretchedness and endeavour to awaken the latent divinity that slumbers within.

With the sword of self-sacrifice, the rightful possession of the God-man, and with the good of humanity as their watchword, they should march against the forces of individualism and self, and, with this watchword, prove all institutions of the race, especially those fresh from the womb of time, and comparing them with this one ideal, ever asking: "Does this or this tend to the realization of universal brotherhood?" If it is not so, the effort should be to turn such forces as act against the stream of right progress, gently and silently into their proper course; but if the thing makes for the common good, they should by all means and at all hazards foster the weakling and watch round its cradle with loving care. Now the path of right progress should include the amelioration of the individual, the nation, the race and humanity; and ever keeping in view the last and grandest object, the perfecting of man, should reject all apparent bettering of the individual at the expense of his neighbour. In actual life the evolution of these factors, individual, race and nation, are so intimately interblended, that it would be wrong to assume any progression from one to the other; but since it is only possible to see one face of an object at a time, so is it necessary to trace the course of progress along some particular line, both for its simplification and general comprehension. With regard, then, to the individual, the great sanitary improvements which the money caste enjoys, should be extended to all; public baths and recreation grounds, free concerts and lectures provided; the museums and picture galleries thrown open at times when the worker can visit them; the formation of athletic and mutual improvement clubs among the poor encouraged. All of which reforms were easy of accomplishment if only a small portion of the enormous wealth of the country, now lying idle, were generously and self-sacrificingly expended. Unfortunately there are few of the money caste who yet realise the latent unity of man, and the promotion of such schemes is left to those who, lacking the most potent power of the times, are unsupported, because there is no "money" in the enterprise. But could such men be found and the superfluous wealth of the country

turned in such directions, how great would be the progress of the individual! Health would improve and taste develop; healthy surroundings would favour healthy thought, the sight of monuments of art and science would bring refinement and both engender self-respect.

But it may be said, if wealth is withdrawn for such purposes, work would be taken from other labour, and so the misery of the workers increased, while the advantages offered to the masses would only increase their demand for greater pleasures, and render them still more dissatisfied. It will, however, be seen that not only the same amount of labour would be required in works and institutions for the public good, but even that such undertakings, being of a plain and sober nature, would give employment to larger numbers, than money spent in finer or more luxurious labour. Nor would dissatisfaction arise among the masses as anticipated; for men large hearted and minded enough to inaugurate such reforms would display the same spirit in all things and offer an example in private life of sober and abstemious conduct; extravagance and display would cease, so that the brilliant toilettes and luxurious habits of the money caste would no longer provoke the miserable emulation of tawdry finery and debasing vices among the pariahs; for the poor copy the rich, and if the fashionable bars of the West End lacked patrons, the gin palaces of the slums would not drive so roaring a trade. It is the debased taste of the rich which has rendered a surfeit of meat necessary for the maintenance of his powers in the eyes of the artisan, and so, at a price far beyond his slender resources, he adopts a diet which wastes the tissues and disquiets the system. And if the advisability of a sudden change of diet is contested, at least moderation in flesh eating should be recommended, and a proof of the possibility of maintaining one's full powers given by those who desire the physical and moral sanity of the race. Setting aside all argument drawn from not generally accredited sources, such as the codes of the great teachers of the past, and the synthesis of all experience, physical, psychic, and spiritual, we may bring into court the medical faculty who are unanimously of the opinion that a reduced quantity of meat would improve the general health, and that many of the common ailments are due solely to excess in the use of animal food in particular, and to overfeeding in general; while chemical analysis proves conclusively that vegetable food, especially cereals, contain nutritive qualities vastly in excess of animal.

Moreover, if the false feeling of degradation in the performance of so-called menial offices, were removed by the example of the money and mind castes performing such offices themselves, or at least encouraging every invention and supporting every effort for minimising such labour, many of the troubles which are daily taxing the resources of our housekeepers to the utmost, would be removed, and a solution to the difficult problem of the servant question arrived at; the present

absurdity of domestic service would find no place, and instead of one thousand little backs bent over one thousand little kitchen ranges preparing one thousand little dinners, we should have a sane co-operative system whereby the small worries of domesticity which destroy the harmony of so many homes, would be banished.

If such sanitary measures, therefore, were adopted, we should have physical and mental powers continuing into old age, instead of a general belief that fifty or sixty years terminates the average man's usefulness and there then remains nothing for him but a life of inactivity and general feebleness. Of course this applies to the average individual; for we have sufficient instances of mental giants who continue their labours till the closing hours of life; these, however, intuitively or naturally practice moderation and plainness in eating, and often give striking proofs of extraordinary abstemiousness.

If, then, such moderation of private life was practised by the accredited leaders of society, no inducement to excess would offer itself to their followers; or even if the animal still rioted in the masses, it would not be shamefully encouraged in its madness by the excesses of respectability.

Thus the necessary physical requirements of all classes would be reduced to a level, and a basis obtained on which to build a firm fabric of national progress towards the realization of human unity. Meantime the mental evolution of all classes would also make vast strides, and the impulses given to study and the development of artistic tastes, would bring the real genius of the nation to the front and not confine the recruiting of professions to the money caste, irrespective of individual capacity. The present false standard of taste would fall out of date as completely as the wonderful cottage ornaments of the near past, and neatness in private decoration would, by harmonious surroundings, induce a harmony of thought and feeling. Who, for instance, could indite a poem or work of inspiration in an over-ornamented drawing-room of the modern style, with its heterogeneous and multicoloured collection of *bric-à-brac* and trifles? But with harmonious surroundings and following such a mode of life, the individual would develop within him the larger instincts of his nature, and the flower of self-sacrifice, then finding a congenial soil, would blossom in the hearts of the many and thus, destroying all narrowness of judgment and begetting an ever widening interest in the general welfare, would develop new social organizations and institutions; the tone of the nation would be elevated and true worth become the standard of judgment among its citizens.

Moreover, seeing that we have already proof of such an ideal being dimly sensed in all nations of the white race in the increasing discontent of nearly all classes with the existing state of affairs, no nation would stand alone in this, but the wave of progress would sweep simultaneously through all the sub-races of the race and beget a general

desire to establish healthy relationships between nations and to foster every effort to unite the larger units of the race into one harmonious whole. Further, a belief in the essential unity of all souls would create stronger dissatisfaction with the existing state of social relations between the sexes, the potentialities of woman would be studied and opportunity given for that development which has previously been denied to womankind. Plain justice would demand the same ostracism of male harlots which is now meted out with so much severity to the female sex alone, and either the same leniency extended to women as is now given to men, or the higher moral standard and wisdom of awakened humanity, would compel the supply in harlotry to cease by the extinction of the demand. To prepare, therefore, a ground in which this consummation could be achieved, it would be necessary to extend the full benefits of intellectual training to women; to encourage and advocate the necessity of athletic exercises for girls and to provide for the same in the schools of the state; to jealously guard the health of the women working classes by sanitary improvements in all manufactories and labour establishments, and to kill out the evil of over long hours of sedentary occupation in vitiated atmospheres. Moreover, it should be made possible for women in the position of the present daughters of the lower middle classes and of parents with limited incomes to follow a calling in life, instead of being forced, against their wills and finer instincts, into the matrimonial market, to gain their bread and cheese at the price of discontented motherhood.

No doubt the establishment of international leagues for mutual help and on a basis other than that of self interest will, at the present time, appear to the majority the acme of folly; but when the race has, in its social institutions, given valid proof of the efficacy of the method, the change of base becomes a possibility. The spread of education and the ability to study original authorities and to get at facts at first hand would rapidly clear away the clouds of national and sectarian prejudice, and the birth of the God within would render it impossible to poison the young minds of the race by inoculating them with the virus of dogmatism and of past national pride and passion as treasured in the orthodox theological and historical text-books of the times; the past triumphs of the animal in individual nations would be regarded merely as the obscuration of the spiritual and yet so ordered in the economy of nature that the sun of humanity should finally shine forth more gloriously in contrast to the darkness of the past. Thus the necessity for keeping up large armies and fleets would cease, and the enormous wealth so saved could be turned into channels of national improvement, thus pointing the way for the desertion of national forces from the ranks of the animal to the standard of the divine.

It would be long to trace, even roughly, the possibilities of international co-operation which, in its turn, would be extended to racial co-

operation of which the potentialities almost surpass description and reach that consummation of which the Theosophical Society has planted the first openly conscious germ, in endeavouring to form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour; what the potentialities of this glorious humanity may be, none but the student of the Science of Life can dream, as he alone can sense the labours of the Eldest Brothers of the Race for their poorer brethren.

Let us then, aspiring to the divine, now and within, fight down the animal, that so we may be enabled to tell friend from foe in the greater battle, and, awakened by the cry, "Thou art thy brother's keeper," gird on shield and buckler for the cause of the divine Unity of Humanity in the struggle for existence.

PHILANTHROPOS.

THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.

GENESIS: CHAPTER I.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.

2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy, and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.

3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.

4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.

5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption, produced the organic cell.

6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene, and protogene begat eozoon, and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.

7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

8. And earthly atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

9. And animalcule in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca; and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.

11. Now these are the generation of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evoluted the bipedal mammalia.

12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.

13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian, and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle, by inheritance and selection, produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadae in all their tribes.

14. And out of the simiadae the lemur prevailed above his fellows, and produced the platyrhine monkey.

15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evoluted the what-is-it.

16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthorpomorphic primordial types.

18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the terragen —these are the generations of primeval man.

19. The primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

20. By inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the wicked died and the strongest grew and multiplied.

21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

22. For, behold, the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men ; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence ; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the survival of the fittest.—*(From a Cincinnati Paper.)*

GOLDEN WORDS.

"THERE is a faculty of the human mind, which is superior to all which is born or begotten. Through it we are enabled to attain union with the superior intelligences, of being transported beyond the scenes and arrangements of this world, and of partaking the higher life and peculiar powers of the heavenly ones. By this faculty we are made free from the dominations of Fate *(Karma)*, and are made, so to speak, the arbiters of our own destinies. For, when the most excellent parts of us become filled with energy, and the soul is elevated to natures loftier than itself, it becomes separated from those conditions which keep it under the dominion of the present every-day life of the world, exchanges the present for another life, and abandons the conventional habits belonging to the external order of things, to give and mingle itself with that order which pertains to higher life." (JAMBLICHUS.)

WE BEGIN WITH INSTINCT: THE END IS OMNISCIENCE. It is as a direct beholding ; what Schelling denominates a realization of the identity of subject and object called Deity ; so that transported out of himself, so to speak, he thinks divine thoughts, views all things from their highest point of view, and, to use an expression of Emerson "becomes recipient of the Soul of the World." (*Prof.* ALEXANDER WILDER.)

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann.)

(Continued from the February Number.)

CHAPTER X.

REINHOLD began his story :—

"I was brought up with the Baron, and the similarity of our natural dispositions made brothers of us, destroying the barrier which our disparity of station had otherwise set up. I never parted from him, and when our years of college life were ended and he entered upon the heritage of his father's property amid these hills, I became the steward of his estates. I thus remained his intimate friend and brother, and as such was trusted with the most private secrets of the family-history. His father had desired his alliance by marriage with some of his oldest of friends, and he gladly fulfilled this wish as he found in his appointed bride a noble, richly-gifted nature to which he felt irrisistibly attracted. It is seldom that a father's wish goes so completely hand in hand with the destiny which seemed to have formed this youthful pair for one another. Hermogen and Aurelie were the fruit of this happy union.

"We generally spent the winter months in the neighbouring capital; but when, soon after the birth of Aurelie, the Baroness began to ail, we passed the summer also in the city, so that she might have the constant benefit of the attendance of experienced physicians. Yet, just as the approaching spring was nursing in the Baron's breast the liveliest hopes of recovery, she died. We fled to the country, and time alone could lift the crushing load of grief that weighed the Baron down.

"Hermogen grew up into a charming youth, while Aurelie became each day more and more the living picture of her mother; the tender nurture of these children was thus our daily task and only joy. Hermogen showed a marked bent for military life, and this led the Baron to send him to the capital, there to begin his career under the surveillance of his old friend, the Governor. After a long absence from the city, it is now three years ago that the Baron, with Aurelie and myself, returned once more to the Residenz, there to pass the whole winter, partly in order to spend at least a short time in the company of his son, and partly to satisfy the long expressed desires of his old friends that he should come again among them. At that time the attention of the whole city was arrested by the Governor's niece. Bereft of her parents, she had taken shelter with her uncle, but had made for herself a home in a separate wing of the palace, where she surrounded herself with the flower of Society. Without giving a more minute description of Euphemie—which is all the less necessary, my reverend father, as you will soon see her for yourself—I may content myself with saying that all she did and all she said was graced with an indescribable charm which made her beauty irresistible. Wherever she went, new joyous life

sprang up, and every one paid her the homage of the warmest enthusiasm. She knew how to kindle the soul of the dullest and most insipid of her associates, so that, as though inspired by her, they were lifted above their own dead level and intoxicated by her presence, they tasted the delight of a loftier life, than they had e'er conceived. Naturally there was no lack of devotees who daily offered some ardent prayers to their divinity; but no one could say for certain that she singled out any one of them for special favour, rather she had the art to exercise a gentle irony that, far from wounding them, incited and allured them all within a charmed circle which held them fast with silken bonds.

"This modern Circe produced a profound impression upon the Baron. At his first appearance she showed him such attention as seemed to spring from child-like reverence; in all her converse with him she showed a cultured understanding and a depth of feeling that he had scarcely yet encountered among women. With inimitable delicacy she sought and found Aurelie's friendship, and took so lively an interest in her, that she even busied herself with the smallest details of her wardrobe, and so forth, as with a mother's care. She knew how to support the inexperienced maid in the most brilliant assemblage in such a fashion that her support, far from being observed, only served to call forth Aurelie's natural gifts and correctness of perception, and won soon for her the highest of esteem.

"The Baron never lost an opportunity of sounding Euphemie's praise; but, for the first time, perhaps, in our companionship, his judgment and my own fell wide apart. It was my custom in society to play rather the *rôle* of a silent bystander than of an active participator in the general converse. It thus came to pass that I had closely watched Euphemie, who only occasionally interchanged a few words with me, in her habit of passing no one by unnoticed, as one watches a highly interesting phenomenon. I could not deny that she was the loveliest and most brilliant of her sex, and that sense and feeling shone out from all she said; yet, in some inexplicable manner, I was repelled by her demeanour, and could scarcely repress a certain uncanny sensation that overpowered me whenever her gaze met mine, or when she commenced to address me. In her eyes there often burned a peculiar glow, from which, when she fancied herself unobserved, a lightning glance would flash that proclaimed an inward, destroying fire, only too laboriously smothered over. Around the soft outlines of her mouth there often hovered a hideous irony which, as it took the semblance of devilish scorn, convulsed the very groundwork of my soul. As she frequently looked at Hermogen—who, indeed, troubled himself but little about her—in this manner, I was sure that there was much concealed behind this mask that few suspected. However, I was unable to reply to the extravagant praises of the Baron by aught but my physiognomical observation, to the which he attached not the slightest importance, and rather found in my inner grudge against Euphemie nothing but the expression of an extraordinary whim. He confided to me that she would probably become a member of his family, as he intended to use every means to bring about her union with Hermogen. The latter came into the room just as we were engaged in serious conversation on the matter, and I was seeking every possible justification of my opinion of Euphemie. The Baron, accustomed at all times to act openly and on the moment's spur, acquainted him at once of his plans and wishes in respect of Euphemie. Hermogen listened quietly to all the Baron's enthusiastic praise of the girl; but when the eulogy

was ended, he answered that he felt in no wise attracted towards Euphemie, that he could never love her, and therefore prayed sincerely that the project of any closer union be at once abandoned. The Baron was no little disconcerted to find his favourite scheme so speedily demolished; yet he had the less mind to insist upon Hermogen's compliance, as he did not even know what might be Euphemie's sentiment in this regard. With his characteristic cheerfulness and *bonhomie* he soon fell to bantering himself upon his unfortunate errand, and suggested that perhaps Hermogen was partner in my idiosyncracy, although he must fail to see how in so fair and interesting a maid there could dwell so repellent an element. His relations with Euphemie remained, naturally, the same; for he had so accustomed himself to her society that he could not pass one day without he saw her. Thus it came to pass that once he said to her in jest, that there was only one man in all her *entourage* who was not in love with her, and that man—was Hermogen, for he had obstinately declined the union which he himself—the Baron—had so fervently at heart.

"Euphemie replied that another factor had been neglected, namely, what she might have to say to such a marriage, and that any more intimate relationship with the Baron would be an object of her desire—but not through Hermogen, who was far too serious and whimsical to suit her mood. From this time forth Euphemie redoubled her attentions to the Baron and Aurelie; in fact, by many half-concealed hints she led the Baron to imagine that a union with himself alone could correspond to the ideal she had set up for herself of a happy wedlock. Everything that any one might advance, on the score of disparity of years or otherwise, she set aside emphatically, and withal she went about her task so delicately and step by step, that the Baron began to fancy that every idea and every wish that Euphemie might inwardly conceive had risen unbidden in his own inmost heart. Strong and full-blooded as was his nature, he soon found himself seized with the glowing passion of youth. I could no longer restrain the wild tumult of his feelings; it was too late! After a short span of time, to the astonishment of the city, Euphemie became the Baron's wife. It seemed to me as though the threatening, awesome being that had troubled me from afar had now become a present factor in my life, and as though I must keep constant watch and ward over my dear friend and myself. Hermogen took the marriage of his father in cold indifference, while Aurelie, the timid child, was lost in tears.

"Soon after the wedding Euphemie longed for the mountains. She came hither, and I must confess that her whole conduct remained so complete a model that she forced from me involuntary admiration. Thus there sped by two years of quiet, undisturbed content. Each winter we passed in the capital but even there the Baroness showed such boundless reverence for her husband, such constant heed of his slightest wish, that the poisoned tongue of envy must needs be paralyzed, and none of the young gallants who had promised themselves fair field for dalliance with the Baroness dared to allow themselves the least approach to liberty. In the last winter I must have been the only one that, bitten by my own old whim, cherished a bitter grudge of suspicion against her.

"Before her marriage with the Baron, the Count Victorin, a handsome youth whose duties as major of the body-guard brought him occasionally to the capital, was among Euphemie's most ardent admirers, and the one whom, led by the impulse of the moment, she singled out involuntarily for more

marked attention. At one time people even went so far as to say that there was perhaps some closer relationship between him and this lady than met the eye; but the report died out almost as soon as born. Count Victorin was this winter in the city, and, of course, was embraced within Euphemie's more immediate circle; but instead of busying himself in the least about her, he seemed rather too purposely to avoid her. Nevertheless, I thought that often, when they fancied themselves unnoticed, their glances met in burning glow of passionate longing. One evening a brilliant throng had gathered in the Governor's *salons*; I stood within the embrasure of a window, in such a fashion that the heavy drapery of the voluminous curtains half hid my form; removed from me but two or three paces stood Count Victorin. Euphemie, dressed more richly than ever, and dazzling in her beauty, passed forward by him; he seized her arm, so that no one but I observed it—her bosom heaved—a look of indescribable emotion, lust itself longing for satisfaction, she cast on him. They whispered a few words, the words I could not catch. Euphemie must have seen me; she turned swiftly away, but I clearly heard her hurried words: 'We are observed!'

"I was petrified with horror, grief, and astonishment. How can I tell to you, my reverend father, my painful feelings? Think of my love and my attachment to the Baron, and of my ill forebodings, which now I saw fulfilled. These few words had revealed to me the whole mystery of the relationship between the Baroness and the Count. I was forced for a while to keep my own counsel, but I determined to watch the Baroness with Argus' eyes, and then, when certain of her crime, to loose the shameful bond in which she held my luckless friend. Yet who can fight against these devilish wiles? In vain were all my endeavours, and it would have been absurd to narrate to the Baron what I had seen and heard, for the artful creature would have found subterfuge enough to set me in the light of a discredited, silly busybody and phantom-hunter.

"The snow still lay on the mountains when we returned hither last spring; yet did I take very frequent walks among the surrounding hills. In the next village I met a peasant whose gait and bearing had something strange; as he turned his head I saw that it was Count Victorin himself, but the same moment he dived down some dark alley and was lost to my research. What could have prompted him to this disguise but some clandestine understanding with the Baroness? At this very moment I am certain that he is here again, for I have seen his equerry riding by; although it is incomprehensible to me that he should not have sought to meet the Baroness in the city, for, three months back, the Governor fell seriously sick, and desired to see his niece Euphemie. In hot haste she made the journey with Aurelie, and it was only an indisposition that prevented the Baron from accompanying them. But now a terrible calamity broke o'er our house; for Euphemie soon wrote the Baron that Hermogen had fallen victim to sudden attacks of melancholia, in which he wandered around in solitude, cursing himself and his vocation, and that all the services of friends and doctors had been in vain. You may conceive, my reverend master, what an impression this sad news produced upon the Baron! The sight of his poor son would have too deeply shocked him; therefore I journeyed alone to the capital. By means of strong measures Hermogen was at least freed from the wilder outbursts of insanity, but a fixed melancholy,

apparently incurable by medicine, had settled on him. When he saw me he was deeply moved; he told me that a miserable fate compelled him to forego for ever his present station, and that only as a cloistered monk could he preserve his soul from pains of eternal damnation. I found him already clad as you, my reverend father have seen him; but in spite of his opposition, I succeeded at last in bringing him hither. Now he is composed, but he cannot be dissuaded from his fixed idea, and every endeavour to ascertain the incident which has set him in this plight remains, alas! but fruitless, although, perchance it may well be that only the discovery of this secret would point the way to healing.

"A short time since, the Baroness wrote that, by the advice of her confessor, she was about to send hither a Father of holy orders, whose demeanour and words of comfort might work perhaps more good on Hermogen than any other means; since his madness appeared to have taken a religious tendency. I am right glad, my worthy Father, that some lucky chance led you to the city, and that the choice has fallen upon you. You may possibly restore to a downcast family its lost peace, if you direct your labours—which may God bless!—to a twofold goal. Discover Hermogen's appalling secret; his breast will be lightened of the load when he has revealed it, perchance in the confessional, and the Church will restore him to the joyous life of the world, to which he belongs of right, instead of burying him within her walls. But, I prithee, approach the Baroness also. You know all now, and must admit that my observations are of that kind that, although they yield not the slightest foundation for an open complaint against the Baroness, they yet afford no room for mistake nor for unfounded suspicion. You will be completely of my mind when you see Euphemie and know her better. She is religious by natural temperament, and your special gift of eloquence may bring it to pass that her heart is moved and bettered, and thus she will abjure this treachery to a friend whose eternal happiness she is sapping. For I must further tell you, Father, that I often have suspected that the Baron hides within his breast an inner wound, whose cause he will not tell me; beside his anxiety for Hermogen he appears to be fighting with a thought that robs him of all rest. It has sometimes occurred to me that perhaps some evil accident has revealed to him, even clearer than to me, the criminal connection of the Baroness with the accursed Count. Therefore I also commend unto your spiritual care, my reverend Father, my bosom's friend, the Baron."

With these words Reinhold finished his tale, which had tortured me in countless ways, arousing as it did a conflict of opposing emotions within my breast. My own "I" become the plaything of a hideous whim of fate, and split into the strangest of components, swam rudderless upon a sea of incidents that threatened to engulf me beneath their thundering waves. I could not find my own individuality any more! Clearly it was Victorin whom chance had led my hand, and not my will, to cast into the abyss. Now I had taken on his *rôle*; but Reinhold recognized the Father Medardus, the preacher of the Capucin Monastery in B——, and thus for him I was that really which I was in fact! But the relations with the Baroness that Victorin had entertained, had now become my heritage, and I myself was Victorin. At once to be that which I appeared and to appear not to be that which I was; an insoluble riddle to myself, I was divided in my own most inmost self!

CHAPTER XI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the raging storm within me, I was able to simulate the repose that fits a priest, and thus to present myself before the Baron. I found in him a man advanced in years; but in the half-blurred traits there lurked still the signs of marvellous fulness and strength. Not age, but grief, had drawn the deep furrows in his broad, open brow, and bleached his locks. Yet there ruled in all his converse and in his every gesture a cheerfulness and grace that drew each one irresistibly to him. When Reinhold presented me as him whose coming the Baroness had announced, he looked at me in searching fashion, which, however, grew more friendly as Reinhold told him how he had long since heard me preach in the monastery church at B——, and had become convinced of my great gift of eloquence. The Baron trustingly stretched forth his hand to me, and turning to Reinhold, said:

"I know not how it is, dear Reinhold, that the features of the reverend Father appealed so forcibly to me at the very first instant. They aroused some recollection which strove in vain to come to clearness."

It seemed to me as though he would presently break forth, "Yes, it is Count Victorin," for, in some strange fashion, I now believed myself in truth to be the Count, and I felt my blood rising in torrents to blush my cheek. I relied upon Reinhold, and his knowledge of me as Father Medardus; although this seemed to me to be a lie. Nothing could set at rest my distracted mind.

By the desire of the Baron, I must at once make Hermogen's acquaintance; but he was nowhere to be found.

He had been seen wandering towards the hills, and therefore no one had noted his route, as he often spent the whole day roaming in this fashion. All day I remained in the company of the Baron and Reinhold, and I gradually so far recovered my composure that by evening I felt full of courage to enter boldly upon the strange events that seemed to await me. In the solitude of night I opened the satchel, and convinced myself by its means that it was certainly Count Victorin whose mangled remains lay at the foot of the precipice; but the letters addressed to him were of commonplace content, and not one of them gave me the slightest clue to his more immediate surroundings. Without worrying myself further with the question, I determined to yield myself completely to the chance of the moment, whenever I should meet the Baroness on her return.

The very next morning the Baroness and Aurelie unexpectedly arrived. I saw them both descend from their carriage and, received by Reinhold and the Baron, pass within the Castle porch. Restless, I paced my chamber up and down, a prey to perplexing emotions; but this lasted no great while, until I was summoned to meet them.

The Baroness approached me—a noble, lovely woman, in the full bloom of life. When she beheld me, she seemed moved in a strange way: her voice faltered, and she could scarcely find a word of greeting. Her visible embarrassment called forth my courage; I looked her straight within the eyes, and gave

her the monastic blessing. She paled, and sank upon a couch. At that moment the door opened, and the Baron entered, accompanied by Aurelie.

As soon as I gazed on Aurelie, a lightning-flash transfixed my breast, and kindled all my most hidden feelings: the most blissful desire, the intoxication of burning love, all that before had but vibrated in my soul as echo of some unknown and distant boding; yea, life itself now first unrolled its brilliant, many-coloured scroll for me, and all my past lay cold and dead behind me! It was she herself, yes, she, who had appeared in that wondrous vision in the confessional. The half sad, half devout, and childlike glance of the deep blue eyes, the softly outlined lips, the gentle, forward curve of the neck, that seemed to bend in beseeching reverence, the tall, slim form; not Aurelie, it was Saint Rosalia herself! Then, too, the azure drapery that Aurelie had thrown above her dark red gown, was the very same in its fantastic folds as the veil which the Saint upon the canvas, and my own unknown visitant, had borne.

What was the ripe beauty of the Baroness compared with the heavenly charm of Aurelie? Only *her* saw I, while all else faded into nothingness around me. My inward excitement could not escape the bystanders.

"What is amiss, my worthy father?" began the Baron. "You seem to be stirred in some peculiar manner."

These words recalled me to myself; instantly I felt aroused within me a superhuman strength, a never yet experienced daring to venture all, since *she* it was who must be my prize of victory.

"Heaven's blessing be on thee, Sir Baron!" I cried, as though suddenly seized with spiritual inspiration. "A Saint is sojourning among us within these walls; heaven is just opening its hallowed gates, and Saint Rosalia, surrounded by a host of angels, is shedding bliss and comfort upon the devout souls who have faithfully besought her. I hear the hymns of transfigured souls, who press around the Saint, singing her praises from the clouds. I see her head, shining with the glory of heavenly illumination, lifted high towards the choir of holy ones who greet her gaze! *Sancta Rosalia, ora pro nobis!*"

I sank upon my knees, my eyes directed heavenwards, my hands folded in prayer; all present followed my example. No one questioned me further, for they ascribed my sudden outburst to some revelation, so that the Baron determined at once to order masses to be celebrated before the altar of Saint Rosalia within the city church. In this way I had gallantly rescued myself from my perplexity, and was further ready to venture all in pursuit of Aurelie, for whose sake only life was dear to me.

The Baroness seemed peculiarly affected; her gaze followed me, but when I looked without concern upon her, her eyes in ceaseless motion wandered round. The family had withdrawn to another room, and I rushed into the garden, revolving in my mind a thousand thoughts, developing and combating a myriad plans for my future course of conduct in the Castle. Evening had already fallen, when Reinhold appeared and told me that the Baroness, deeply touched by my pious eloquence, wished to speak with me in her chamber.

As soon as I reached her room, the Baroness moved a few paces forward to meet me, seized me by both arms, and staring fixedly into my eyes said: "Is it possible? Is it possible? *Art* thou Medardus, the Capucin Monk? But

no! thy voice, thy form, thine eyes, thy hair! I beseech thee, speak, or I perish in anguish and despair!"

"Victorinus," I whispered softly. She embraced me with the wildest passion—a stream of fire coursed through my every vein; my blood foamed; my senses swooned in nameless bliss, in mad inebriation. But, in my sin, my whole thoughts were turned towards Aurelie alone, and it was to *Her* that, in the violation of my vows, I offered up the safety of my soul.

Yea! Aurelie alone lived within me, my whole senses were filled with her; yet an inward shudder seized me when I thought of seeing her again, as indeed I soon must at the evening meal. It seemed to me as though her chaste glance would unveil my damning sin, and that, unmasked and annihilated, I should break down from very shame. The Baroness also I could not persuade myself to meet again so soon; and thus everything determined me to make pretext of devotional exercise, and absent myself from table.

It only needed a few days to overcome my bashfulness. The Baroness was propriety itself, and the more our secret chains were riveted in criminality, the more did she redouble her attentions to her husband. She assured me that it was only my tonsure, my natural beard and my cloister gait—which however I was beginning now to modify—that had given her untold anxiety; nay, that upon my sudden inspired invocation of Saint Rosalia she had almost been convinced that some inexplicable mistake, some adverse accident, had frustrated her well-laid plans with Victorin and substituted for him some real accursed monk. She marvelled at my forethought in submitting to an actual tonsure and allowing my own beard to grow, and in so carefully studying my gait and movements that even she herself must needs at times look straight into my eyes to assure herself that she had not fallen victim to some caprice of fate.

Meanwhile I had met Victorin's equerry, clad as a peasant, who presented himself on the confines of the park, and I delayed not to speak confidentially with him and warn him to hold himself in readiness to flee with me, in case some mishap should threaten me with danger. The Baron and Reinhold seemed well pleased with me, and pressed me to approach the melancholy Hermogen with all the art and power that I was master of. But it had not been as yet possible for me to get a word with him, for he manifestly avoided me on every opportunity of our being left alone, and, if he met me in the company of the Baron or Reinhold, he gazed on me in so remarkable a manner that I had need to summon all my force in order not to show my own confusion. He seemed to pierce the very depths of my conscience and to read my secret thoughts. A deep distrust, a half-repressed hostility, a scorn too laboriously o'ermastered lay on his sallow cheek, as soon as e'er he saw me.

It happened once that he came upon me wandering in the park for pleasure. I seized this as the appropriate moment to at last clear up our mutually oppressive relation. I took him quickly by the hand, when he would fain have shunned me, and I owed it to my eloquence that I was able to speak with him so earnestly and helpfully, that he seemed to hear me with deep interest, and could not conceal his inner response to my discourse. We had sat down upon a bench of stone, at the end of an alley which led to the Castle. My warmth grew with my speech, and I told him how sinful it was when a man, consuming

his own vitals in his grief, should thrust aside the consolation of the Church who raised the penitent, and should thus take arms against the life which higher powers had set for him. Nay, that even the criminal should not despair of Heaven's mercy, since this despair itself it was that robbed him of the happiness that he might gain by penance and devotion. At last I besought him there and then to confess to me, and thus to purge his soul, as in God's presence, and take from my hands free absolution for his sins. Then he sprang up, his eyebrows knit together, his eyes shot fire, a burning glow suffused his corpse-like face, and with a shrill, unearthly voice, he cried, "Art thou, then, free from sin, that thou darest, as the purest, as God himself, whom thou blasphemest, to seek to gaze into my breast; that thou darest to promise me forgiveness of my sins? Thou, who thyself shalt strive in vain for expiation and for the blessedness of Heaven, for ever closed to thee! Miserable hypocrite, the hour of thy punishment is near, and, trodden to the dust like a venomous worm, thou shalt thirst in vain in shameful death for mercy, wailing for redemption in nameless torture, until thou perishest in mad despair!"

He rushed from me and left me crushed and humbled; all my courage, all my resolution gone. I saw Euphemie coming from the Castle, clad for a foot-excursion. Only with her was consolation to be found. I threw myself across her path; she was shocked by my distress, and asked its origin. I answered by relating the conversation which I had just held with Hermogen, the lunatic, and added that I was tortured by the thought that perhaps Hermogen had, by some strange mischance, unearthed our secret.

Euphemie did not seem to be the least concerned; she smiled in such a way that made me shudder, and answered, "Let us go further into the park, for here we may be observed, and it might give rise to comment if the reverend Father Medardus were seen in such excited converse with me." We passed into a hidden leafy bower. Euphemie embraced me with hot kisses, and thus began:

(*To be continued.*)

No inquirer can fix a direct and clear-sighted gaze towards truth, who is casting side-glances all the while on the prospects of his soul.

—*Martineau.*

Truth is the bond of union and the basis of human happiness. Without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.

—*Jeremy Collier.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

—*Milton.*

SOME THOUGHTS ON REINCARNATION.

THE doctrine of reincarnation may be said to be the key note of Theosophical teachings. It embodies a *principle* so far-reaching in its action, that once a man has grasped and apprehended that principle, it enables him at one step to rise above the influence of those conditions of life and death which appear such a vast and insoluble problem when viewed from the standpoint of a single individual mortal existence.

The doctrine is one that has been taught in all ages under a great variety of forms, but in this, as in everything else, we must be careful to distinguish *form* from the *principle ;* the one is that which adapts itself to transient conditions of the human mind, the other is independent of the form, and when perceived by the *intuition* is recognised under whatever form it may for the time being appear.

It is with the principle rather than with the doctrine that we are now dealing. This principle will come to our unconsciousness as the result of a number of facts in our experience which require a key note to harmonize them, rather than as the result of any evidence or arguments which appeal to our mere intellectual faculties.

We find that everyone, even the man of the world, has some such similar perception of *principles* which lie deeper than his power of analysis can carry him, but which have become so much a part of his consciousness that he recognises them as a fundamental basis of his actions, even though he may not be able to formulate them, or give them a definite shape or name.

There is a faculty of the mind which synthesizes our various experiences, and gives us the power of recognising in a more or less perfect manner, according to our degree in the scale of evolution, those universal principles which underlie matter and form. In its highest aspect this faculty is that of *Intuition*, or the power of immediately perceiving the whole bearing, aspect, or truth of things without reasoning or analysis. Intuition is the basis of all our thoughts and actions, and lies too deep for analysis, for if we regard it as the synthesis of all our past experiences, it is evident to the most casual observer that that experience is not the result of this present existence merely. We easily recognise this faculty when developed to a marked degree in any particular direction, and we then call it *genius*. The man who is born a genius *knows intuitively* that which can only be arrived at in a lesser degree by other men by deductive methods and long training. He starts at the point where other men leave off.

What is it that gives him the power to do this? From whence comes the knowledge which other men have to acquire by painful toil and long experience? and we may further ask: from whence comes that which exists—the same in kind though in varying degrees—in every man, and constitutes the essence of his character, in other words his real Ego?

Each man will answer this question according to his light. The materialist will give one answer, the religionist another. The one believes neither in a heretofore nor a hereafter, the other in a hereafter but not in a heretofore. But to those who are students of the deeper mysteries of humanity, who have penetrated behind the veil of matter and assured themselves of the reality of the inner hidden universe of spiritual activity, and learnt the connection between this and the outward material world, there is but one answer to the question.

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit," said one who had learnt the mystery of "Christ." The real Ego is immortal, and is neither born nor conditioned of matter in the physical plane, but takes to itself the experience of each successive earth life, and becomes responsible for deeds done in the body, and for the helping or hindering of the progress of humanity as a whole. It must work out its own salvation, it must assimilate its own experience, it must pass by its own choice and effort from the lower to the higher, that which it sows it shall also reap.

This is the law of *Karma*, and is so intimately related to that of reincarnation that the two must be considered as one. Karma is the law of compensation, or of cause and effect in its inter-relation on the various planes of consciousness, from the purely spiritual and subjective down to the lowest planes of matter and consciousness. In relation to rebirth, it is the aggregate of those forces *(skandhas)* generated in a previous incarnation, by reason of which another earth-life under certain definite conditions becomes inevitable. These two constitute the key to the position which each individual occupies in his present life on this earth.

The realization of what is involved in these principles will carry the individual an immense step forward in the attainment of that far-reaching spiritual insight which alone can raise us to the level of conscious spiritual beings, living above the attractions of the material plane, the strife of human passions, and uninfluenced by the ever changing opinions, creeds and dogmas of exoteric religions. To know in full is probably synonymous with adeptship. There is mystery within mystery which can only be penetrated as the spiritual insight is developed. Nature speaks to us in her own language, and we must learn that language if we would know her secrets; they cannot be translated.

But let a man have once firmly grasped the principles of reincarnation and Karma, and there can no longer remain any doubt in his mind con-

cerning his course of action, for he has begun to understand the *laws* of his spiritual being, those universal and unalterable principles upon which depends alike the existence of a single atom and of the whole universe, and which are co-related and correspondential on every plane of consciousness.

Those whose intuition can recognise in the laws of our physical life the reflection and counterpart of the laws which operate on the higher planes, possess the key to the whole mystery of life, for they will be able to apprehend that which is the unity of all diversity, and which harmonizes and synthesizes all the various aspects and conditions of things, uniting even such apparent opposites as good and evil, light and darkness, sorrow and joy.

Science and religion, these two also—having so long stood in opposition—will be harmonized and united. Long and bitter has been the struggle, and black and foul the history of dogma and priestcraft. But now science has forced home to the minds of men those laws which condition the physical world, but which when first enunciated in this our *Christian* era, were met by deadly opposition and bitter hatred on the part of the Church.

But, alas, for the dogmatism of the day. That which was heterodox yesterday is orthodox to-day, and history repeats itself. It is no longer orthodox religion, but orthodox science that represents the dogmatism of the age. The battle which the scientists have fought and won against the powers of superstition has now to be fought and won against the powers of Materialism and Atheism. Those who will lead mankind to the larger knowledge in store for them, have to fight over again the battles of the scientists on a higher plane, and force home to the minds of men the *laws* which condition their spiritual nature. These laws being the counterpart of those which exist on the material plane, we see the possibility that exists for a *scientific religion*, a religion based on principles as firmly established as those which we act upon every day of our lives in dealing with physical forces.

An understanding of the principle of reincarnation cannot fail to give us a clear perception of the relativity of *form*, whether in the outward physical world, or in the inner world of thought as represented in those various systems and doctrines, creeds, dogmas and mental paraphernalia in general, in which men dress up their ideas, and endeavour to make others wear them, and which they even take for verities, and bow down and worship.

In the physical world there is nothing permanent; the mightiest hills endure but for a day. Nations and races, forms of government, civilization, society, religion—all these are but as the mote that dances in the sunshine. And yet while they last, men centre in them their energies and passions, and they only change amidst a horrid dim of human strife, pain and delusion. To-day a man will fight with bitter senti-

ment, against those who appear likely to upset his doctrine of atonement or his Athanasian creed. But where were these doctrines when 2,000 years ago this same individual lived in quite a different state of society, or 200,000 years ago, which yet is but as yesterday if a man can but comprehend?

To-day in the so-called *Christian* Church it is possible for a bishop to stand in danger of imprisonment if he administer his office in one *form* rather than another. And human passions are roused, and envy, malice, and all uncharitableness are brought to light in the name of religion, and for the sake of—form! Truly the Devil—having somewhat of a larger view of humanity than these his dupes—must laugh to see how men *practise* the religion of Christ, mistake the husk for the kernel, and place themselves in the very position of those pharisees whom Christ so vehemently denounced.

One of the first lessons which we are taught by the doctrine of reincarnation is this:—that however different may be the ideas, conceptions, states, or conditions of our fellow men from that which we find in our selves, any one of these conditions may have been ours yesterday, may be ours to-morrow. Humanity as a whole, in its mental and spiritual aspects, finds as many conditions of life as that which exists on the face of the globe in flora or fauna, and we must view humanity as a whole, and apart from any one section of it, or from our own individuality, before we can understand those principles which govern our evolution, and which necessitate that we should pass through every state, degree, and condition of life in our progress towards those higher states of spiritual selfconsciousness, which are independent of the conditions which pertain to our present physical life.

There is no room here for either self-righteousness or dogmatism. Each man must decide for himself what form is most in harmony with the highest perceptions of truth, what best helps him to realise his spiritual aspirations. But if he would understand something of those principles which govern the human heart, he must be able to view humanity—not through the coloured glasses of his own particular creed, but with an universal sympathy which embraces all creeds. This is the basis and root idea of Theosophy, founded on a knowledge of that which has been is, and will be.

Many thoughts, too deep for words, come crowding into our minds when we reflect upon what we may have done and suffered in those past lives, the memory of which is mercifully hidden from our present consciousness. The burden of our mistakes and failures, of hopes blighted, of bitter experience, apparently fruitless struggles, and often in suffering which appears so absolutely unmerited and unjust that we are in danger of losing all hope and faith; these things, which come to all men in greater or lesser degree as the experience of a single life time, are oft-times too heavy a burden for us to bear, and we gladly close our eyes in

the sleep of death, with an instinctive feeling that this is Nature's remedy for the worn and suffering soul.

If from this sleep we were to awake, as we awake every morning, with the recollection of the previous day, and the full weight of our responsibilities and cares, which of us would be able to take up once more the burden of life? It can only be when we have learnt to distinguish the reality from the illusion, the true from the false, the spiritual from the material; when we have raised our consciousness above the level of time and space, and learnt to dwell in the eternal consciousness of the absolute reality, that we shall be able to stand face to face with the ghosts of our former selves, and read our record in the book of life; for then we shall know in full that what we now call good and evil are but the opposite poles of manifestation, and have no existence, save on the plane of illusions.

"Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
"Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
"Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever;
"Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!"

W. KINGSLAND.

THE SACRED MISSION OF THE S. P. R.

ALL our friends remember the astounding story, born and elaborated in the head of a too zealous "Researcher" sent to India to investigate that which he was incapable of understanding, accepted by many grave and wise men of Cambridge, and joyfully snapped up by the sensation-loving society fish. It was the Gordian knot of the T. S. cut at one blow by the perspicacious Alexander, the great conqueror of spooks and mediums: namely, that the motive for claiming certain phenomenal manifestations as true, was the desire to benefit thereby the Russian Government. So strong became the "Russian Spy" impression with the public, that actually writers of novels began to mention the charge as *fait accompli*. *A propos* of this, we find a very witty hit at the S. P. R. in the *Hawk* of March 12 ult.

"Madame Blavatsky has recently compiled a work, called the 'Secret Doctrine,' which covers the last brief period of the last thousand million of years which the world has supposed to have taken to evolute itself, Moses, Darwin, Huxley, and the rest notwithstanding. The Spookical Research Society have, I understand, appointed a permanent committee, with right of hereditary succession to its members, to study and analyze this work, as it is believed to be a covert attack on the British Empire."

OCCULT AXIOMS AND THEIR SYMBOLS.

(Concluded.)

V.

MATERIALISTIC science will never be able to furnish morality with a sound basis, so long as it considers humanity only as a species of the animal kind; so long as it assigns to evolution and progress no other purpose but an amelioration in physical organisms, and the acquisition, by the fittest individuals, of a kind of shrewdness and perfected instinct which will allow them to live more comfortably; so long as it refuses to recognise in man principles entirely different from the material ones, subject to different laws and surviving physical dissolution. If everything ends with material life, the only wise plan is to fill it with material enjoyment. On these lines of belief, virtue is a supernumerary quantity: it may be your interest to be virtuous in appearance, but it is of no consequence to anybody whether you are so in reality or not. No individual benefit arises from virtue, except what consideration or profit you may derive from it, or the reciprocity of good treatment and protection you may expect from the community, supposing the community is commonly honest. Then the man must be a fool who instead of calculating exactly the possible returns, is simply charitable, or who, instead of taking clever measures to escape detection, simply avoids wickedness. As for the community called Society, everybody knows how tender-hearted it is to its benefactors, how ready to proclaim and recompense virtue, how prompt to detect and punish crime. Everybody knows that big consideration, big fortune, and big stomachs are the exclusive appanage of bankers and deacons, who have deserved them by lives of truthfulness and integrity. Provided you do not transgress the letter of the established code, you may indulge in a tolerable number of sins of commission, without speaking of those of omission, and remain a very respectable citizen in full possession of all the chances of the Municipal elections. Undeniably any more than ordinarily clever man will not be satisfied with such innocent ambition. The man who deserves admiration is the one who cheats others into the belief that he has done them some service, and induces them to an undeserved reciprocity. This is the principle of modern charity, which is a means to social safety, a personal gratification of pride, and an excellent way for females of calling attention to their beauty, elegance and loving disposition, and for men of advertising their business. With a little practice at that game, a man may easily deserve a statue on public

thoroughfares. Charity is a fine word, when engraved on a pedestal, or when printed at the head of a list of the members of some committee, or of some programme for a mundane entertainment. Charity is the occasional sop by which is kept down the anger of the starving beasts in their cages. It is as necessary to public order as the wig of Justice. As for real silent charity, without hope of reward or expectation of reciprocity, as for virtue for the sake of virtue itself, as for self-sacrifice and devotion to others, they are ridiculous, absurd, and happily rare exceptions. More: they are dangerous and of bad example, as several Positivists have already remarked.

Human faculties are like sirens, virtues above the waist and vices below; passions are the material of powers, evil is the origin of good, pain the substratum of pleasure, and ridicule the potentiality of the sublime. The taste of the ragged vulgar for barrel-organs and cheap oleographs, and of the vulgar in full dress for ballad concerts and ugly antiques, is the announcement of a nascent artistic feeling. Similarly hypocrisy, is a homage to virtue, and the sham charity of the replete bourgeois is the beginning of unselfishness. True, the night of egotism is still very dark; egotism is yet the mainspring of our social activities, competition the backbone of our industry, and national selfishness the ideal for which many heroes are ready to die. But is this a proof that patriotism will not be looked upon as a vice a few centuries hence, that no civilization can be conceived where production alone would have the importance now imprudently attributed to exchange that the present social state is the best and only one possible? Ask the question, not from those who have been successful in the struggle, but from its victims, from the multitudes trampled under the wheels of progress, from the unemployed men and starving families, and from those moral wrecks, more pitiful still, whose brains have been atrophied by the weight of their account books. The few advantages of competition are largely compensated by its inconveniencies: it is the principal and nearly sole cause of our present miseries and social evils. Says one of our Masters: "That curse known as the struggle for life is the real and most prolific parent of most woes and sorrows and all crimes. Why has that struggle become the almost universal scheme of the universe? We answer, because no religion, with the exception of Buddhism, has hitherto taught a practical contempt for this earthly life, while each of these always with that one solitary exception, has through its hells and damnations inculcated the greatest dread of death. Therefore do we find that struggle for life raging most fiercely in Christian countries, most prevalent in Europe and America. It weakens in the pagan lands, and is nearly unknown amongst Buddhist populations . . . . Teach the people to see that life on this earth, even the happiest, is but a burden and an illusion, that it is but our Karma, the cause producing the effect, that is our own judge, our Saviour in future lives; and the

great struggle for life will soon lose its intensity." Again, because competition is amongst us a prevailing motive, it does not prove that no other incentive to action exists or may be found. Are we to believe that people would not work unless they be starved, this degrading argument of people who employ the Chinese or German paupers at reduced wages on one hand, and excite the hatred of the British or American workmen against them on the other? Some monsters speculate on misery and thrash human dignity with the whip of animal want; does this prove the laziness of the victims or the baseness of the executioners? Exploitation and tyranny, necessity and overwork are means the best calculated to disgust a man with his task. Ask any craftsman, free and sincere, what is the best incentive to his efforts: he will answer you that it is the love of his business and not the necessity of earning his livelihood. Enthusiasm and desire of affection will prompt an artist further and quicker than competition and the desire to earn more money than his colleagues; nearly always, when a man of genius is seized with the ambition of making his fortune, he loses his originality and becomes a base flatterer of common vulgarity and vice. A decoration generally proves a patch on a fine picture. The rival efforts of real artists towards the beautiful, of poets towards the ideal, of philosophers towards the truth, can no longer be called competition. They are termed emulation, a term which is nearly synonymous with united efforts. What then shall we call the convergent efforts of the saints towards virtue? One of the first things taught to those who would tread the path of Occultism is that they must give up all wish to overcome their brothers, and grow, like the lilies of the fields, without knowing it. Love of perfection itself is scarcely a sufficient qualification: their main motive must be the desire to acquire knowledge in order to place it at the service of Humanity.

Since the world has passed its middle point of evolution, altruism has begun to dawn upon Humanity: and however pale and distant this aurora we may feel sure that these calls from Buddha, from Christ, from Theosophy, these rays which have always come from the East, are the presage of the coming day. However disagreeable may be at present the relations between members of the social body, yet each one of them is indebted to these relations for most of the things he possesses, knows or can do. Men can be numbered whose opinions are not from newspapers, whose science is not from books, whose wit is not from hearsay. To improve upon the achievements of others, we must first assimilate them. In fact if competition is an element of progress, association is the condition of progress and of competition itself; and rivalry is but the means to some association of a superior order. If wild individuals had not wrestled with each other, no tribal alliances would have been formed; without the fights between tribes, there was no motive for the formation of provinces; and the dissensions between counties prepared national

unity. Will this be the end of association, and may we not hope that our international wars, perhaps by their very atrocity, will necessitate International Arbitration, and that cannon shots will have cleared the way for universal brotherhood? The author of that thoughtful work, "Looking Backwards," traces the same process of growth through social economy, and predicts for it a similar development: upon individual exchange, small trade was an improvement; now we see small trade ruined and absorbed by big stores and co-operative companies. Mr. Bellamy believes that the competition between the latter will eventually result in their agglomeration into national syndicates, so that the wealth of the nation will be administered by the nation itself. The author has drawn upon this hypothesis the Elysean picture of a social state where the struggle for existence has no more a *raison d'être.* Then the history of philosophy is there to show that the shock of opinions always elicited light: after religious wars, after metaphysical battles, the champions generally find themselves purified, and some new and larger truth establishes itself on the ruins of the dismantled creed. The egotists are not the men who launch boldly and alone upon the sea of the unknown, nor the audacious who frankly express their doubts upon an adopted dogma or a consecrated habit: it is through such benefactors that the world really advances. The inventor of a new instrument of labour, of a new product, of a new mode of thought or a new method of conduct is a fighter against the egotism of those who try to stifle the discovery, because it disturbs their interests or simply their quietness. The egotists are those whose laziness would prevent the world from moving, whose sleepiness would paralyse the thoughts of others. The common egotism of the Pharisees was responsible for the crucifixion of Christ: the aggregate egotism of the Christian church is responsible for the narrowness of modern thought, and the scholastic egotism of modern science is responsible for the psychic ignorance of our age.

There is between each one of us and his fellow men a borrowing and lending somewhat analogous to the process of feeding. The productions, acts and thoughts of others are the material from which our thought gets its sustenance; it extracts the essence of that food and gives it back to the commonwealth under the form of its individual activity. The man who has understood this process can no more think of his soul as separated from others, than we can conceive our bodies as independent from universal substance and life. But, even for the common egotist, what after all is the end of the struggle? What is the ambition of the most narrow-minded candle merchant, when he has retired from business? To buy a cottage where he may invite his friends, and spend, in rejoicing with them, part and sometimes the whole of the money he has laboriously saved. There are really very few joys attractive to a man unless he partakes of them with others. Even upon his animal wants he must throw the veil of company, and he loathes a

lonely dinner table. Acquirements are of little use unless shown and communicated. The potentate who hires a concert room for his exclusive use, the drunkard who shuts himself up in a solitary cellar, are exceptions. Few men could bear the weight of lonely enjoyment; madness and despair would be the result for the majority. Perfect egotism is an asceticism of a peculiar kind, and constitutes the trial of the black magician.

Thus, even ordinary reasoning and examples taken from daily life show us that the dictates of egotism are not infallible. But the necessity of altruism can be demonstrated philosophically. In a magnificent article upon Theosophy (Revue des deux mondes, July 15, 1888), Mr. Burnouf, the celebrated French Orientalist, called upon it to render Humanity an immense service by showing the existence of a law superior to that of the struggle for existence. Our doctrine is the only one able to furnish such a demonstration as a basis for morality; further, it can give altruism three equally solid foundations, the one practical, the other philosophical, and the third religious.

The recognition of Karmic justice and of the law of Reincarnation shows us the practical advantage of not doing to others what we should not like them to do to us, and further, of sowing, by positive deeds of charity, the germs of a future harvest of benefits for ourselves. This reasoning embraces both the arguments of Christian and Utilitarian moralists, at the same time corrected, purified and sublimated. As we have already said, Positivism, concerning itself merely with the short life of the present, cannot convince us that there is any harm in cheating the social body, if we are clever enough to make sure of having our rights attended to, while only pretending to fulfil our duties: it may try to vaguely argue that virtue is the best way to happiness, but this sentimental suspicion will never be sufficient to prevent any man with evil tendencies or under strong temptation from taking his pleasure where he finds it, when that man is persuaded that everything ends with the present life, and that his conduct is of no more importance, after all, either to himself or to the world at large, than the noise of a wasp in the forest. A Chinese proverb says that whoever finds pleasure in vice and pain in virtue, is yet a novice in both: but as a matter of fact most men are such novices that even hygienic considerations and the scientific knowledge of consequences is scarcely sufficient to deter them from unhealthy gratification of their passions: when they are mad enough to waste their own life, how could they be expected to spare the interests of others? When a man in anger is ready to destroy himself, provided he destroys his enemy at the same time, will he stop to consider that he has no right to deprive the social body of a double life? Undoubtedly the Christian sanctions contained more power and efficacy: but Christianity fell into the opposite exaggeration, and darkened so much the pictures of future punishment that it made man doubt Justice. The fairy-

tales of hell and its king the devil never worked satisfactorily, even on the infantile minds of Mediæval Humanity because men cannot be rendered virtuous through fear: at most can they be turned into cowards and slaves. In our days of free and scientific thought, Christian preachers themselves have understood the puerility of their bogey stories, and reserve them for uncommonly rural congregations. Satan's fork is no longer the lever of the masses, and the horns wear out more and more every day on the poor devil's head. To-day the favourite text for sermons on virtue is that we must be good out of gratitude towards the Creator: but considering that evil predominates in the world and that its Creator must therefore be more than half wicked, it is a question whether we should not have more chances of pleasing him by being as unmerciful as himself. Besides, many a noble soul would prefer even a voluntary damnation with the majority of Mankind to an egotistic salvation with a few generally very uninteresting elect. Then, there is the psychological fact, that a man feels little remorse or even satisfaction for deeds, good or bad, committed, say thirty years ago, and that the justice does not stand well in equilibrium which would give to our short passage on earth the counterpoise of an eternity without relief to the monotony either of pain or pleasure; and this other philosophical fact, that, as pain is only a contrast to pleasure and *vice versâ*, both torment and bliss would in time merge into indifference, unless indeed the saints, in order to preserve the necessary contrast, should from time to time open their nostrils to the smell of the roasted flesh of their unfortunate brothers.

Although the religions of our country and philosophies of our time are unable either to explain or to remedy the dreadful evils which are the lot of a great majority of Mankind, a conscientious observer cannot help acknowledging that there lurks in the hearts, even of the most miserable, an instinctive belief in justice, an intuitional conviction that right cannot be made wrong by might, and that somehow or somewhere injustice will find a compensation. This feeling cannot be attributed to religions which explain physical contrasts by metaphysical contradictions: besides, it is to be found, sometimes stronger than anywhere else, in countries where generations of free thinkers have transmitted to each other their scepticism, and where agnosticism is the attitude of an overwhelming majority of the people. Whence, then, that innate honesty, if not from a kind of unconscious recognition of the law of Karma? If anything is to be wondered at in our period of transitions, it is not the frequency of crimes; but rather their scarcity. When Humanity has no longer any belief and has not yet any knowledge, when we see on one hand the respect of the law fading away from the minds of the people, and on the other that same law softening the rigorism of its code as civilization advances, when passivity and ignorance diminish in the same proportion as sensuality and discontent increase, we may certainly ask ourselves what mysterious rope still holds together the inflammable brands of the social faggot.

The Karma of our egotistic civilisation is above our heads like a dark cloud which will resolve itself into tears and blood, while a maelstrom of despair and hatred whirls in the hearts of the pariahs deserted in the midst of our populous cities: at every corner is to be met the tramp, wearing along without hope or purpose. Before him is the endless street with its fog and smoke; above him, the gloom of the pitiless sky and the drizzling rain; below, the mud where his sore and cold feet sink at each step; around him, no sympathetic look meets his eyes: his misery escapes the notice of the restless, uneasy-looking men of business hurrying to their offices, and of the stiff arrogant idlers, who carry their respectabilities like brimful vessels, grave as undertakers, dignified as offended turkeys; who walk with their elbows away from the body to keep the vulgar at a distance, and who have stiffened the muscles of their faces that no human feeling should appear and compromise their fashionable imbecility. But the philosopher does not know which is more to be pitied, the despair of the one or the confidence of the other: for he knows that riches and poverty are only the extreme points on the wheel of Karma: and knowing he has himself passed through many happy and many miserable lives, he values the present one only for the opportunities it affords him of returning unselfish service for the egotism he has to suffer from, and of alleviating the miseries he has escaped.

The man, however, who does good simply to prepare himself a good Karma, may be said to practice altruism egotistically, although virtue can never be a purely personal thing, since it spreads around itself spiritual influences and material examples. But Theosophy can offer to the royal virtue of unselfishness higher and nobler seats. If the diversity of forms is actually tending towards reabsorption in Unity, the man whose efforts have personality as their only goal is simply swimming against Evolution. And as the contractive force must ultimately gain victory over the expansive one, final dissolution is reserved to those who would fight against the predominant universal power. The said expansion and contraction, however, are only material similes or introversions of spiritual facts: the path of altruism leads to expansion of limited consciousness into universal consciousness or Omniscience: while egotism is the way to infinitesimal nescience, which is the only mode of annihilation, the frightful punishment reserved, at the end of the Manwantara, to the Adepts of the left hand. Everything finite being also transient, egotism is incompatible with immortality. Matter is eternal like Spirit, but eternally unconscious, while Spirit is the source of consciousness. Unconscious eternity being no better than non-existence, the only manner of obtaining salvation is to transfer our consciousness from the low planes to the higher ones, to sacrifice personality on the altar of the Higher Self. Let him who dreams of sublimating and immortalising his egotism consider that nothing will remain of his work but what can be used by others; that he must leave to somebody else the money he has saved, the palaces

he has built, the devices he has planned for his own gratification ; and that he will carry nothing beyond the grave, nothing but the craving he could not and can never satisfy, and which will bring him down again and again to learn the deceptions of many rebirths. Let him remember that life has been lent to him only in order that he may offer his stone to the monument Humanity is building according to the plans of Nature ; that the very feelings which made him love so much his personality are only the veils thrown by Nature on her own necessities ; that his dreams of voluptuousness only helped to the preservation of species, his shadow of free-will to the improvement of the race, within the bounds of immutable laws ; and that even the peculiarities of feeling, conduct, thought and aspirations which he thought most intimate and entirely his own, were nothing but the eternal recommencement of preordinated types. And if he hesitates still to acknowledge his delusion, let him observe the superb indifference of Nature to the fate of individuals ; how brightly the sun shines on the despair of poets or the pride of kings, on graveyards and battlefields, on the joys and sorrows of Humanity, and would continue to shine were the earth itself scattered to atoms.

Thus, the man who practises altruism acts not only in his own superior interest, but also in accordance with the ultimate purposes of Nature. To souls endowed with religious sentimentality, however, these practical and scientific arguments will not appeal so strongly as this other philosophical truth, that Love and Sympathy are the direct manifestations of the Divinity concealed in the inmost penetralia of our Highest Being. Not only all men come from a common origin and tend to the same goal, not only do the many proceed from and to the one, but as we have said this Unity is ever present in everybody and everywhere, and, by a magnificent law which perpetuates the primordial reality through the diversity of illusions, it remains constantly as our central guide throughout our dreary pilgrimage. The light of egotism is but a distorted reflection of this sun of altruism : when, in moments of despair, man recedes in the internal night of what appears to him loneliness and void, then, if he but opens towards the inside the eyes he has shut upon the external nightmares, he will find the real Self which is above our joys as our sorrows : he will find a deep recess sheltered from the tempests of life, where many a time before he has unconsciously taken refuge. Betrayed by a woman, conquered by a rival, abandoned by those we love, or even justly punished for some fault of ours, we feel above our souls the impassive being who watches us weep, and such is his brilliancy that even in our humiliation rises an inmost protest of superiority, for our real Self is indeed superior to everything : it is for this same reason that everyone of us is inclined to think better of himself and to love himself better than anybody else, thus prostituting to the lower Ego the love which the real Ego alone deserves. The supreme Unity being the highest principle in our own constitution, if we remove one after the

other, for the analysis of thought, the different "Koshas" or sheaths which envelop ATMA, we remove at the same time personal limitations and the causes of separateness, so that we can find our Self only by losing ourselves. Atma cannot be called an individual principle; it does not belong either to me or to you: the same thing says "I" in you as well as in myself, behind your name and form as well as my peculiarities, under my vices as well as your virtues. Whoever has understood this sublime doctrine of the essential identity of "I" and "Thou" under the illusory distinction of "Mine" and "Thine," scarcely finds any words to express its sacredness. It inspired the mansuetude and benevolence of generations of Yogis and Buddhists, and it ought to be made the central and first teaching of Theosophy. It is similar to the Christian precept: "Love each other for the sake of God"; but that God instead of being outside of creation, so far that men can doubt his existence, is ever present in our Self and the Self of others, and is that Self: and man, instead of reckoning on external influences and arbitrary mercy, needs no other prayer but aspiration towards that perfect model enthroned in his own soul, who demands no other sacrifice but the crucifixion of egotism. This truth is not to be demonstrated by mere reasoning, although our whole philosophy rests upon it, although the wonderful similarity which carries in an endless circle all the acts, thoughts, passions and aspirations of Humanity seems to point out the existence of some common principle: but it is to be sensed in the depths of our own being, to be felt at the sight of any fellow man, to be realised by eyes meeting eyes, by words answering to words, by joys and sorrows swelling in our hearts in sympathy with the enjoyments and sorrows of others. O, Brothers! Here is the real basis of morality: we have found the source of Love: descending into the inmost sanctum of my own being, it is you all I meet there. Why should I quarrel with you? Am I angry with my teeth when I bite my tongue, and shall I hate a caterpillar when I love a butterfly? If you hurt me by your words, deeds or antipathy, is it not "He," who through an imperfect brain sees in me an enemy and believes he has reasons to hate me? If you caress me, if you praise me, if you love me, is it not "He" who recognises himself behind a body you wish to embrace, behind a soul you wish to understand? Atma is the central sight, which looking at the world through so many souls and so many eyes, sees it under so many aspects. The fourth visage of Brahmâ is the august and melancholy face of Humanity, the one type, mine as well as yours, which is to be perceived behind the masks stamped by Karma upon our souls, the masks smiling with kindness or stiffened by egotism and distorted by passion, the masks of angels or of demons. The wailing of the forest and of the sea, and the moanings of the brutes, the clear and pearly laugh of merry girls and the groans of humanity in travail, all the noises of the planet, express the same thing as the silence of the infinite. O, my Selves! In the

sacred name of "Him" who is more than our common father, being the centre of all our beings, I shout to you the universal call to Love and my weak voice loses itself in that Verb expressed by all flesh!

AMARAVELLA.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

VAIN seeker after all-abiding truth!
Wouldst fathom Nature in her hidden ways?
Wouldst drag her deepest workings into light,
And master secrets that might change the world?
But know, poor mortal, that to such as thee
The higher myst'ries may not be revealed
Until such time as thou art wholly quit
Of each unworthy thought—each selfish hope
That links thy being, still, to things of earth.
To KNOW is *pow'r*—then be thy aim to KNOW.
But, if thou would'st attain to higher spheres,
Seek *first* the knowledge of that living God
In whom reside all wisdom, truth and strength.
When thou hast cleansed thy Spirit—purged thy soul
From all the worthless dross that weighs it down;
When thou hast conquered *self*, and overcome
The countless passions that possess thy breast;
When thou hast learnt to coldly spurn the world
With all its rotten pomp, deceptive joys,
Then seek, and not till *then*, that Holy Love,
That mighty power that flows from God alone!

What profit, though, by wearisome research,
'Twere possible to conquer death itself;
To banish sickness and prolong this life
Through countless dreary ages yet to come;
To stand alone amidst a fleeting world,
A rock 'gainst which the surging tide of years
Might beat, in vain, till time should cease to be?
Ah! Thoughtless being! Wouldst thou court a fate
More terrible than well can be conceived?
Poor erring child of earth! Dost thou not know
That life, prolonged to only twice its span,
Would be so great a curse to thee, that thou
Wouldst surely pray that death might set thee free?
Say, wouldst thou live, and see thy loved ones die?
It never could be so!—I tell thee *nay!*
For nature would revolt at such a state.
And he alone may breast the tide of time
Whose sympathies, to all intents, are dead;
Who knows no earthly tie—no earthly hope,
But who would calmly soar above the world
To contemplate a boundless universe
And seek, perchance, to grasp Eternal Truth.

He conquers death who does not fear to die;
For that which man no longer views with dread
Must straightway lose its absolute domain;
And he who stands prepared for life or death—
Shall he not triumph even o'er the grave!
Yet while the body lives, *so long* the soul
Is kept within its carnal prison house,
Nor can it hope to win its flight aloft
And meet the full and glorious light of Heaven.
Its brightness dimmed—its lofty powers obscured,
It lingers on within this mortal clay
And, knowing *much*, still fails of knowing *all;*
Since *death alone* can set the spirit free
And lead to that more *pure* and *perfect life*
That follows when the soul is *one* with *God!*

"TINY."

COMMENTS OF JOHN WORRELL KEELY ON DR. SCHIMMEL'S LECTURE.

"THE UNITY OF NATURE'S FORCES."

MR. KEELY'S opinion having been asked as to some of the theories and views advanced by the learned lecturer, he writes as follows :—

"*Both atoms and ether are material,*" says Dr. Schimmel, adding "*Chemistry forces us to accept this theory.*"

But this system does not classify the progressive order. Schimmel says "atoms and ether." Ether in its high tenuous condition is above the atomic, both in sub-division and in elastic range; and is the third in order below the luminiferous track in this sub-division. The inter-etheric is the second sub-division, and the compound inter-etheric is the luminiferous track proper. As long as there is anything to sub-divide this anything sub-divided represents matter; and sub-division can go on through infinity: never ending, and yet no ultimatum reached. The luminiferous track is the door that opens on the seventh sub-division, still leaving an infinite field beyond.* Yet, with all this, we are only verging on the threshold of research. Again Dr. Schimmel says, "*The atoms are indivisible.*" Decidedly wrong. All corpuscules of matter can be sub-divided by a certain order of vibration, thus showing up new elements. Not mechanical vibration, but sympathetic vibration, induced by negatizing sympathetic streams.

I will add here that Mr. Keely demonstrates, in some of his experiments, that the magnetic needle, in pointing to the north, is merely the indicator that proves the direction of the flow of one of the sympathetic terrestrial streams. It is well known that the attractive power of the magnet is limited to a very small range. Independent of this sympathetic stream, its power could never be used as a medium to prove polar sympathy for this terrestrial current, the concentrating power of which is due north.

This magnetic stream, or terrestrial magnetic envelope, is the one that has the most powerful affinity for all neutral-centre conditions; radiating continually from such centres, and focalizing and concentrating on them at the same time; thus feeding and distributing in a manner to preserve perfect equation under the most sympathetic and vital velocity, positively

* This is precisely what the Occult Sciences teach, and what more than one renowned Mystic and Kabalist has asserted in his time. In fact, as we have already remarked before now—Mr. Keely's discoveries corroborate wonderfully the teachings of Occult Astromony and other Sciences.—[Ed.]

and negatively. This perpetual polar activity is, in its conditions, similar to the sympathetic outflow and inflow of the forces that constantly keep our solar activity in a perfectly balanced state. The same conditions in a physical way are found in the circulation of the blood through the heart; inflow and distribution, inflow again and re-distribution; and also in the cerebral functions. Blue light represents one of the highest orders of sympathetic impulse, and gives forth a condition of etheric radiation that has a tendency to antagonise any differentiation that may exist in the neutral centres of all molecular masses outside of the mechanical.

Returning to Dr. Schimmel's lecture, we find this statement:—"*Atoms are different in shape, as crystallization shows.*"

Mr. Keely calls this an absurd theory, and says: "All corpuscules, no matter how great the sub-division may be, remain an unalterable sphere in shape.* Their rotating envelopes are composed of tenuous matter, representing the high etheric in its order, having an affinity for the luminiferous condition. When dispersed by sympathetic vibration, they seek the luminous one, with the velocity of gravity, which is its tenuous coincident.

"Crystallization is the effect of an unalterable law of nature in aggregating molecular masses structurally, according to sympathetic conditions, representing the nature of the substance under aggregation. This condition of affinity is controlled by certain sympathetic streams of negative attraction. Thousands of different substances can receive their introductory impulses of aggregation from a single polarized stream. The infinite differentiations that take place from such a stream, in producing a variety of structures, is as unexplainable as is infinity itself.

"A volume of ether of the sixth order enveloping the earth the depth of the earth's diameter, if free of rotation, would carry this globe towards the luminous field with the velocity of a meteor.

"No conceivable power by pressure can force the atom, or the molecule, out of its spherical form. Its wonderful condition of elasticity causes it, if submitted to enormous pressure, to reduce in area, but does not change its shape. If submitted to the explosion of nitro-glycerine, which tears up the surface of the rock it is placed on, before displacing the surrounding atmosphere, it will no more effect the sphericity of the molecule than the waft of a butterfly's wing would roll a five hundred pound cannon ball up an inclined plane.

"Acoustic forces induce a vibration of the rotary envelopes of the different corpuscules of matter, but never differentially."

To return to Dr. Schimmel, who says:—

"*A falling body is not attracted toward the earth; it is pressed toward it.*"

* Such is the occult teaching—also.—[Ed.]

Mr. Keely replies: "I cannot accept an argument of this kind, which would upset the Newtonian theory. There is no purer law of nature than the one of the attraction of gravitation. No matter how subtle or tenuous any gaseous product may be, it offers resistance to a falling body. I contend that a body projected through an atmospheric vacuum, even at a certain velocity, will meet resistance. It would not in an etheric vacuum, at any conceivable velocity."

Dr. Schimmel's comments upon the phenomena of heat, chemical affinity, molecular vibration, etc., are noticed by Mr. Keely as follows:—

"All conditions where chemical assimilation takes place induce heat; simply because the sympathetic unition of the molecular concordants move towards each other with wonderful percussive velocity. Heat is the result in the following order:—

"1st. Molecular percussion. 2nd. Molecular rupture. 3rd. Inter-molecular assimilation. 4th. Equation by vibration.

"Luminosity can never be induced by molecular vibration."

Mr. Keely proceeds to theorize upon this assertion; conjecturing that luminosity might possibly be induced by inter-atomic vibrations, under certain conditions; adding, "but it would necessitate exploring an unknown field, which might, in its wonderful intricacies, absorb a series of years. This would be a variation, and I never deal in variations on high tenuity."

Dr. Schimmel's theory of each string of a harp giving forth its own particular note, when the air passes through them, is not in accordance with Mr. Keely's views; each particular note being, he thinks, produced by the volume of their molecular masses while under bombardment by atmospheric molecular percussion, and not by any particular quality of any other stream. Again, Dr. Schimmel asserts that the ether compensates the sun for the enormous amount of heat which it loses, by compressing the sun into a smaller volume.

Mr. Keely does not accept this theory. He says: "I consider the sun as a vast neutral centre to a system of worlds, and that its regeneration depends entirely upon the reactive sympathetic vibratory streams which, emanating from its own body, are received in the system of worlds it controls, and are sympathetically returned to it, to be projected again, until the vibratory force, that has controlled it through the ages, is expended."

Mr. Keely regards the sun as a dead body, an inert mass,* that has

* Between Mr. Keely calling the Sun "a dead body," and the Occult Doctrine maintaining that what we call the Sun is a reflection of untold electric brightness, the "veil which covers and conceals the *living* Sun behind," there is but a difference in the mode of expression; the fundamental idea is the same. The shadow on the wall produced by a living man or object is the inanimate, or dead effect of an animate and living cause which intercepts the rays of light. The Sun we see is "an inert mass" of adumbrations, the unreal phantom of the real Sun, which, but for this *veil*, would consume our earth, and probably all the planets with its fierce radiancy. If it has been calculated of that solar "phantom" we see, that the heat emitted by it in a single second would be enough "to melt a shell of ice covering the entire surface of the earth to a depth of 1 mile 1,457 yards." What would be the intensity of sunlight if the invisible Sun were suddenly unveiled? And this is what will happen, the Occult Doctrine teaches, when the hour of Pralaya strikes—after which the Sun himself will be disrupted.—[ED.]

fallen into its negative condition through, or from, the loss of its triple sympathetic vibratory impulses, much on the order of the steel bar that has been vitalized by percussion, which Mr. Keely shows in his experiments to be active and sounding until the vibrations end in a vanishing point, thus leaving the molecular mass dead, or inert, until the proper impulse to renew its activity is given. In this new philosophy the different planets represent certain sympathetic chords or centres, all attuned to take part in one celestial melody, the same as the different chords of the piano. Necessarily the great plan of the Originator of "the music of the spheres" brings into life the proper ones, at the proper time, on the positive range; and neutralizes again at the proper time the negative ones on the neutral range; and thus the harmony of the spheres is maintained.

To return to Dr. Schimmel's lecture, he says: "The rays of the sun, as rays, are cold and dark; in their interaction with atoms they produce heat and light."

Mr. Keely writes, "There is no language that can give any idea of the intense cold of the impulses emanating from this orb of day. All the thermal conditions are brought about by different orders of molecular activity, induced by sympathetic streams of three different conditions." In his "Exposé," Mr. Keely calls these streams the "triune rays of Infinity."

Dr. Schimmel says that, where lighter and heavier metals are soldered, the molecules of the lighter metal will vibrate with greater intensity than those of the heavier metal, and will be forced to vibrate in a new plane around their centre of gravity; but here, again, Mr. Keely differs from him in opinion; agreeing with the expounders of what is called, "Substantial Philosophy," who hold that the striking of a bell liberates untold billions of corpuscles of matter from its own body; which, without the transmitting medium of the atmosphere, would never reach the ear. The corpuscles of the resonant body do not come in contact with the ear; but the vibrations, induced on the surrounding air molecules, which are in immediate contact with the bell, are transmitted by sympathetic vibration through the molecular field, not displacing one molecule during this transmission, any more than the disturbing of the intermediate balls strung on a wire, between the one that receives the percussion on one end, and the one that transmits it at the other, would affect these balls at the two extremes.

It is evident that Mr. Keely's labours still lie in the field of experiment, and that in his researches he is grappling with problems, the existence of which seems to be incomprehensible to scientists. Again Amiel's words are suggested: "Science is a madness occupied with tabulating its own hallucinations."

C. J. B-M.

THE ANCIENT EMPIRE OF CHINA.

(*Concluded.*)

THERE was also among the early Chinese the religious worship of their departed friends, which still continues to be observed by all classes from the Emperor downward, and seems of all religious services to have the greatest hold upon the people. The title given in the Shoo to Shun's minister of Religion is that of "Arranger of the Ancestral temple."

The rule of Confucius, that "parents when dead, should be sacrified to according to propriety," was doubtless in accordance with a practice which had come down from the earliest times of the nation.

The spirits of the departed were supposed to have a knowledge of the circumstances of their descendants, and to be able to affect them.* Events of importance in a family were communicated to them before their shrines; many affairs of government were transacted in the ancestral temple. When Yaou demitted to Shun the business of the government, the ceremony took place in the temple of "the accomplished ancestor," the individual to whom Yaou traced his possession of the supreme dignity; and while Yaou lived, Shun, on every return to the capital from his administrative progresses, offered a bullock before the shrine of the same personage. In the same way, when Shun found the toils of government too heavy for him, and called Yu to share them, the ceremony took place in the temple of "the spiritual ancestor," the chief in the line of Shun's progenitors. In the remarkable narrative, which we have in the 6th of the Books of Chow, of the duke of Chow praying for the recovery of his brother, King Woo, from a dangerous illness, and offering to die in his stead, he raises three altars—to their father, grandfather, and great-grandfather; and prays to them, as having in heaven the charge of watching over their great descendant. When he has ascertained by divination that the king would recover, he declares that he had got Woo's tenure of the throne renewed by the three Kings, who had thus consulted for a long futurity of their House.

This case shows us that the spirits of good kings were believed to be in Heaven. A more general conclusion is derived from what we read in the 7th of the Books of Shang. The Emperor Pwan-Kăng, whose reign commenced B.C. 1400, irritated by the opposition of the wealthy and powerful Houses to his measures, and their stirring up the people to murmur against them, threatens them all with calamities to be sent

* Christian countries are zealously imitating the Chinamen, in that more than one hundred millions, perhaps, are now Spiritualists, whether openly or otherwise.—[ED.]

down by his High ancestor, Tang the Successful. He tells his ministers that their ancestors and fathers, who had loyally served his predecessors, were now urgently entreating Tang, in his spirit-state in Heaven, to execute great punishments on their descendants. Not only, therefore, did good sovereigns continue to have a happy existence in heaven, but their good ministers shared the happiness with them, and were somehow round about them, as they had been on earth, and took an interest in the progress of the concerns which had occupied them during their lifetime.

Modern scholars, following in the wake of Confucius, to whom the future state of the departed was all wrapt in shadows, clouds, and darkness, say that the people of the Shang dynasty were very superstitious. My object is to bring out the fact and the nature of their superstition.*

There is no hint in the Shoo nor elsewhere, so far as I am aware, of what became of bad emperors and bad ministers after death, nor, indeed, of the future fate of man generally. There is a heaven in the classical books of the Chinese; but there is no hell and no purgatory.† Their oracles are silent as to any doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Their exhortations to well-doing, and their warnings against evil, are all based on a reference to the will of God, and the certainty that in this life virtue will be rewarded and vice punished.‡ "Of the five happinesses, the first is long life; the second is riches; the third is soundness of body and serenity of mind; the fourth is the love of virtue; and the fifth is doing or receiving to the end the will of Heaven." There is no promise of rest or comfort beyond the grave. The virtuous man may live and die in suffering and disgrace—let him be cheered. His posterity will reap the reward of his merits. Someone, sprung from his loins, will become wealthy, or attain to distinction. But if he should have no posterity—it never occurred to any of the ancient sages to consider such a case.

I will now pass on to the subject of divination. Although the ancient Chinese can hardly be said to have had the knowledge of a future state, and were not curious to enquire about it, they were anxious to know about the wisdom and issues of their plans for the present life. For this purpose they had recourse to divination. The Duke of Chow certainly practised it, and we have a regular staff of diviners among the officers of the Chow dynasty. Pwan-Kăng practised it in the dynasty of Shang. And Shun did so also, if we can put faith in "The Counsels of Yu." The instruments of divination were the shell of the tortoise and the stalks of a certain grass or reed. By various caustic operations

* But why not take advantage of this opportunity to also bring out that other *worse* "superstition"—about Noah and the rest? Shall our "doxies" remain for ever the only orthodoxy, and those of all other people heterodoxies and "superstition"?

† This is an excellent proof of the philosophical mind of Chinamen. They ought to send a few missionaries to Lambeth Palace.

‡ A reminiscence of the old Karmic Law, or belief in Karma.

on the former, and by manipulations with the latter, it was supposed possible to ascertain the will of Heaven.

It is difficult to understand how the really great men of ancient China could have believed in it, One observation ascribed to Shun is worthy of remark. He tells Yu that "divination, when fortunate, must not be repeated." I once saw a father and son divining after one of the fashions of the present day. They tossed the bamboo roots, which came down in the unlucky positions for a dozen times in succession. At last a lucky cast was made. They looked into each other's faces, laughed heartily, and rose up, delighted, from their knees. The divination was now successful, and they dared not repeat it!

When the dignity of chief advanced to that of a sovereign, and the Chinese tribe grew into a nation, the form which it assumed was that of a feudal empire. It was probably not until the Chow dynasty, that its constitution was fully developed and consolidated, as it is only then that we find, in the last part of the Shoo, in the Ch'un Ts'ew, the Rites of Chow, and other works of the period, materials giving a description.

King Woo, we are told, after he had overthrown the last sovereign of the line of T'ang, arranged the orders of nobility into five,* from duke downwards, and assigned the territories to them on a scale proportioned to their different ranks. But at the beginning of the Hea dynasty, Yu conferred on the chiefs among his followers lands and surnames. The feudal system grew in a great measure out of the necessities of the infant empire. As the ruder tribes were pushed backwards from its growing limits, they would the more fiercely endeavour to resist further encroachment. The measure was sometimes taken of removing them to other distant sites, according to the policy on which the kings of Assyria and Babylon dealt with Israel and Judah. So Shun is reported to have carried away the tribes of San-mëaou, who were the original possessors of the kingdom. But the Chinese empire was too young and insufficiently established itself to pursue this plan generally, and each State therefore was formed with a military constitution of its own, to defend the marches against the irruptions of the barbarians.

What was designed to be the central State of the empire was the appanage of the sovereign himself, and was of the same dimensions as one of the largest of the feudatory States. Over this he ruled like one of the other princes in their several dominions, and he received, likewise, a certain amount of revenue from all the rest of the country, while all the nobles were bound to do him military service whenever called upon. He maintained, also, a court of great ministers, who superintended the government of the whole empire. The princes were little kings within their own States, and had the power of life and death over the people. They practised the system of subinfeudation, but their assignments of lands were required to have the imperial sanction.

* According to the five root-races which have so far appeared on earth.

It was the rule, under the Chow dynasty, that the princes should repair to the court every five years, to give an account of their administration of their governments; and that the emperor should make a general tour through the country every twelve years, to see for himself how they performed their duties. We read in the Canon of Shun that he made a tour of inspection once in five years, and that the princes appeared at court during the intermediate four. As the empire enlarged the imperial progresses would naturally become less frequent. By this arrangement it was endeavoured to maintain uniformity of administration and customs throughout the States. The various ceremonies to be observed in marriages, funerals and mourning, hospitalities, religious worship, and the conduct of hostilities; the measures of capacity, length, weight, etc.; and the written characters of the language—these were all determined by imperial prerogative. To innovate in them was a capital offence.

The above is an imperfect outline of the feudal constitution of the ancient empire of China, which was far from enjoying peace and prosperity under it. According to the received accounts, the three dynasties of Hea, Shang, and Chow were established one after another by princes of great virtue and force of character, aided in each case by a minister of consummate ability and loyal devotion. Their successors invariably became feeble and worthless. After a few reigns the imperial rule slackened. Throughout the States there came assumptions and oppressions, each prince doing what was right in his own eyes, without fear of his suzerain.

The wild tribes round about waxed bold, and kept up a constant excitement and terror by their incursions. Then would come an exceptional reign of more than usual vigour, and a partial order would be established; but the brief prosperity was only like a blink of sunshine in a day of gloom. In the Shoo, the termination of the dynasties of Hea and Shang is attributed to the wickedness of their last emperors. After a long array of feeble princes, there suddenly appear on the throne men of gigantic physical strength, the most daring insolence, and the wildest debaucheries, having neither piety nor truth; and in contrast with them are princes whose fathers have for several generations been attracting general notice by their righteousness and benevolence. When Heaven and men can no longer bear the iniquity of the tyrants, the standard of revolt is raised, and the empire speedily comes under a new rule.

These accounts are, no doubt, much exaggerated and embellished Kěč and Show were not such monsters of vice, nor were T'ang and Woo such prodigies of virtue. More likely is it that the earlier dynasties died out like that of Chow, from sheer exhaustion, and that their last sovereigns were weaklings rather than tyrants. The teachings of Confucius in the Chow dynasty could not arrest the progress of degeneracy and dissolu-

tion in a single state. His inculcation of the relations of society and the duties belonging to them had no power. His eulogies of the ancient sages were only the lighting up in the political firmament of so many suns which communicated no heat. Things waxed worse and worse. The pictures which Mencius draws of the misery of his times are frightful. What he auspiced from the doctrines and labours of his master, never came to pass. The ancient feudal empire was extinguished amid universal anarchy, in seas of blood.

The character and achievements of the founder of the Ts'in dynasty have not yet received from historians the attention which they deserve. He destroyed the feudal system of China, and introduced in its room the modern despotic empire, which has now lasted rather more than 2,000 years. The ancient empire of China passed away, having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Under the system of rule which superseded it the boundaries of the empire have been greatly extended, and the people have grandly increased. Once and again the country has been overrun and subjugated by the descendants of the tribes which disputed the possession of the soil with its earliest colonists; but it has subdued them in its turn by its greater cultivation, and they have become more Chinese than the Chinese themselves. The changes of dynasty since the end of the old empire or classical period have not been revolutions, but only substitutions of one set of rulers for another.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE BY A SINOLOGIST.

IT is to be deeply regretted that such a clever paper should be spoiled by the predetermination of the author to attribute to the Chinese his own biblical ideas. I knew of a memoir tending to prove that the Chinese were an Egyptian colony, because of a supposed similarity between their writing and the hieroglyphs. But this wild reasoning is beaten altogether by the idea that the Chinamen must be the direct descendants of Noah, because the Bible is "not to be questioned." Quite true, the Chinese remember the deluge: they even remember several of them. There was one under the reign of the Emperor YAO, which seems to coincide with the deluge of Xisuthrus: there was another deluge, or rather a great inundation, under the reign of FOU-HI, that is to say in the same century when the Biblical deluge, and also the Indian one, are supposed to have happened, and when the era of Kali-Yuga began. The Chinese knew that such cataclysms are periodical, and believed that beings of immeasurable longevity alone were able to see them more than once. "Since I have been your handmaid, thrice has the Eastern sea become fields where the mulberry grows," says the beautiful MA-KU to her brother (WANG YUAN). Now FOU-HI, like all the survivors of deluges, was the founder of society and family, and the inventor of habitation, of clothing, music, and other useful items; he was also the forefather of the Chinese people, and, as they say, the direct successor of the gods

who previously reigned on the uncultivated earth. Nothing is left, then, but to identify him with Noah himself. We beg to offer Mr. Sibbald another suggestion: instead of suppressing with a single stroke of his pen the existence of this inconvenient double of the Biblical mariner, why not try to show that the figures of the YIH-KING, with their commingling of male and female lines, were drawn by FOU-HI to illustrate the coupling of all the animals in the ark? This would solve a long standing problem, and would undoubtedly charm many a Sinologist of the missionary type.

There is another problem which Mr. Sibbald seems to consider as solved, and which indeed ought to be solved by this time; for anybody who has had the courage of plunging into the deluges of holy ink poured on the subject may deem himself happier even than Noah, once his reason survives the test. The fact that the Reverend James Legge has decided that the term TI must be translated by the term "God" is not at all sufficient to prove that the (mis)-conception of a *personal* Absolute has ever entered the Chinese mind. One has but to turn to the texts themselves and read them with impartiality, to become convinced of the contrary. Neither in the system of the Taoists, nor in the YIH, nor even in the philosophy of the SOUNG, does TI play a prominent part Yet the supreme principle is amply defined in all these systems, either as THAI-KI, the great limit beyond which there is no room for anything else, or as TAO, in which being merges with non-being. TI is much more secondary, and it is only in the SHOO and other non-metaphysical works that it plays a prominent part; no more prominent, however, than any other vague and common terms, like TIEN ("Heaven"), SHIN ("Spirits"), SHANG-TI ("Gods"), &c., which are constantly employed as its synonyms. According to the SHOU-WAN dictionary (composed by HU-SHIN under the HAN dynasty), TI means *law*, and also *judge* and *legislator*; and according to the LUH-SHU-KHU (written by TAI-TOUNG under the SOUNG dynasty), it is an honorific term applied to the divine and astral powers (SHANG-TI and WOU-TI) which preside over the five elements. TCHOU-TZEU declares that SHANG-TI is a general term for all the spirits (SHIN) of the heavens (TIEN). There are five SHANG TI, each one presiding over an element, a colour, and an imperial dynasty; and TI is the title of the "Son of Heaven," or the emperor himself. The SHANG-TI correspond to the angels of the cardinal points, which, in the Taoist and Hindu beliefs, watch over the actions of men. In short, the term TI is nearly synonymous with our term Dyan-Chohans, and includes many categories of beings. As for TIEN, it is, according to the SHOU-WAN, formed, by association of ideas, from TA, great, and Y, one, and it means something unique or undivided and great. According to WOU-KANG, the character TIEN embraces five significations: THAI-Y, Heaven and earth, YANG and YIN, the four HSIANG and the KWEI-SHIN. It is generally used to designate Heaven, and TIEN-TI means the aggregate of the celestial TI or SHANG-TI, the host of Dhyanis, and not a personal God.

TIEN-TI is, in the Chinese mind, associated with another set of ideas, and consequently spoken of, at times, in terms which it was easy for the missionaries to misinterpret in their own prejudiced way. Karma, according to the Chinese, is worked out through the spirits of the Astral Light: TIEN-TI becomes therefore a personification of the celestial law, which governs Heaven and Earth,

"which is in all things and in ourselves." In the first book of the SHOU it is said that TIEN can neither see nor hear (is God then blind and deaf?); that he has neither love nor hatred, but brings to pass his retributions through the medium of beings. In the TAN-KAO chapter it is said that "the SIN (heart or mind) of TIEN-TI is the book wherein are written all the actions of men"; and TCHOU-HI, commenting on this passage, writes: "Virtue is like vice to TIEN; your merits and my sins are in his heart." In the YUE-MING chapter, it is said that TIEN alone knows how to hear, and it is added in the commentary, "TIEN is supreme, simple, just, spirit, intellect; without looking, it sees everything. Not only he knows whether the empire is governed well or badly, whether people are happy or miserable; but even in night and solitude, where nobody can see nor hear, TIEN hears everything, sees everything, enlightens and examines everything." And the SHI-KING warns us that if the wicked are not punished and the virtuous recompensed, it is not because TIEN is asleep or indifferent. When the fixed day comes, nobody is able to resist TIEN.

If now we turn to Taoism and to that compendium of its essential beliefs, the KAN-ING-PIEN, or book of the recompenses and punishments, we find there that the actions of men are impressed upon the spirits of Heaven and Earth; this impression is called KAN (from a word meaning to affect or to move), and produces a reaction, ING, through which the spirits give back to men the deserved rewards or sufferings. ING means "shadow," and follows KAN as the shadow follows the body. "Man's happiness or misery is not predetermined, but he attracts them by his acts." The spirits whose business it is to look after men's sins are, in heavens, the three TI-KIUN and the five TI, who punish crimes by taking away from our lives periods of a hundred days each; on earth, they are the spirits presiding over the five mountains, and the three CHI who reside in the head, breast and stomach; also the TSAO-SHIN or family gods. When the KENG-CHIN day arrives, that is to say, every two months, all these ascend to heaven while man is asleep, and give an account of his actions during that period. Furthermore these doctrines are not Buddhist; for we find them in LAO-TZEU'S TAO-TE-KING. In the fifth chapter and commentaries thereon, we read that "Heaven and Earth have between them a void space, which like the bellows of a furnace, empties itself without ever being exhausted; the more you take from it, the more it contains." In this void dwells KOU-SHIN, the "spirit of the valley," also called the celestial blue mother, HIOUAN-PIN, for it is androgynous; on one side, the manifestation of the divine HIOUAN, the unfathomable, which is "being and non-being, and one with TAO" (Chap. I.); on the other, the synthesis of the KWEI-SHIN or gods and demons. Says SIE-HOEI, "In the interval between Heaven and Earth (between spirit and matter), there are aerial beings extremely subtile; as for tenuity and vacuity, they cannot be said to have no corporeal existence; they exist, yet they cannot be perceived by the eyes of men. As for their mobility, their motion is endless; if you use them you cannot exhaust their numbers. KOU-SHIN means a void or impalpable being, without corporeal visible forms, receiving a relative impression from the acts of the beings, and rewarding them according to their deserts. This space is void and immaterial, and cannot be fathomed; it forms the true substance of these spiritual beings who perform the endless transformations of nature." Several commentators pretend that these doctrines, so

profoundly esoteric, come down from the most venerable antiquity, and that LAO-TZEU only transcribed this passage, which was attributed to the ancient emperor HOANG-TI.

AMARAVELLA.

PSYCHE—THE BEE.

A YOUTH, with Heaven's signet on his brow,
Came through the ways of toil, to manhood's gate,
Whose warders, with their motley retinues,
Asked no passport, and gave no guiding word,
But grasped their toll—his three times seven years—
And flung apart those mystic, carven doors.
Beyond, his eager-glancing eyes were joy'd
By glimpse of all the beauty and delights,
That his bright nature longed for. And the strife,
Amid the clamorous rush for place and power,
Dismayed him not.
He, with a buoyant heart,
Was hustled 'long the highway of the poor
With courage gay ; till day on day, and month
On month, and gliding years, proved struggles vain ;
And effort failed to scale the rocky wall
Of daily need.
He paused, one day, faint of the dusty road,
And breathed a Heavenward sigh. And, in that breath
Escaped his panting soul which took the form,
Of honey-bee with wings of gossamer.
And from that hour, his soul, though part of him,
Was free from all the chains that bound his life.
Unbound, his Psyche hovered in the air
And gathered every drop of sweetness from
The flowers of thought and love that in him bloomed,
And garnered it, on mountain shrine for him,
And oft she drew the honey from the flowers
Where Lotuses shed scent o'er Astral plains,
And, secretly, their heavenly essence stored.
But, he toiled on with patient, tender trust,
Believing in his Psyche, though apart.
At last, empowered, he scaled the highway wall
And, dazzled by the beauty of the view,
Looked dimly for his busy wingèd soul.
Then Psyche, fondly flying on before,
Him, guided to that restful mountain shrine :
But, at the portal shed her insect shape
To veil her radiance in his kingly form.
Henceforth her honey, sucked from Being's bloom,
He fed on, till his soul's effulgence shone
A beacon-light for pilgrims to the heights.

MARY FRANCES WIGHT, F.T.S.

SUNSPOTS AND COMMERCIAL CRISES: OR, ASTROLOGY IN ECONOMICS.

A PROPHECY.

SUNSPOTS and commercial crises! These are scarcely ideas which the "practical" thinker would dream of coupling together, much less regard as representing a possible case of causation. What connection is traceable between an enlargement of certain "specks" on the broad visage of the sun and a collapse of credit and run on the banks in the City?

Needless to remark that the Conservation Doctrine has familiarised us to a considerable extent with the tethering together of the most superficially isolated phenomena. Biology, also, affords the student an occasional "eye-opener." We are all familiar with Darwin's demonstration of the dependence of red clover in many districts on the existence of cats—these feline carnivora devouring the field mice which destroy the combs of the humble bees mediating the fertilisation of the aforesaid clover! But in all these and similar cases we stand, at least, on the *terra firma* of our own particular planet and the detection of the nexus of cause and effect is more a question of patience than anything else.

The theory which we are about to examine is far more ambitious. It proceeds to bridge a trifle of 93,000,000 miles of space in order to lay the responsibility for great business disasters on the periodical recrudescence of acne-spots on the otherwise beaming countenance of Milton's "great orb of light."

Curiously enough this theory constitutes nothing more nor less than an introduction of astrology into economics, and has, as we shall see, an additional interest for the student of occultism owing to the fact that it has a bearing of no slight moment on the doctrine of the "Solar Heart." The reputation of its originator, the late Dr. W. S. Jevons, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Logic and Political Economy in the Owen's College, Manchester, is enough in itself to secure the theory an attentive hearing at the hands of all competent inquirers. Let it be noted that he was not slow to perceive the drift of his investigations, though not perhaps without a certain *soupçon* of trepidation as to its possible effect on the minds of readers. Turning to his "Investigations into Currency and Finance," p. 205, we come across the following passage:

"It is curious to reflect that if these speculations should prove to have any validity, we get back to something which might be mistaken for the astrology of the middle ages.* Professor Balfour Stewart has shown much reason for believing that the sun-

* This is no evasion of results. Dr. Jevons' astrology seems to differ *in toto* from mediæval empiricism in being *scientific, i.e.*, in tracing a *regular physical nexus* between cause and effect. Not being an astrologer myself I speak subject to correction.

spot period is connected with the configurations of the planets . . . Now if the planets govern the sun and the sun . . . governs the state of the money market, it follows that *the configurations of the planets may prove to be the remote causes of the greatest commercial disasters.*"

Let us now proceed to review the data on which this modernised rehabilitation of astrology rests.

It has long been observed that our English commercial crises exhibit a very notable periodicity. Dr. Jevons' painstaking researches establish the fact that a *cyclic recurrence* of such disasters is traceable from 1701-1878;* the average interval between each being a period of some 10·44 years.† That eras of commercial activity and depression succeed one another as day does night is, of course, a truism in the eyes of the student of Political Economy, but the punctual regularity above noted as characterising Trade Cycles in England must come home to him with a force quite its own. The inquiry at once suggests itself. What is the cause lying behind this curious phenomenon? At this stage we encounter the further consideration that the Sun-Spot Cycle, according to the researches of Dr. Lamont and Mr. J. A. Brown is, also, one of 10·45 years. The latter gentleman remarks:

"The mean duration of the period at which I arrive is, therefore, almost exactly that which Dr. Lamont had previously obtained, or 10·45 years."—(*Nature*, May, 1887.)

Here then is at least an astonishing coincidence, if nothing more. What, however, do we know of these sun-spots parallel to the varying phases of whose cycle, run the phases of English commercial life.

The Sunspots are so many dark specks on the photosphere of the sun, on each zone around its equator. The ancients, with their stupid *à priori* mode of thinking, refused to admit their existence as militating against the idea of a "perfect" Sun.‡ Nowadays the telescope leaves us no alternative but to welcome the Sun, spots and all, presumably on the ground that half a loaf is better than none. Though Astronomy knows next to nothing about the constitution of photosphere, spots or faculæ, except a patchwork pieced together from spectroscopic discoveries, and only here and there variegated by great truths dropped by intuitional minds, such as Herschel and Robert Hunt, it can tell us clearly enough what visible changes take place from year to year. Mere observation is enough for this. We find, then, that these enormous centres of disturbance§ move across the sun from east to west, rotating with its

* The 1878-9 crisis was predicted in advance. The years referred to up to that time are 1701, 1711, 1721, 1731-2, 1742, 1763, 1773-4, 1783, 1793, 1804-5, 1815, 1825, 1836-7, 1847, 1857 and 1866.

† Another estimate gives 10·466 years, a fraction above, as the former is below, the mean duration of the sunspot period. (Vide infra).

‡ Not so "stupid" and *à priori*, if the claim of Occultism that the *visible* Sun is but a veil, or a reflection, the genuine Sun being invisible to us, should ever prove true.—[ED.]

§ The effect of these centres on the magnetic needle strengthens the supposition that they are in reality not fiery vortices, but cyclones of magnetic matter, attendant on or *caused by* the expulsion of the so-called "vital electricity" from the photosphere on the contraction of the Solar Heat. An observation or two of the Editor both with reference to this point and the cyclic theory of Jevons would be valued.

mass once every 25 days. From year to year they vary in size, shape, and general appearance running through periodic changes in the already remarked 10·45 year cycle. With their different phases many striking meteorological and other phenomena on this planet concur. Thus it is well known that *cyclones in the Indian Ocean* are most numerous, and the *tropical rainfall* greatest at the period of the greatest sun-spot activity. Every 11 years or so, says Professor Smyth, a *great wave of heat* sweeps over the earth.* *Magnetic disturbances, vivid auroræ*, run parallel with definite variations in size etc. of the spots, while Mr. Schuster has traced a parallelism of the *best German vintages* with their phase of minimum vigour. A *10-11 year Indian famine cycle* has been argued for by the Government statist—Sir W. Hunter—who ought, at least, to speak as one having authority. Other writers, such as Everest Twigg and others, have expatiated at length on this periodicity, which, as an outcome of the weather, may be assigned with great probability to the meteorological influence of the Sunspots on storms, rainfall, etc. The fact that sunspot disturbances produce violent magnetic effects on this globe is no longer in doubt. I am personally convinced that with this magnetic *bouleversement* is correlated proportional variations in the supply of terrestrial heat. In support of this view I need only adduce the otherwise inexplicable *datum* that isothermal and and isoclinic lines —(*i.e.*, the lines connecting places where the dip of the needle is the same)—are found to exhibit a remarkable coincidence. It has been stated also, by a very high authority, whose name need not be here referred to, that the earth's heat *is far more dependent on magnetic conditions than modern Science cares to believe.*† This being so, we obviously have here the key to the understanding of the relation between the sunspot commotions and the periodic meteorological phenomena known to accompany them. The spots revolutionize the weather and the weather revolutionizes the character of the harvests. The connection between good or bad harvests and a commercial crisis in London has, however, still to be determined.

Let it be at once understood that Dr. Jevons does not attribute the decennial business collapse to the effect of the sunspots on English or European harvests. Such an explanation would for many reasons be untenable. The solution he adopts is somewhat more circuitous. It is to be found "in the *cessation of the demand from India and China*, occasioned by the failure of the harvests there ultimately due to changes

* This is an excellent confirmation of the "Heart" doctrine in Vol. I. of the "Secret Doctrine."

† It is more probable that the changes in the heat supply are directly traceable to the variations in the magnetic currents of the earth than that they are due to a temporary increase or decrease in the heating power of the rays of the sun itself, as suggested by Doctor Jevons. All the evidence goes to show that the Solar Heat (other things equal such as land elevation, position of the Earth in her ellipse, etc., etc., etc.) is *constant. It was* also stated by Mr. Sinnett's Adept correspondent *that magnetism does powerfully affect the weather of itself*—an additional fact which, if correct, proves my case.

of solar activity." Probably the same meteorological causes which operate in these countries exercise a lesser influence on tropical Africa, America, the Levant and elsewhere, and thus swell the list of deficient returns in other directions. It is noticeable that all those European countries, whose firms draw "long bills," and have the most extensive relations with these parts of the world, suffer more or less from the decennial "Krach." Those which have little or no commerce with the East—Austria, Switzerland, etc.—only suffer *indirectly* through failure of correspondents and business-houses in London, Paris and elsewhere.

Large as is the volume of our trade with the East, it has been objected that this decennial check on our exports is not severe enough to inaugurate a crisis at home. Before passing on to consider this point, it will be conducive to lucidity if the *modus operandi* of the check itself is first grasped. Dr. Jevons writes :—

"About 10 years ago it was carefully explained by Mr. J. C. Ollerenshaw in a communication to the Manchester Statistical Society that *the secret of good trade in Lancashire is the low price of rice and other grain in India. . . . . to those who look below the surface the connection is obvious. Cheapness of food leaves the poor Hindoo ryot a small margin of earnings* which he can spend on new clothes, and a small margin multiplied by the vast population of British India, not to mention China, produces a *marked change in the demand for Lancashire goods.*" p. 236 ibid.

Such then is the nature of the check. Its importance may be estimated from the fact that the crisis of 1878-9 was ushered in by the collapse of the Glasgow Bank. Now the latter was forced to suspend payment owing to the insolvency of its Indian correspondents consequent on the shock to business caused by the terrible famines in India and China. These famines which so greatly depleted the purchasing power of the East were coincident with the maximum sun-spot period. The "missing-link" is, therefore, now forthcoming. That the recurrence of these dearths is strictly predicable, I have myself verified by predicting in advance to some friends the advent of the present famine devastating N. W. China. But of this anon.

The sudden check on our exports from Lancashire is considerable *per se.* It serves as the last straw which breaks the camel's back when it supervenes on that period of inflated prices and overstrained credit which regularly succeeds a time of commercial prosperity, The house of cards flutters to the ground. Bills cannot be met and renewal is only possible at a ruinous interest.

A very slight impetus is required to set the ball rolling. When it begins definitely to roll, woe to banks with small metallic reserves, woe to merchants with warehouses of depreciated goods on their hands! The commercial panic is upon them, and will not know rest till a few hundreds of millions of capital have gorged its maw. The air once cleared, the work of accumulation of wealth proceeds anew.

It may interest investors to recall the date of the last crisis and also to turn a telescope at Father Apollo, whose "buttons" are becoming

very disfiguring. If 1878-9 saw the last periodic collapse of credit and inevitable gold drain, 1889—1890 for certain—ought to witness a similar disaster in accordance with the generalisation before us. If it comes this year, a possibility which the China famine may indirectly realise, the autumn is likely to prove troublesome to people who enjoy the reputation of being "something in the City," or, who have a banking or mercantile pie. These recurrent crises are always veritable curses to the country and promise to be even more pernicious in the future than they have been in the past. As remarked by M. de Laveleye, England transacts a colossal trade—home and foreign—on a relatively slender metallic basis, which renders an occasional "smash" inevitable. Now this basis has not grown *pari passu* with our ever increasing volume of transactions; hence the extraordinary sensitiveness of the modern money market. Optimists should remember that in the opinion of many of the "those who know" of finance, a panic was within measurable distance last *autumn*. The autumn *en passant* is a time when there is always a drain of specie from the great city institutions, and may easily, *under stress*, develop untold mischief. Consequently, though not covetous of the prophet's honours, I leave the autumn of 1889-90 to bear witness to the possible accuracy of the above prediction.

E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

STRANGE MESMERIC PHENOMENON.

An elderly lady, a relation of ours, known to several Theosophists, narrates a singular experience worth noting in the annals of healing animal magnetism. She writes:

"I WILL tell you now a strange case. You remember, perhaps, that for over five years before my coming to meet you in Paris (1884) I suffered almost constantly from a violent pain in my right arm. Whether it was rheumatism, neuralgia or anything else I do not know, but besides great physical pain, I felt my arm becoming with every day more powerless, so that when rising from sleep I could hardly lift or even move it. This made me dread final paralysis. Then I went to Paris. You also remember the little old gentleman called M. Evette, the mesmerizer who tried to cure you by magnetism, only without any results. It was you, I believe, who suggested that he should try to cure my arm of the pain I was suffering from, and you will remember, also that from the evening when he first tried a few passes from the right shoulder downward, I felt better. Then he visited us regularly every day for some time and never failed to mesmerize my arm. After five or six *séances*, my arm was entirely cured, all pain had disappeared, its weakness also, to such an extent that my right arm suddenly became stronger than my left one, which had never given me any trouble. Soon after we parted. I returned to Odessa and never feeling any pain in that arm from that date to this New Year's day, *i.e.*, during four and a half years. I very soon lost every remembrance of my past suffering.

"But lo, and behold! On January 1st, 1889, I suddenly felt with dismay that my right arm was paining me once more. At first, I paid no great attention to it, thinking it would soon pass over. But the pain remained; my arm began once more to feel half-paralyzed, when finally I found it in just the same condition as it had been nearly five years before. Still, I hoped that it was but a slight cold which would disappear in time. It did not, however, but became worse. My disillusion as to the potency of magnetism was a complete and very disagreeable one, I assure you. I had laboured under the impression that magnetism cured once for all, and found to my bitter regret, that in my case it had lasted only four and a half years! . . .

"Thus I went on suffering till the end of the month, when one fine day I received the January number of the *Revue Spirite*, which I go on subscribing for now, as I did before. I began to look it through, when suddenly, under the title of *Obituary Notices*, my eye caught these lines: 'Le 15 Janvier courant, on portait en terre la depouille mortelle de M. Henri Evette, magnétiseur puissant.' (On January 15th were buried the mortal remains of Mr. Henry Evette, a powerful mesmeriser.) I felt sorry for the good old man, evidently the same that we have known,* when suddenly a thought struck me. January the 15th new style, means with us January 3rd, in Russia. If he was buried on that date, then he must have died on January 1, or thereabouts, since in France, as elsewhere, people are rarely buried before the third day after their death. He must have died, then, on New Year's Day, *precisely on that day when the long-forgotten pain had returned into the arm* he had so successfully cured some years before? What an extraordinary occurrence! I thought. I was thunder-struck, as it could never be a simple coincidence. How shall we explain this? Would it not mean that the mesmeric *passes* had left in my arm some invisible particles of a curative fluid which had prevented the return of pain, and had been, in short, conducive to a healthy circulation in it, hence of a healthy state, so far? But that on the very day of the mesmeriser's death—who knows, perhaps, at the very hour, these mysterious particles suddenly left me! Whither have they gone? Have they returned to him and their now lifeless sister-particles? Have they run away like deserters, or simply disappeared because the vital power which had fixed them into my arm was broken? Who can tell! I would if I could have some experienced mesmeriser, or those who know all about it, answer me and suggest some explanations. Does any one know of cases where the death of the mesmeriser causes the diseases cured by him to return in their former shape to the patients who survive him, or whether it is an unheard-of case? Is it a common law, or an exceptional event? It does seem to me that this case with my arm is a very remarkable and suggestive one in the domain of magnetic cures. . . ."

N. A. FADÉEFF.

We doubt whether a precedent could be found for this in the annals of Mesmero-Magnetism; though we are not sure of it. It could be explained, we believe, only on occult lines.—[ED.]

* M. H. Evette was for years attached to the Theosophical Society, and was one of our oldest members, though more of a Spiritist than a Theosophist. He had been a pupil of the late Baron Dupotet, and was indeed a successful healer.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER VII.

DESTROYED ILLUSIONS.

PANCHO and his companion were now entering the suburbs of the city, driving along a road lined with Banyan trees. Gradually the houses became less numerous and assumed the aspect of a rural district. Here and there along the coast were some little villages inhabited by Hottentot fishermen, but occasionally they met the stately mansions of Europeans.

Pancho had said nothing for a while, being deeply absorbed in thought. He could not make the idea of parades, badges and little flags agree with his conception of the dignity of an Hierophant. Suddenly he asked:

"How can it be possible that the Hierophant gives such ludicrous orders?"

"It is all the fault of Madame Corneille," answered the Zulu.

"Who is Madame Corneille?" asked Pancho.

"Do not let us speak about her," answered the Zulu. "The trees in this park have ears, the stones are listening, and what we say about her might be reported by the winds to the Mysterious Brotherhood.

They were now crossing a bridge leading over a river of considerable size. To the left was the ocean, and before them, bordered on one side by the river, was a beautiful park, planted with mango and cassurina trees, in the midst of which could be seen a white building in Moorish style.

"This," said the Zulu, pointing towards the building, "is the temple in which is the sacred Shrine where the Talking Image is kept. The little house at a distance is the residence of the Hierophant."

A short turn in the road brought them in front of a gate that opened through a stone wall surrounding the sacred precincts of Urur. As the horse entered through the gate, the animal took fright and attempted to run away; but being old and not of a very strong constitution, it was easily pacified by the driver.

The cause of this scare were two monstrous-looking things, made of blue paper and stuffed with straw. They stood at the sides of the entrance and were intended to represent elephants.

"What does this mean?" asked Pancho.

"They are the inventions of Madame Corneille, and have been put here as ornaments by Captain Bumpkins," answered the Zulu. "To-morrow is the celebration of the anniversary of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom."

"When is the next steamer going to leave for Europe?" asked Pancho.

"Next Monday," answered the Zulu. "If you have any letters to send, you can mail them at the post-office in the village."

The trees of the park were decorated with paper lanterns and flags. To the right was a grove of cocoanut-trees, hedged in by a natural fence of

prickly pears. Another turn of the road brought our friends within sight of the house, whose massive pillars shone brightly in the light of the setting sun. Its rays fell upon a woman standing upon the verandah, and Pancho knew instinctively that she could be nobody else but Madame Corneille.

Pancho and the Zulu alighted from the carriage and were welcomed by the housekeeper. She was a thin woman of more than middle age, and almost the counterpart of Mrs. Honeycomb, only her figure was smaller, her nose still more aquiline, and her eyes more protruding. As she ogled Pancho she seemed to take his measure with them, as if mentally preparing for battle. Shaking hands with him, she expressed a hope that they would soon become friends.

"I shall depend on your aid to enter the temple of knowledge," said Pancho.

"I have the key to it in my pocket," answered Madame Corneille.

The carriage containing Mr. Green and Mrs. Honeycomb now drove up. Mrs. Honeycomb alighted and embraced Madame Corneille, but when the latter extended her hand to Mr. Green, he refused to take it, and said with his usual gravity: "I am an accepted probationary Chela, and before I shake hands with you, I must first ask in what capacity you are in this house?"

"I am superintending the household affairs," answered Madame Corneille. "You had better make friends with me, if you want anything good to eat."

"Being the superintendent of the household," replied Mr. Green, "you are here in the position of a domestic, a position which is not sufficiently respectable to entitle you to shake hands with probationary Chelas. I shall ask Captain Bumpkins how it comes that he permits his servants to make themselves so familiar with distinguished visitors."

Madame Corneille became purple with rage, but said nothing.

While Mr. Green was speaking, a young Hottentot, dressed in a long white gown, made his appearance.

"Lo!" she exclaimed. "Here comes the head Chela of this establishment;" and addressing the Chela, she called out: "Come here, Malaban, make your bow to the lady and gentleman."

Malaban crossed his hands over his breast and bowed politely. Mr. Green extended his hand to him, but Malaban did not take it.

"Excuse me, sir!" said Malaban, "we are not permitted to shake hands with Europeans."

"You see," said Madame Corneille to Pancho, "it is on account of the magnetism, and then some of these Europeans may have the itch, if not something worse."

"You can safely shake hands with me," said Mr. Green, addressing Malaban, "for I am myself an accepted probationary Chela."

"This I can hardly believe," said Malaban. "You do not look like one."

"I have a certificate from Rataraborumatchi to show it," replied Mr. Green.

"If he wrote such a thing," answered Malaban, "he must have meant it only in fun."

"How long have you been a Chela?" asked Mr. Green.

"This I am not permitted to tell," answered Malaban.

Pancho was going to ask him a question, but Madame Corneille said: "Do not ask him anything if you would not get fibs for an answer."

"Do Chelas ever tell fibs?" asked Pancho.

"They do not mean to do so," answered Madame Corneille. "But they love the truth so much that they adorn it on every occasion."

"Where is the Hierophant?" asked Pancho.

"The what?—O, you mean Bumpkins, Captain Bumpkins," said Madame Corneille. "You will not see him to-night. Poor fellow! He has an awful toothache. He always sleeps at night with open windows and caught a cold."

"But why does he do that?" asked Pancho.

"He says," she answered, grinning, "that it is to save the mysterious Brothers the trouble to dematerialize themselves when they come to visit him in his dreams. But I will now show you to your rooms. Come, my dear Mrs. Honeycomb. I hear you are going to be initiated into the inner circle, and you will be entitled to a room in the upper story. Mr. Pancho has his room here to the right, and as to Mr. Green, we will put him away in a little garden house, where he can meditate without being disturbed."

Our friends were shown to their rooms. The one Pancho occupied commanded a fine view of the river and an island planted with trees.

Soon the bell rang, announcing that supper was ready. Pancho went to the dining-room where he met his friends, and also Madame Corneille and her husband. Malaban and the rest of the Chelas did not come. They ate in a separate room, being afraid of the magnetism of the Europeans.*

Pancho had fallen too deep from his Olympian heights to care for tea or for sausage. His appetite had been destroyed by the two blue elephants at the gate and by the revelations made by Madame Corneille. He did not care to eat and hardly tasted his food in spite of the praises bestowed upon it by Mrs. Honeycomb and Madame Corneille.

"May I offer you a piece of beef or mutton?" † asked Madame Corneille.

"No, thanks," answered Pancho. "I am a vegetarian."

"This is a poor country for growing vegetables," said Madame Corneille. "They are awful scarce; only occasionally we get hold of a cabbage head," and addressing Mr. Green, she added: "Will you have some of this devilled ham?"

"I do not consider devilled ham proper food for Chelas," answered Mr. Green. "I am a lover of jam and vegetables. I do not see why the Mysterious Brothers do not make plenty of vegetables grow around here. It must be the easiest thing for them, as they can make mango trees grow out of pineboards."

"It takes such power to even cultivate a pumpkin," she replied.

"Did you ever see a Mango tree grow?" asked Mrs. Honeycomb; addressing Monsieur Corneille.

"*Nevarre!*" rolled out the latter individual.

"We hear so much of the wonderful feats performed in Africa;" continued Mrs. Honeycomb. "Did you ever see Mr. Malaban go out in his astral body?"

Monsieur Corneille looked inquiringly at his wife, as if he did not know what to answer.

"Oh dear no!" answered Madame Corneille, "I do not want to see such a thing; it would frighten me to death. The poor boy is almost nothing but

* As well they might.—[ED.]

† A most decided contrast, this African Fraternity, to the one in India, where the sight alone of meat almost forces every Hindu to desert the Headquarters.—[ED.]

skin and bones, and if he were to go out in his astral body, there would be nothing left but a shadow,"

"I should like to go out in my astral body," said Mr. Green.

"We won't permit it," answered Madame Corneille. "It would not do for people here to sneak about in their astral bodies and see what is going on," and addressing her husband, she said:—"Don't you think so, my dear?"

"*Nevarre*," ejaculated Monsieur Corneille.

After supper Madame Corneille accompanied Pancho to his room to see whether everything was arranged according to her directions. They entered into a conversation about the mysterious Brotherhood, and Pancho asked her to tell him something about it.

"I am a Christian, and I do not like to have anything to do with such heathenish things. These mysterious Brothers have several times frightened me nearly to death. I am not going to stand it much longer."

"But do you believe in the existence of those Brothers?" he asked.

"I know what I know," nodded Madame Corneille. "I do not believe that it is right to have anything to do with such things. How do we know that these mysterious Brothers are not the very imps from Hell, or souls condemned to purgatory? I tell you, I have seen with my own eyes a broom become alive and sweep the room without any hand being attached to it, and now things begin to look serious. I do not object to innocent amusements such as fortune telling by cards, by which good spirits may aid a person to take a look at the future; but—well, do not let us talk about it any more. . . .

"I am sorry for it . . . . I should have been very much obliged to you for more information.

"You will find it out for yourself, by-and-bye,"

"Then do you mean to say," he asked "that it is done by tricks, or by the work of the devil?"

"I am not going to accuse anyone," replied Madame Corneille. "Do not ask me anything more about it."

"Do I understand you rightly that you can tell fortune by cards?"

"I have occasionally succeeded. I often tell it to Mr. Malaban."

"I wish you would try and tell me my fortune," said Pancho.

"If you desire it, we may make an attempt. . . ."

They took seats at the table, and Madame Corneille produced a pack of cards out of her pocket, handing them to Pancho with a request to cut them. After this was done, she laid the cards out upon the table according to rule.

"The King of Hearts," she said, "is yourself; for I see by the ring on your finger, that you are a married man. The Queen of Hearts is your wife. She is very beautiful."

"Indeed she is," replied Pancho,

"She is thinking of you very much," she continued.

"I constantly feel it," answered Pancho.

"It was an evil day for her when you left," went on Madame Corneille. "She will be exposed to a great danger. There's the knave of spades close to her, a very dangerous man, and the queen of spades is looking at her; she is your wife's enemy."

"My wife has no enemies," he protested.

"I am not so sure," she said. "I do not always believe in the cards myself; but we shall see. It seems that you have no children."

"None," answered Pancho.

"The ace of diamonds is not far from you. This would go to show that you are not in straitened circumstances."

"I have no cause to complain."

"I do not see any card that would indicate that you belong to a church," continued Madame Corneille.

"No, indeed; I do not," answered Pancho.

"And you have no desire to join it?"

"Certainly not!"

"This card here," continued Madame Corneille, "indicates that you will get a letter, and that one"—pointing to another—"that you are going to make a voyage. This is all I can see to-night."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Pancho; "but kindly give me some information about the 'Talking Image.'"

"I can tell you confidentially its history," grinned Madame Corneille. "It was once a human being like you or me. It was the daughter of an Arabian prince and a most beautiful child. When she was about sixteen years of age she fell in love with one of the Djinns, a class of spirits that inhabit the desert. Grimalkin, the chief of the Djinns, took a fancy to her, and would have carried her off bodily, but he had a very jealous wife who was herself a very powerful spirit. Then the Djinn took out the heart of the girl, which he hid away in his bosom, leaving her body with all its intellectual powers behind, and the body, deprived of the light of the spirit which resides in the heart turned to a stone-like mass, leaving her, however, alive and intelligent, and capable of reasoning. Now the Talking Image is, so to say, all brains, but no heart. Once a year, however, the Djinn is forced to bring back the heart and to let it shine within the Image; for if the light of the spirit were to be absent continually, even its intellect would die out like the glow of a wick from which the flame is extinguished, and which is no longer supplied with oil."

"This is a most wonderful story. If it were told to me by anybody but you, I would not believe it. But have you ever seen any of these Djinns?"

"Don't talk to me about them," said Madame Corneille, "the whole house is full of those Djinns; they give directions about the cooking, and make the Chelas do what they like; they will pull the bed-cover away from you when you are asleep, and touch you with ice-cold hands. Pooh! I do not want to say any more about them. Good-night!"

Madame Corneille left and Pancho remained alone. For a long time he stood at the window and looked out into the darkness beyond. A storm was gathering, thick clouds were covering the sky, and the mind of Pancho was heavily charged with doubts. What Madame Corneille had told him awakened again in him in full force the memory of Conchita, and he would have given worlds to know who was the knave of spades. He imagined he felt that there was some impending danger, and he argued with himself whether or not it would be best to return home immediately. He had now seen the "elephant," not only one, but two; and, as Conchita had rightly predicted, it was time for him to re-

turn. What if Conchita were sick or dying, while he was running after a Mysterious Brotherhood that existed nowhere but in his own imagination?

"O ye gods!" he exclaimed; "is this the outcome of the wisdom of the Adepts? A Hierophant parading the streets with a little flag in his hand, a Talking Image attended by spooks; Chelas who cannot open their mouths without telling a fib . . . at all events, if the woman herself speaks the truth. . . . Yes, is it for this that I have left my home?"

No! It could not be! "Surely," he said to himself, "there is some mistake which will be explained when I see the Hierophant."

Pancho felt no inclination to sleep. He went out into the park and wandered among the trees, although the night was dark and he could hardly see before him. The idea that he had committed a great mistake in coming to Urur, grew stronger and stronger in his mind as he pondered over it. At last a feeling of despair entered his soul, and, clenching his fist, he exclaimed: "O, infinite, inconceivable and incomprehensible spirit of imbecility! what are you and what gave you power to turn me into a fool? Did I not always seek to know the truth, irrespective of any consequences that might result to me or to anyone? Was I not always proud of my scepticism and incredulity? Nevertheless, I was stupid enough to believe in the absurd tales of Mr. Puffer. Where are the great beings that turn the world and cannot even make a cabbage-head grow in this garden? Who are those Adepts, full of divine wisdom, who have to come and seek counsel from a Madame Corneille?"

Thus talking with himself, Pancho wandered away from the main building and came in the vicinity of a house of smaller dimensions. A light shining from an open window attracted his attention, and he beheld a man in the room where the light was brightly burning. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; but his face could not be clearly seen as it was bound up with a handkerchief. He held a paper in his hand, looking at it and making gesticulations. Presently, however, he looked up, and must have seen Pancho standing among the trees, for he dropped his paper and stared at him with surprise.

Then something curious happened. The man making a reverential bow and crossing his hands in Oriental fashion over his breast, addressed Pancho in the following words:

"O, great Krashibashi! Have I then at last found favour in your eyes? For many years have I wished to see you. At last my prayer now seems granted and you have consented to appear in bodily form before your obedient servant. May I ask you to enter this humble room and accept a chair? I shall immediately open the door."

Pancho, seeing that this was evidently a case of mistaken identity, did not wish to intrude. He returned to his room and the sense of the ludicrous overcame his melancholy. There was now nothing to prevent him from sleeping. His doubts had vanished, and he was firmly convinced that he had been a fool.*

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* As every-one is, or will be, who, feeling drawn toward Occultism, instead of proceeding prudently to acquire it and thus learn the truth, permits his fancy to run off after his own preconceived ideas, or lends ear to the insane talk of fanatical enthusiasts. Those whom sober Occultists call "Masters," though so vastly superior to average humanity, are not Genii or Enchanters out of the "Arabian Nights," but mortal men with abnormal powers.—[ED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

A TREMENDOUS noise, resembling the beating of tin pans, aroused Pancho from his slumber. It was the noise made by the native musicians whom the Hierophant had engaged for the celebration of the anniversary of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. It seemed as if it were intended to frighten away the sun which was just rising and to drive him back into the abyss beyond.

Pancho arose, and as he stepped out on the verandah, he saw the same man who the night before had addressed him as Krashibashi, approaching the house. Soon after that, closely followed by Mrs. Honeycomb, he entered, and the latter introduced him to Pancho as Captain Bumpkins.

Captain Bumpkins, or as his many friends and admirers used to call him, "the Hierophant," was a man of remarkable and imposing appearance. Long, tall, exceedingly thin and bony, his skeleton frame seemed to be inhabited by a supernatural fire that gleamed through his black eyes, sunken deep within their orbits and overshadowed by dark bushy eye-brows. He was a man of about fifty years, but still full of vigour; and his martial bearing seemed to indicate that it would not be safe for any member of the S. D. W. to contradict him or to doubt the existence of the Mysterious Brotherhood. Nevertheless he was very kindhearted and goodnatured, and if it was true that the Talking Image was all *brains* and no heart, it might be said with equal sincerity that the Hierophant was *all heart;* for he was exceedingly anxious to increase the welfare of mankind. There was nothing so ridiculous which he would not have undertaken to do, if it had seemed to him that humanity could be benefitted thereby.

The Hierophant had one great hobby, and this hobby was "Magnetism"; in magnetism he saw the future Saviour of the world. According to his views there was nothing that could not be accomplished by magnetism; from the mending of a boot by the occult power of the Adept, up to making oneself invisible, a feat of which seemed to Captain Bumpkins the *ultima thule* of all that could ever be accomplished by the future sages that were to be produced in the golden era which he was ready to inaugurate. Not only was the curing of all bodily ills a mere trifle to him, which in the near future would do away with all medical quackery, legalized or otherwise, but he thought there would not be the least difficulty in raising mankind up to the highest level of morality. To do this we had only to magnetise away the phrenological bumps of those who are affected with vicious propensities, and to cause appropriate bumps to grow by the same means on the heads of those who were deficient in virtue. Moreover the "mental magnetism" of which the Hierophant dreamed was a "carrier of mind," and consequently not only life, but thought, knowledge and divine wisdom could be imparted to all by one who knew how to magnetise properly, abundantly and with sufficient force.

"All the ills which at present affect the world," he used to say; "are merely a product of the *disturbed equilibrium* of the world's magnetism. Let the magnetic currents react upon their magnetic intramolecular centres and the

equilibrium be restored at their neutral points and you will be surprised at the result."

Mrs. Honeycomb fully agreed with the Hierophant in regard to these points and thus it may be seen that those who have accused Captain Bumpkins of being somewhat deficient in intellectual power have uttered a villainous and sacrilegious blasphemy. Even a superficial glance at his benevolent face whenever he spoke on the subject of Occultism, would reveal the fact that he was one man among a thousand, one who fully realized that his sole destiny was the elevation of the human race.

The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, of which Captain Bumpkins was the founder and president, was an organization having for its object the prosecution of philosophical researches and the advancement of humanitarian interests. As such it was a very good institution. It claimed to be based on universal freedom of thought, and there would have been nothing impracticable in that, if those who belonged to it had been capable of doing their own thinking. Unfortunately however, such persons are rare and few, while those who are not in possession of real knowledge, and therefore not free of error, can no more live without creeds and adopted opinions than a fish without water. Thus the members of the Society did not accept the truth on the strength of their own perception; but they clamoured for well authenticated proofs of it (from the Mysterious Brotherhood), and thus they had given up their old superstitions, merely to replace them by new superstitions; for that which one imagines to know on mere hearsay, and belief in the veracity of a teacher, is not self-knowledge, and therefore merely an opinion, even if it is true.

But the Society for D. O. W. had also among its members some persons of considerable spiritual unfolding and intellectual power; especially a number of Brahmins that had emigrated from Asia; but the vast majority of its members were attracted by a desire to gratify their curiosity, and to obtain favours from the Mysterious Brotherhood.

A new light had appeared on the mental horizon of the world owing to the revelations made by the Talking Image; but whenever such a light appears, it attracts, first of all, the curious, the fanatical, and those who are discontented with the world and with themselves. They wonder at the appearance of that light, and not understanding its nature, they invent the most ludicrous theories for its explanation, and it is their misrepresentations which bring the new doctrines into disrepute. Such was the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, of which Captain Bumpkins was the head, and whom we have now introduced to the reader.

(*To be continued.*)

A Satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and should make a due discrimination between those that are and those that are not the proper objects of it. —ADDISON.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties, than by printing them. —SHERIDAN.

Theosophical Activities.

WE are glad to find that even on the opposite side of America, in California, we have brave workers who defend the mother Society. This is what we read in the *Los Angeles Times* of February 26th, 1889.

THE BOSTON FRAUDS AND DELUSIONS.

THE other day a *Times* reporter succeeded in worming the following statement out of a gentleman who is well posted in the Esoteric movement. In answer to various questions, he said :

"The organ of the Esoteric movement is the *Esoteric Magazine*, a curiosity in literature. It is devoted to so-called occultism, and the esotericism of religion, its articles being written by men profoundly ignorant of the subjects they pretend to teach. They make frequent use of mis-spelled Sanskrit, plagiarize unscrupulously from works on oriental philosophy, and are profuse in Christian phraseology ; so that to the orthodox Christian it would appear really blasphemous; to the occultist, imbecile, and to the philosopher and philologist, the work of ignoramuses.

"The Society Esoteric is a strangely grotesque parody upon the Theosophical Society, and so has always been regarded by the latter in the light of a nightmare. The Theosophical Society is a fraternal organization whose main work has been the preservation and study of oriental philosophy and literature, which, as all orientalists know, is largely concerned with what in the West is called 'mesmerism,' and in the East 'magic.' The practice of mesmerism has always been discountenanced by the Theosophists, yet the literature on the subject has been utilized by Butler and his confederates, who have been teaching a bastard sort of mesmerism to their dupes, calling it 'spiritual development.' It is by the hope of acquiring 'spiritual attainments' that so many ignorant people have been misled and gulled.

"The mesmeric force is simply sex-magnetism. In this simple statement is the secret of spiritualistic 'mediumship,' as well as 'mesmerism' and 'black magic.' It is also the secret of the invariable fall into vice and sexual degradation of fools who dabble in such things, whether they call it 'mediumship,' 'mesmerism,' 'mental healing,' or what not. This force can undoubtedly be used in the cure of diseases, etc., but it is unsafe for anyone to attempt this who is not physically and mentally pure, and well versed in physiology and anatomy. For this reason, even if H. E. Butler and his confederates had started in with the best intentions to investigate such things for spiritual development, they would have doubtlessly landed in the penitentiary or the lunatic asylum, just as they are likely to now.

"The whole thing is very, very vile, and the less people have to do with those subjects in that way the better for them. True occultism has nothing to do with the filthy subject.

"Pure homes, clean hearts and honest lives, and an abiding faith in the immortality of the soul, and the infinite justice and goodness of Nature are what the people need, not 'spiritual attainments' and 'soul development,' especially that stripe of 'soul-unfoldment' which manifests itself in polygamy and general nastiness, whether at Salt Lake or Boston.

"The 'Esotericism' of these specimens of Boston culture is identical with the voodooism of the negroes. It is called tantrika in India and is filthy in the extreme.

"The 'Solar Biology' of which Butler is the inventor is a self-evident fraud. Those who are practising it and teaching it in this city, however, are probably mere dupes, blamable only for their not being able to think, and are ambitious of becoming blind leaders of the blind. Many people in Los Angeles have been taken in by the 'Society Esoteric.'

"The prime movers in the exposure were Theosophists, though of course it was done in their individual capacity. The Theosophical Society has absolutely no connection and never has had any connection whatever, with the concern.

"The Theosophical Society is not a secret society. It is mainly concerned with philosophy and ethics. Among its members are clergymen of various Christian churches, reverends and right reverends, as well as representives of all religions.

"'Mahatma' means simply 'great soul' from *maha*,' great' and *atma* 'soul.' It is a term applied to all great and good men by the old Sanscrit writers, and is practically synonymous with saint' as 'Saint Paul,' 'Saint John,' etc. As used by the modern Theosophists the word would be applied to such men as Plato, St. Paul, Apollonius of Tyana, and others. They were 'Mahatmas,' or great souls. It is believed by many Theosophists that are such great men now living, not only in India, but in America, Europe—in fact, in almost every nation—a reasonable claim, unless the world has run short of 'great souls' in this age.

"There are two branches of the Theosophical Society in Los Angeles—the Los Angeles branch and the Sattra Lodge—both of which hold regular meetings for the study of philosophy and ethics. They have nothing to do with 'phenomena,' 'spookism,' or anything of the sort."

BUTLER EXPOSED.

The *New York World* of Feb 1st. exposes the whole scheme in the following up-and-up manner:

Members of the Boston Theosophical Society have taken much satisfaction in exposing the wicked wiles of one "Vidya Nyaika," alias Eli Clinton Ohmart, who, in partnership with Prof. Hiram Erastus Butler, has been asking for funds to establish an Esoteric College in the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Ohmart turned out to be a gentleman with a record, and his exposers made things very unpleasant for him when they brought him face to face with it. It is stated by Prof. Butler himself that a great deal of money has come in for the scheme, and more is hoped for.

This is just what we said in our March editorial. And now, when all that had to be exposed has been so dealt with in the United States, we can only wonder at the animus displayed by the *Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago* against us. We see by a letter published in it, March 23 *ultimo*, from the President of the "Boston T. S.," Mr. J. Ransom Bridge, that "it (the *Journal*) states that it is informed by those who claim to know that . . . . . Madame Blavatsky is determined to ruin Butler" (!?). When "those who *claim to know* can also prove that Madame Blavatsky had heard Butler's name mentioned before the end of last year, or even knew of his existence, then their "*claim* to know" would have acquired at least one leg to stand upon.

The "Butler" *exposé* followed almost immediately our first acquaintance with the pretensions of this virtuous person, as the President of our Boston T. S. well knows. Such being the case, the anonymous *he* who "claims to know," must not feel hurt, or take offence, if we now

publicly state that his information against us is either a deliberate and *malicious falsehood*, or a soap-bubble gossip. In every case the respected literary veteran, called the R. P. JOURNAL, ought to show more discretion than to be ever repeating unverified cackle, when not deliberate calumny, against a person who has always wished it success, as it has now done for years. We stand for truth, but wish the *ruin* of no man.—[ED.]

A CRY FOR HELP.

STRANGE things occur in this sublunary world; but the strangest of all is, that a recognized American scientist of great eminence and learning, a biologist who is the trans-Atlantic Huxley, should have certain letters written to him; more than this, that he should answer them. An enquiring searcher, hungry after truth, begs our friend, Professor Elliott Coues, in the name of his "mystic powers," to guide him; and, instead of pooh-poohing his correspondent in the name of cold, materialistic, modern Science, the President of the Washington "Gnostic Theosophical Society" writes to him a reply which shows how deeply Professor Coues has studied our philosophy. Both letters will be useful to our English members. They are republished from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.—[ED.]

THE LETTER.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES—*Dear Sir:* I have been impelled to write to you for advice on a new and indisputable experience I have been undergoing for some seven or eight months past, and have as often refrained from asking of a stranger that "light" which my experience and increasing conviction have not made plain.

Some months since I suddenly became conscious of audible communications, which I have since learned to attribute to purely elemental influences, using the Buddhist expression.

These audible communications soon ceased, and were replaced by others which, I suppose, would be called purely clair-audient, and were of a very different character, being elevating and inspiring, and opening up to my heart an infinity of evolution of the soul and the universe, which I had not got from my past studies, although I have long had a conviction that there was some such plan to be shown to humanity some time, and in some way.

Before I go any further, let me say that I had been up to this time a thorough disbeliever in spiritual communication, and had given it little or no attention. Moreover, my experience related above all came to me before I read any writings on Buddhism, Karma, or Spiritism, and my experience at that time was the subject of debate between a medical friend and myself, who knew me to be a tolerably clear-headed man, and one not liable to be led away by superstition or evidence that was not conclusive. The only conviction that impinged on me was the consciousness of a new sense, the name of which I did not even know at that time. A month or two later I received from a friend in Washington, a book by A. P. Sinnett, called *Karma*. I found some startling suggestions

in that work which interested me enough to induce me to read the work on *Esoteric Buddhism* communicated through him. I use the above expression intentionally, as it is evident to the most careless reader that the two works are not by the same intellect.

I was surprised to find myself so receptive to the doctrine set forth there, as it was a welcome light to one who had not been able to find peace and trust in creeds, although surrounded by devoted Christian influence from childhood. I have since then read very little of the scientific doctrines of Theosophy, but have found a trust in the teachings of Buddha that has thrown a new light on the words of the Bible, and has brought a growing peace and belief that I have long yearned for, although I have not yet found "the jewel in the lotus." *

Strange to say, I have not cared so much for an understanding of the scientific aspect of Theosophy, as for the religious teaching. It seems to me that the latter is the one the world is waiting for, and that, like the treasure which Buddha said was laid up in our fellow man, the stranger, the mother and father and child, the scientific light would come "of itself."

That statement of my convictions being made, let me return to my own experience, on which I now ask your counsel and explanation. I don't go into society at all, nor have I made any Theosophical or Spiritualist acquaintances. I have not attended any séances or occult meetings, and have read but little of the current literature on Theosophy. I have read much of primitive Buddhism, both *pro* and *con*, and have tried to understand, first of all, the Buddhist doctrine of the greatest blessing, as taught in the Buddhist scriptures.

During all these months I have had constant communication through clairaudience with one who calls himself my Mahatma's helper; and who has given me succinct counsel in words which I know could not be the lucubration of my own brain, and which I, at the time, seldom understood, but which have been explained or discovered either in the Buddhist scriptures or the Bible, in subsequent study.

Lately, however, another voice has come to me clearly, telling me to look unto God, and not unto Buddha. This either is or claims to be the voice of my mother, now dead some thirty odd years. This has all tended to *indirection* or *misdirection*, and I now ask you for direction and explanation.

I presume this discursive letter is unnecessary, as by your mystic powers you can probably learn all that I have told you and much that I have left unsaid, but I feel that I need some human guidance just at this time. Before writing this letter, and even *now*, I have been and am told *to* write you, and *not* to write you, so you see the quandary I am in.

One of the first communications I had was, "You are elected to learn that your heart was not given you for your understanding, but for your knowledge." It was a long time before I knew what those words meant.

There *is* a beautiful and trustful path that leads to peace, wisdom and helpful love; there *is* a religion that shall be for the "healing of all nations"; there *is* a knowledge of Divine help and love yet to come to humanity; there *is* a truth whose light shall disperse the shadows of dogma, ignorance and selfishness, and

* No one can find it unless he is a born Buddha, a saint, or—studies the true Occult, Esoteric doctrines, and tries to become one.

shall fill the universe with its brightness. Can you help me to that confidence and knowledge that shall make me willingly one of the light-bearers?

Fraternally yours. * * *

Boston, Massachusets, February 2nd, 1889.

THE RESPONSE.

The foregoing letter is a type of many that I receive. It is absolutely sincere; the writer is in earnest, and such sentiments command respect. I undertake, with reluctance, to say a few words in public by way of reply, believing that if I am anywhere near the truth my words may be of use to others than my correspondent.

The process which he describes as an actual and veritable one which has gone on in himself, is, I think, not at all a singular experience. Many persons could tell a similar story, should they bare their hearts with equal unreserve. It is the growth of the "sixth sense"; it is the awakening to consciousness of the sixth principle, which exists only as a rudiment or embryo in most persons, incapable of making its existence known to its possessor till it has grown like a plant from its seed. In those whose "intuitions" are large this germ of wisdom often makes itself felt, and as it gains in strength it gradually dominates the Fifth Principle, or ordinary intellect, making reason quite subservient to the higher faculty, and tending to merge the merely human into the more nearly divine being. The process of growth of the embryo "Buddhi" is not unattended with dangers of its own, threatening both mental and physical integrity unless the tender sprout be firmly rooted in reason, and carefully guarded from passion.

The use of the sixth sense, especially for one who comes into its possession rapidly rather than by a process of very gradual unfoldment or evolution, is against all the world, the flesh, and the devil, and its vigorous self-assertion is likely to react unfavourably upon bodily health and mental peace. There is always some disturbance of the nervous system when voices can be heard and forms can be seen, that have no objective or material counterpart. The nervous shock of the awakening is apt to extend to other bodily functions, and often becomes a case for medical treatment. Therefore, I should say, the first and most imperative need is special attention to the ordinary laws of hygiene, in eating, sleeping, working or recreation.

If a man is to live some years after his psychic faculties have come into operation, it is essential for their proper and useful manifestation on the physical plane to have a good sound body through which they may operate. Not necessarily the most robust, muscular, bone and sinew mechanism, but a thoroughly well organised, pliable and "vivid" apparatus of relation between the soul or astral body and the world or material things. Otherwise a person becomes like a super-heated boiler, or one in which steam is too suddenly generated, and the danger of an explosion is imminent. It is often a question, whether a person in the state in which I judge my unknown correspondent to be, shall go on to safely grow a splendidly effectual astral organism whose faculties shall be adequate to the discernment of the substance of things unseen or whether he shall become prey of the elementals which will infallibly seek to fasten themselves like vampires upon his astral organism. If the former, he becomes a Theosophic adept, a seer of eternal truths, a doer of Divine deeds; if

the latter, either a practitioner of black magic, should his courage be equal to that, or else a mere wreck on the fatal rocks of so-called "mediumship."

The most important practical point, next to the care of the bodily health, is concentration of the will. By that I mean a firm, fixed determination, never vacillating, never wavering, never doubting, to know the truth, and to use this knowledge for the good of others, irrespective of consequences to self-hood. This is a positive moral power, without the operation of which on the astral body the latter never acquires real true effectual organisation, capable of withstanding in the end the shock of physical dissolution. For the souls of bad persons, however strong they seem to be here and now, find their strength fictitious and evanescent as soon as they are deprived of physical support, and black magicians are no exception to this rule. They may flicker about in Kama-Loka for a while, especially if they can feed upon the vitality of persons in the flesh whom they succeed in obsessing for the gratification of their unhallowed, unsatisfied desires; but their end is the murky smoke of a snuffed-out candle.

Since the concentration of the will, of which I have spoken, has for its purpose and motive the attainment of true knowledge, or wisdom as distinguished from worldly erudition; and since the soul that is troubled with desire (using that word in its broadest sense) can reflect but distorted images, it follows as a matter of course that the fourth principle or middle nature of man, must be held thoroughly in hand, under the rigid mastery of the reason, or fifth principle, itself a willing instrument in the hands of the still higher principle, the sixth, the "Christ." And if haply this victory shall be won in the battle-ground of life, the Divine spouse shall seek and find the soul.

Let none hastily suppose I have used figurative language. I have been speaking of actual processes which may go on in the substance of the soul, of the real nature of which it is not permitted me to more than hint. These things may be known; but they are unspeakable. Many know them; but, strangest of all, they are never told. They only need explanation to those for whom they are inexplicable.

First find thyself; then know thyself; then, be thyself. Strange words—meaningless jargon. Nevertheless, "as above, so below"; and the two are not two but one.

Wishing my unknown correspondent a prosperous voyage of discovery among the finer particles of his being, I beg to subscribe myself with respect,

—A Psychic Researcher.

This reply speaks for itself, and no theosophist could answer any better and explain the situation with more clearness, or in a more orthodox esoteric spirit. Only Professor E. Coues, being a Theosophist, we are at a loss to understand why he should sign himself so modestly "A Psychic Researcher?" We only hope this is not synonymous with—"member of the S. P. R." As a Fellow of the T. S. we can only congratulate and thank the Professor; as a member of the S. P. R. we should be doubtful of his motives. We might be really alarmed at the signature, did we not know that, do and say what he may, Prof. Coues' love of occultism is as great as his mystic powers and that he can never be untrue to either.—[Ed.]

THE BLAVATSKY LODGE.

The following have been elected as officers of the above Lodge for the year 1889 :—

President : W. Kingsland.
Vice-President : W. R. Old.
Secretary : A. Keightley.
Treasurer : Countess C. Wachmeister.

Meetings of the Lodge are held regularly every Thursday evening, at which a regular course of study in Eastern Philosophy is pursued by the members under Madame Blavatsky's guidance. For information apply to the Secretary, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W.

Reviews.

A STUDY OF MAN AND THE WAY TO HEALTH.*

"Selfishness is the father of vice ;
Altruism, the mother of virtue."

SUCH is the motto which Dr. Buck has placed on the title page of this remarkable work, a motto which is as appropriate to the book as it is itself true, to which these pages bear most lucid and convincing testimony. But their scope is wider than this, and the readers of LUCIFER will assuredly be grateful for a somewhat full account of a book which should be in the hands of every one—whether a Theosophist or not—who is in any sense a searcher after truth.

It will assist the reader to quote the following lines from Dr. Buck's eloquently simple preface. He writes :—

This treatise may be epitomized as follows :—

The cosmic form in which all things are created, and in which all things exist, is a universal duality.

Involution and evolution express the two-fold process of the one law of development, corresponding to the two planes of being, the subjective and the objective. Consciousness is the central fact of being.

Experience is the only method of knowing ; therefore to know is to become.

The Modulus of Nature, that is, the pattern after which she everywhere builds, and the method to which she continually conforms, is an Ideal or Archetypal Man.

The Perfect Man is the anthropomorphic God, a living, present Christ in every human soul.

Two natures meet on the human plane and are focalized in man. These are the animal ego, and the higher self ; the one, an inheritance from lower life, the other an over-shadowing from the next higher plane.

The animal principle is selfishness : the divine principle is altruism.

However defective in other respects human nature may be, all human endeavour must finally be measured by the principle of altruism, and must stand or fall by the measure in which it inspires and uplifts humanity.

Literary criticism, however justifiable and however valuable, is not the highest tribunal ; were it so, the following pages would never have seen the light. The highest tribunal is the criterion of truth, and the test of truth is by its use and beneficence.

Superstition is not religion ; speculation is not philosophy ; materialism is not science ; but true religion, true philosophy, and true science are ever the hand-maids of truth."

* By J. D. BUCK, M.D., Cincinnati. ROBERT CLARKE & CO. Price $2 50 (or 10s. 6d.)

It should be noted, however, in connection with this brief outline that, while rightly insisting on the ever-present *duality* in all forms of manifestation, Dr. Buck is fully alive to the importance of never losing sight of that Absolute Unity which lies behind all the duality of manifestation. On this Unity he insists repeatedly and emphatically, for it forms one of the fundamental doctrines in his philosophy, as it has always done in that of the East.

In his first chapter, on the Criterion of Truth, the author most ably leads the reader's mind from the familiar fact of his own personality, step by step, through the dangerous rocks of both scientific and religious dogmatism, to the conclusion that the criterion of truth for men lies not in their estimate of the senses, nor in a specific process of reasoning upon phenomena confined to one half of his nature; but in the co-ordinate harmony which he is able to bring out of the chaos of all his varied experiences.

Such is briefly the conclusion to which the first chapter leads up, but it is to be regretted that want of space prevents our calling attention to the many beautiful thoughts and luminous suggestions thrown out in the course of the argument, especially in that part where the author demonstrates the equal and co-ordinate reality, validity and importance of the subjective as well as the objective aspect of man's nature.

The second chapter deals with the problems of Matter and Force in a manner at once simple, clear and highly philosophical. The beautiful application made of the principle of consonant rhythm as the agent by means of which *form* is produced is at once a splendid, far-reaching generalisation and a tribute to the truth of the fundamental axioms of occult philosophy.

The succeeding chapters on The Phenomenal World, Philosophy and Science, are in a measure preparatory to those on Life, Polarity and Living Forms. All through these chapters the clearness of the author's thought and exposition deserve the highest praise. On one point only—since it is the function of a reviewer to criticise—need a word be said. On page 60, *et seq.* Dr. Buck speaks frequently of "dead" and of "living" matters, drawing a marked line of demarcation between them. Now since Dr. Buck has evidently thoroughly assimilated the doctrines of Theosophy which indeed underlie and permeate his entire work, he is doubtless well aware that *strictly speaking* there is no such thing as "*dead*" matter in the Universe. It is therefore but fair to assume that he uses the term "matter" in a limited sense, to distinguish a state of matter in which life does not manifest itself in that particular manner to which we have confined the term "living" from that state in which life does so manifest itself. But, unfortunately, as Dr. Buck has not stated and explained this specifically, he may be misunderstood to believe in that fiction of the scientific imagination, commonly called "dead matter": a belief which would be inconsistent with the whole tenour of his work.

This criticism is partly anticipated by the chapter on Planes of Life; but though his meaning is clear to those familiar with his basic thought, yet a few explicit sentences might usefully be added in the pages referred to on the appearance of the second edition—which will undoubtedly soon be called for.

The author's conception of "Magnetism," too, needs further elucidation. The term has many meanings and many connotations, so that Dr. Buck needs to

devote a few pages to careful explanation and definition of the sense in which he uses it.

From the chapter on the Planes of Life, we pass naturally to that on Human Life, the central point, the culmination of the book. In this and the following chapters we see the real bearing and utility of the general principles with which the author has familiarised us in the preceding pages. We see them applied to the concrete facts of life as all know them; and we learn the reason of the almost joyous hope and expectation with which the author faces the many terrible problems now clamouring for a solution which seems afar off.

From this point the author deals with various aspects of human life and development, throwing light on all and giving clues to many an intricate problem. More and more clearly does he demonstrate the truth of the motto placed on his title page, and ever and ever more forcibly does he bring it home to the reader that happiness only is to be found in widest altruism. And through it all runs clear logic and accurate science, no analogy being accepted that has not been fully tested and proven legitimate. The chapters on Consciousness, Involution and Evolution of Man, and the Higher Self are especially to be commended to the careful study of all students. Some of the author's statements are not only profoundly true and philosophical: they are simply sublime.

It is such books as this which form the best answer to the query: What has the Theosophical Society *done?* For this book—written by an earnest theosophist, one of the oldest and truest members of the T. S., a man respected and beloved by all who know him—will give new light, new hope, and new courage to many. It will give a fresh impulse to earnest seekers for truth by pointing out a new method of research, as well as by defining and clearly stating the problems which call for investigation.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.*

THIS is the title of an address delivered by Prof. Elliott Coues to the Western Society for Psychic Research, at Chicago, in April, 1888. It may seem rather late in the day to review an address delivered so long ago, but it is only within the last few days that LUCIFER has received a copy of the address in its present form. It has also recently been revised by its author, and we may, therefore, conclude that the pamphlet represents the latest opinion which he holds on the subject.

The address opens with a reference to the Women's International Congress held at Washington as one of the "Signs of the Times." In this we certainly think that Dr. Coues was correct, for the present is an age of change, and there are certainly not wanting signs that a great amelioration of the human race will proceed from the amelioration of the "better half" of mankind. So far as the progress towards the psychic side of nature is concerned, it is most true that women are the better half of the human creation. In Dr. Coues' words:—"The problem of the day is not a question of matter—it is a question of mind; and the problem of mind has ceased to be only a question of the intellect. It has become the cry of the soul for more light in the dungeon of the body. This cry goes up the loudest from the women of the land, because her soul's im-

* By Prof. Elliott Coues, M.D., F.T.S.

prisonment is harder to bear than man's, and her duty to redeem a world is more imperative."

But from the question of the rightful position of women as a sign of the times, Dr. Coues goes on to treat of the conditions of psychic investigation, and his words are the more weighty as proceeding from a man of established reputation in the methods of scientific research. Further they have an additional value, as being clothed in beautiful language and they possess an elegance of diction that only adds to their clearness of expression.

Dr. Coues introduces his subject by a comparison of the four great influences which have moved the world, and he draws attention to the cycles of time which occur in the history of humanity. The cycle is that of the Naros, or a period of 600 years. Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed and Genghis Khan are the examples selected; and a final period of 666 years from the date of Genghis Khan brings us down to the year 1888. As a sign of the times this is, perhaps, a little unfortunate, for a student of Biblical symbology is at once reminded that this number is that of the "Great Beast"; and unless people are more accurately acquainted with symbology than they usually are, the *simile* seems rather equivocal as representing a "Sign of the Times." But here Theosophy steps in to the rescue, and removes the idea of "devil" from the maligned "beast," showing that it is indeed an especial cycle and no more.

It is scarcely possible to do justice to Dr. Coues in a review which must necessarily be short, for his marshalling of the psychic evidence is so terse and masterly that it ought to be read in his own words. He reviews the position both from the standpoint of the Spiritualist and from that of the Theosophist, and declines to say which of the two he considers right. But he does away with the supposed antagonism between the two, and for this alone we would heartily thank Dr. Coues. Both parties certainly admit facts; it is only in the explanation of them that they differ. And here Dr. Coues shows that the position to be truly taken is that one explanation is an extension of the other. Tersely put, the Psychic Researcher says that all is manifestation of psychic force. The ordinary Spiritualist believes that all the manifestations are the work of disembodied spirits; the Theosophist says that this is occasionally so, but only in rare cases. And here Dr. Coues sounds no indistinct or uncertain note, and it is a very important one. He says, in effect, that all are manifestations of "will" acting on matter, and that so to act does not depend upon whether the operator is disembodied or not. Then he turns his attention to the key to these facts and declares that it lies in the words, "Animal Magnetism." This he declares to be a property of what is called in Sanskrit Akasa, and that this is related to the action of the human will as the phenomena of light are related, on the scientific hypothesis, to the waves of the luminiferous ether. That this Akasa pervades everything, and permeates the human frame as much as it is spread through space. Thus, then, the man who can act by means of his will on this Akasa can act by its means at a distance just as easily as he can on a table which is under his hand. The only necessity is the development of a suitable organism. This organism is necessarily a human being, either that of the operator or that of some other human being. But with this Dr. Coues adds a most serious warning to those who, from curiosity, may be about to embark on the dangerous path of investigation into Psychic Phenomena. In his own

words:—"All experiment is made on, by, and with, the bodies of men and women—nay, upon, by, and with, their very souls. This is psychic research. . . . Think you it is to be lightly or ignorantly or blunderingly played upon? A thousand times no! Here, blunder and crime are one and the same thing."

In this place Dr. Coues adds a few words of warning drawn from the experience of the French investigations into Hypnotism; showing, too, that the danger is so widespread that legal recognition of the dangers will soon be as necessary as it has already been proved to be in the case of poisons.

He closes with a short exposition of his own "Biogen" theory as an explanation of the phenomena; and this should be read in his own words.

In conclusion, we as Theosophist, can only express our thanks to Dr. Coues for his able exposition of the facts of psychic investigation and science, and for the possibilities which he has opened for the reconciliation of two bodies of people—of people who ought to unite their forces for the confusion of materialistic thinkers, and for the spread of truths which are at present only dimly recognised by a world which is liable to roughly class both parties together, either as worshippers of a devil, or hallucinated frauds and fools.

GEOMANCY.

OF all the higher sciences, that of Geomancy may be considered the handiest one to work, for the requirements to practise this Art are few, *i.e.*, pencil, paper, and a book that will act as a guide and instructor; the first two are ready to hand, and thanks to the able pen of Dr. Hartmann we now have the Guide to his "Principles of Astrological Geomancy, the Art of divining by Punctuation," published by the "Theosophical Publishing Company, Limited." As to the book itself, it leaves nothing to be desired, having a pleasant type, printed on good paper, and being well bound, at the remarkably reasonable price of 2*s.* 6*d.*

Those who have read "An Adventure amongst the Rosicrucians," and other works by Dr. Hartmann will need no words of praise to recommend to them this new work of Geomancy. In the Preface and Introduction we have evidence of diligent study in the higher science and development of the intuition, and it is as an aid to these that the author has produced this work. It is not, as he says, "intended to be a 'fortune teller,'" for "the art of divination is based upon the recognition of a universal divine principle acting within the soul." Here we have sufficient reason to show that it is unwise to prostitute these arts of divination for any material gain or worldly curiosity—for to quote from the Introduction, "The psychological process by which the knowledge of the spiritual soul comes to the understanding of the human intellect appears to be very complicated; it seems that the divine ray of Light has to pass through many *strata* of matter, and is broken many times, before it is ultimately reflected within the field of external consciousness, and the more we are able to spiritually rise above these clouds of matter that darken the mental sky, the more will we be able to see the sunlight of truth in its purity. By practising the art of Geomancy in that state of mind and feeling which brings Man nearer to the perception of the Truth, the Intuition may teach the reasoning Intellect."

The chapter on Astrology contains much that will decidedly interest the

general reader, and which will also prove instructive to many Students of Astrology and the other occult sciences. The Author explains the natures of the signs of the Zodiac and of the "seven planets" in clear and simple language, and we feel sure that the earnest student and all lovers of Truth will welcome this aid for the dispersion of superstition and ignorance, as well as for the development of the Intuition "by the *interior awakening* of the *Spirit of Truth.*"

We notice that the Author gives the metal *silver* to the planet (♀) Venus, whereas *copper* is usually represented by this principle, and the latter is, we believe, the correct one, for Venus represents love or charity, which, when combined with the intelligence, silver or moon, is capable of a divine expression in the world. Venus, the binding power of the psychic world, has its material counterpart *(copper)* so much used in amalgamating metals which would not readily blend without its presence. We also notice that in the "Significations" of the geomantic symbols, the sign (♏) Scorpio is omitted, and we should be glad to learn its corresponding Geomantic symbol. The methods for practising Geomancy are so clearly stated, that anyone with a little care and diligence can easily draw the symbols suggested by the Intuition, thus: the hand of the operator:—

The figure consisting of the twelve houses may be constructed in any suitable form, either circular, or square; or simply by four rows of squares having three in each row, thus: according to the fancy of the operator.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9
10	11	12

In the Appendix there are sixteen Questions which will suggest a variety of subjects for enquiry to the ingenious student, for which there are 2,048 Answers. And to the experienced and intuitioned geomantist these short answers will contain all the information he seeks.

We trust, with the Author, that this work will call the attention of many enquirers "to the existence of a higher power than that of the perishing intellect."

NUCES ETYMOLOGICÆ.*

HE contact of Theosoy ıy with the various sciences which form a part of Anthropology, is extensive; and its relations with the philological sciences as been brought to the front by those who have assailed the teaching gher science. Dr. Charnock, the old president of the Anthropological s given us a book replete with research, and illustrating his minute philological derivations. It is especially at this time that this duce good fruit. The author's object is to "throw light on the of darkness," and to show that the modern system of filial deriva- ts on the most insecure foundations, and appeals for acceptance rance of its readers. For, those persons who have not had a ect of philology are very apt to accept any hypothesis which ern German theory of the filiation of languages, sometimes hleicher, ofttimes something more imbecile than either. shown to the modern word-spinners and derivation-

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* EPHEN CHARNOCK, PH.D., F.S.A. (TRÜBNER & CO.)

mincers that, after all, a little acquaintance with the elementary portions of the subject is a necessity for the student. The precept of the teacher to Monsieur Jourdain, "*Il faut commencer par l'orthographe*," is well illustrated by Dr. Charnock. What is wanted for modern philologists is a deep and an intimate study of roots. When people see that the primary words of all languages are few in number, perhaps not more than 50 or 60, they will cease to look for an assumed Aryan ancestor for the origin of man, which leaves negroes and Australians out in the cold. The *Secret Doctrine* has given us plain hints on this subject, and indicated that it would be much better for modern science to

"unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith,"

than to attempt to interpret the language of a hypothetical Aryan by the utterances of a blue-painted barbarian. To the modern superficial spirit in science, to the dilettante, the Darwinite, or the dreamer, Dr. Charnock is a severe, always laconic, sometimes scarcely polite, antagonist. He does not conceal his face either with sufficient dignity or hypocrisy before the popular idols, and thinks for himself. Such books as this will tend to render the mental soil of our scientific men more fit for theosophical teachings. For they will see that in their own armour are many crannies, and in their own eyes many beams, and that before they disobey the precepts of Lanczycki, and give "rash judgments" on the acts of their neighbour, they should make their own houses clean. Dr. Charnock has done good service, but he indicates how much is left undone. He, in front of the harlequin spectre of modern science, doubtless considers *nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum*, but he must recognise that he has to do a lot of sweeping before he can be said to have finished his philological work.

Correspondence.

A CURIOUS NUMERICAL COMBINATION.

In the 52nd number of "Engineering News," published in New York, December 29th, there is an article giving a number, that multiplied by any of the digits up to number 6, gives a result expressed in the figures of the original number.

This in itself was interesting, but I at once noticed that the ever wonderful number 7 gave a curious effect when used as the multiplier. It led to investigation, and I submit herewith the results, so far as I have had time to carry them.

It was the eccentricity of the number 7 that caught my attention. Knowing it to be pregnant with occult meaning, I send it to LUCIFER.

The number 142857, when multiplied by any of the first six digits, gives a product, in each case, expressed by the same figures, and in the same general order, as the multiplicand.

142857	×	1	=	142857.
,,	×	2	=	285714.
,,	×	3	=	428571.
,,	×	4	=	571428.
,,	×	5	=	714285.
,,	×	6	=	857142.

When multiplied by 7, a curious change occurs :—

142857 × 7 = 999999.

This multiplying can be continued probably indefinitely; several changes, however, occur.

142857 × 8 = 1/14285/6.

Here it becomes necessary to add the end figures to get the missing number. 14, as a multiple of 7, of course, shows a change.

142857 × 14 = 1/99999/8.

End numbers 8 and 1 = missing 9.

This system of adding the end figures must be used until you use 24 as a multiplier. It then becomes necessary to vary the mode of procedure, to eliminate unnecessary numbers, and leave the original six.

142857 × 24 = 3/4285/6/8

3

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1 1

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4 2 8 5 7 1

Add the end figures = 11. One should be used as the missing 1, the other, added to the 6, gives the missing 7.

By analogy, it is not too much to suppose this can be continued indefinitely, but to what profit remains to be seen.

It will be necessary, however, to vary the method of treatment, to eliminate superfluous numbers, and get those necessary.

If a circle be divided by three diameters 60° degrees apart, and the numbers be placed in their original order at the ends of the diameters, the sum of each pair will equal 9.

ould be interesting for a high exponent of "White Magic," and one in the mystery of numbers, to give us his views upon this curious com- It is with this object in view, and in the hope that it may prove ng to your readers, that I submit it for your inspection.

C. A. GRISCOM, JR.

nce come all the powers and prerogatives of rational beings? From of the Universe. Amongst other faculties, they have this . . . For versal nature overrules all mutinous accidents, brings them under the te, and makes them part of itself, so it is in the power of man to make out of every hindrance, and turn it to his own advantage . . . . soul work in harmony with the universal intelligence, as your breath the air. This is very practicable, for the intelligent power lies as ervious to your mind, as the air you breathe does to your lungs, if draw it." MARCUS AURELIUS. (*Meditations.*)

LUCIFER

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OUR CYCLE AND THE NEXT.

"The world's great age begins anew,
The golden days return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn."
—Shelley.

"My friend, the golden age hath passed away,
Only the good have power to bring it back. . . ." —Goethe.

WHAT had the author of *Prometheus Unbound* in his mind's eye when writing about the return of the golden days, and the new beginning of the world's great age? Has his poetical foresight carried his "*Vision* of the Nineteenth Century" into the "One Hundred and Nineteenth," or has that vision revealed to him in gorgeous imagery the things to come which are the things that were?

Fichte assures us it is "a phenomenon of frequent occurrence, particularly in past ages," that "what *we shall become* is pictured by something which *we already have been*; and that what we have to obtain is represented as something which we have formerly lost." And he adds, "what Rousseau, under the name of the state of Nature, and the old poets by the title of the Golden Age, place *behind* us, lies actually *before* us."

Such is also Tennyson's idea, when he says:

"Old writers push'd the happy season back—
The more fools they—we forward: dreamers both. . . ."

Happy the optimist in whose heart the nightingale of hope can still sing, with all the iniquity and cold selfishness of the present age before his eyes! Our century is a boastful age, as proud as it is hypocritical; as cruel as it is dissembling.

Oh ye, gods, how dissembling and truly sacrilegious in the face of every truth, is this, our century, with all its boastful sanctimoniousness and cant! Verily, "Pecksniffian" ought to be thy name, oh, *nineteenth* of thy Christian series. For thou hast generated more hypocrites in a square yard of thy civilized soil than antiquity has bred of them on all

its idolatrous lands during long ages. And thy modern Pecksniff, of both sexes, is "so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of falsehood that he is *moral* even in drunkenness and canting even in shame and discovery," in the words of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

If true, how dreadful Fichte's statement! It is terrible beyond words. Shall we then expect at some future recurring cycle to *rebecome* that which "we already have been," or *that which we are now?* To obtain a glance into the future cycle we have thus but to examine the situation around us in the present day. What do we find?

Instead of truth and sincerity, we have propriety and cold, cultured politeness; in one plain word, *dissembling*. Falsification on every plane; falsification of moral food and the same falsification of eatable food. *Margarine* butter for the soul, and margarine butter for the stomach; beauty and fresh colours without, and rottenness and corruption within. Life—a long race-course, a feverish chase, whose goal is a tower of selfish ambition, of pride, and vanity, of greed for money or honours, and in which human passions are the horsemen, and our weaker brethren the steeds. At this terrible steeplechase the prize-cup is purchased with the hearts' blood and sufferings of countless fellow-creatures, and won at the cost of spiritual self-degradation.

Who, in this century, would presume to say what he thinks? It takes a brave man, nowadays, to speak the truth fearlessly, and even that at personal risk and cost. For the law forbids one saying the truth, except under compulsion, in its courts and under threat of perjury. Have lies told about you publicly and in print, and, unless you are wealthy, you are powerless to shut your calumniator's mouth; state facts, and you become a defamer; hold your tongue on some iniquity perpetrated in your presence, and your friends will hold you as a participator therein —a confederate. The expression of one's honest opinion has become impossible in this, our cycle. The just lost bill repealing the "Blasphemy Laws," is a good proof in point.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* had, in its issue of April 13th, some pertinent lines on the subject; its arguments, however, presenting but a one-sided view, and having, therefore, to be accepted *cum grano salis*. It reminds the reader that the true principle in the Blasphemy Laws "was long ago laid down by Lord Macaulay," and adds:

"To express your own religious or irreligious opinions with the utmost possible freedom is one thing; to put forward your views offensively, so as to outrage and pain other people, is another thing. You may wear what clothes you please, or no clothes at all, in your own house, but if a man were to assert his right to walk down Regent-street clad solely in his shirt the public would have a right to object. Suppose some zealous man were to placard all the hoardings of London with "comic" pictures of the Crucifixion, that surely ought to be an offence, even in the eyes of those who do not believe the Crucifixion ever happened."

Just so. Be religious or irreligious, in our age, as much as you like, but do not be offensive, and dare not "outrage and pain other people."

Does *other* people mean here Christians only, no other persons being considered? Moreover, the margin thus left for the jury's opinion is ominously wide, for who knows where the line of demarcation is to be drawn! To be entirely impartial and fair in their verdict in these particular matters, the jury would have to be a mixed one and consist of six Christians and six "infidels." Now we have been impressed in youth that Themis was a blindfolded goddess only in antiquity and among the heathen. Since then—Christianity and civilization having opened her eyes—the allegory allows now of two versions. But we try to believe the best of the two inferences, and thinking of law most reverentially, we come to the following conclusion: *in law*, that which is sauce for the goose *must be* sauce for the gander. Therefore, if administered on this principle, the "Blasphemy Laws," must prove most beneficent to all concerned, "without distinction of race, colour or religion," as we say in theosophy.

Now, if law *is* equitable, it must apply impartially to all. Are we then to understand that it forbids "to outrage and pain" *anyone's* feelings, or simply those of the Christians? If the former, then it must include Theosophists, Spiritualists, the many millions of *heathens* whom merciful fate has made Her Majesty's subjects, and even the Freethinkers, and Materialists, some of whom are very thin-skinned. It *cannot* mean the latter, *i.e.*, limit the "law" to the God of the Christians alone; nor would we presume to suspect it of such a sinful bias. For "blasphemy" is a word applying not only to God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, not merely to the Virgin and Saints, but to every God or Goddess. This term, with the same criminal sense attached to it, existed with the Greeks, the Romans, and with the older Egyptians ages before our era. "Thou shalt not revile the *gods*" (plural), stands out prominent in verse 28 of chapter xxii. of *Exodus*, when "God" speaks out from Mount Sinai. So much admitted, what becomes of our friends, the missionaries? If enforced, the law does not promise them a very nice time of it. We pity them, with the Blasphemy Laws suspended over their heads like a sword of Damocles; for, of all the foul-mouthed *blasphemers* against God and the Gods of other nations they are the foremost. Why should they be allowed to break the law against Vishnu, Durga, or any fetish; against Buddha, Mahomet, or even a spook, in whom a spiritualist sincerely recognizes his dead mother, any more than an "infidel" against Jehovah? In the eyes of Law, Hanuman, the monkey-god, has to be protected as much as any of the trinitarian god-heads: otherwise law would be more blindfolded than ever. Moreover, besides his sacredness in the eyes of the teeming millions of India, Hanuman is no less dear to the sensitive hearts of Darwinists; and blasphemy against our first cousin, the tailless baboon, is certain to "hurt the feelings" of Messrs. Allen Grant and Aveling, as much as those of many Hindu theosophists. We grant that he who makes "comic pictures of the crucifixion," commits an offence against the law. But so does he who ridicules

Krishna, and misunderstanding the allegory of his Gopi (shepherdesses) speaks foully of him before Hindus. And how about the profane and vulgar jokes uttered from the pulpit by some ministers of the gospels themselves—not about Krishna, but Christ himself?

And here steps in the comical discrepancy between theory and practice, between the dead and living letter of the law. We know of several most offensively "comic" preachers, but have hitherto found, "infidels" and *atheists* alone sternly reproving for it those sinning Christian ministers, whether in England or America.

The world upside down! Profane blasphemy charged upon gospel preachers, the orthodox press keeping silent about it, and an Agnostic alone raising his voice against such clownish proceedings. It is certain that we find more truth in one paragraph of "Saladin's" * writings than in half the daily papers of the united kingdom; more of reverential and true feeling, to whatsoever applied, and more of fine sense for the *fitness of things* in the little finger of that "infidel," than in all the burly, boisterous figure of the Reverend-irreverend Mr. Spurgeon. One is an "agnostic"—a "scoffer at the Bible" he is called; the other a famous Christian preacher. But *Karma* having nought to do do with the dead letter of human laws, of civilization or progress, provides on our spinning ball of mud an antidote for every evil, hence a truth-worshipping *infidel*, for every money-making preacher who desecrates his gods. America has its Talmage, described very properly by the *New York "Sun"* † as a "gibbering charlatan," and its Colonel Robert Ingersoll. In England, Talmage's imitators find a stern Nemesis in "Saladin." The Yankee preacher was more than once severely taken to task by infidel papers for leading his flock to heaven not in a reverential spirit, but trying to shorten the long and tedious journey with sundry Biblical anecdotes. Who in New York has forgotten the *farce-pantomime* performed by Talmage on April 15, 1877? We remember it well. His subject was the "trio of Bethany," when each of the three *dramatis personæ* was "mimicked to perfection," as declared by the congregation. Jesus was shown by the reverend harlequin, "making a morning call" on Mary and Martha, throwing himself "on an *ottoman*," then taking up the time of Mary "the lover of ethics," who sat at his feet, and finding himself "*blown up* for this" *(sic)* by Martha, "left to serve alone." Colonel Sandys said the other day in the House of Commons in his speech on Mr. Bradlaugh's Blasphemy Bill which he opposed, that "while we punished those who killed the body, the object of the bill was to allow those who would murder the souls of men to do so with impunity."

Does he think that making fun of *sacred* beliefs by a Christian

* The fine poet and witty editor of the late *Secular Review*, now the "*Agnostic Journal*." The works of Mr. W. Stewart Ross ("Saladin") *e.g.*, "Woman, her glory, her shame, and her god," "Miscellaneous Pamphlets," "God and his Book," etc., etc., will become in the XXth century the most powerful as the most complete vindication of every man and woman called *infidel* in the XIXth.

† The *Sun* of April 6, 1877.

preacher fill the souls of his listeners with reverence, and *murders it* only when that fun comes from an infidel? The same pious "commoner" reminded the House that: "Under the law of Moses those who committed blasphemy were to be taken out of the camp and stoned to death."

We have not the slightest objection to Protestant fanatics of the Mosaic persuasion, taking the Talmages and Spurgeons, and stoning them to death. We will not even stop to enquire of such a modern Saul, why blame in such a case the Pharisees for acting on that same Mosaic law and crucifying his Christ, or "certain of the Synagogue of the Libertines" for stoning Stephen? But we will simply state this:—If *justice*, like charity, does not stop "at home," such unfairness as Freethinkers, Agnostics, Theosophists, and other *infidels* receive generally at the hands of law, will be a subject of the scorn for future history.

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For history repeats itself. Spurgeon having poked fun at Paul's *miracles*, we recommend every fair-minded person to procure the *Agnostic Journal* of April 13, and read Saladin's article "At Random," devoted to that favourite preacher. If they would find out the reason why, day by day, religious feeling is dying out in this country, *murdered* as it is in Christian *souls*, let them read it. Reverence is replaced by emotionalism. The Salvationists glorifying Christ on the "light fantastic toe," and Spurgeon's "tabernacle" is all that remains in this Christian land of the Sermon on the Mount. Crucifixion and Calvary are solely represented by that weird combination of hell-fire and "Punch and Judy show," which is pre-eminently Mr. Spurgeon's religion. Who, then, will find these lines by "Saladin" *too* strong?

. . . . Edward Irving was a severe mystic and volcanic Elijah; Charles Spurgeon is a grinning and exoteric Grimaldi. Newly returned from Mentone and gout, he presided over the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church Auxiliary, held in the Tabernacle. At the commencement of the proceedings he remarked to those about to pray: "Now, it is a cold night, and, if anybody prays very long, somebody will be frozen to death. (Laughter.) I remember that Paul preached a long sermon once, and a young man tumbled out of a window and killed himself. If anybody gets frozen to-night, I am not like Paul, and cannot restore him, so please don't render a miracle necessary, as I cannot perform it. (Laughter.)"

Such a jester as this, if he had been alive and in Palestine, contemporary with the "blessed Lord," out of whom he makes such a profit, would have poked the said "blessed Lord" jocularly in the ribs with a "Well, and how are you, old boy from Nazareth?" There would have been Judas, called Iscariot, who carried the bag, and Charles, called Spurgeon, who wore the cap and bells.

I make light of the Galilean fables, because to me they are simply fables; but to Mr. Spurgeon they are "the very word of very God," and it is not for him to make light of them, even to please the holy mediocrities of the Tabernacle. I venture to recommend to Mr. Spurgeon's devout attention a sentiment to be found in Cicero's *De Legibus*, and which runs thus: *De sacris autem haec sit una sententia, ut conserventur.* As Mr. Spurgeon has all his life been so prayerfully absorbed that he has had no time for study and knows no language save a voluble gush of washerwoman English, I may tell him and his that the words mean, *but let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.*—(*Agn. Journal*, April 13.)

Amen, we utter, from the bottom of our soul, to this noble advice. "But his pen is dipped in sacrilegious gall!" we heard a clergyman say to us the other day, speaking of "Saladin." "Aye," we answered. "But his is a diamond pen, and the gall of his irony is clear as crystal, free as it is from any other desire than to deal justly and speak the truth." In view of the "blasphemy law" remaining on hand, and the equitable law of this country which makes a libel *more libellous* in proportion to the truth it contains, and especially with an eye to the pecuniary ruin which it entails upon at least one of the parties, there is more heroism and fearless self-abnegation in speaking the truth *pro bono publico*, than in pandering to public hobbies. With the exception, perhaps, of the brave and outspoken editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* there is no writer in England whom we respect more for such noble-minded fearlessness, and none whose fine wit we admire more than "Saladin's."

But the world, in our day, judges everything on appearance. Motives are held as of no account, and the materialistic tendency is foremost in condemning *à priori* that which clashes with skin-deep propriety and encrusted notions. Nations, men, and ideas all are judged according to our preconceptions, and the lethal emanations of modern civilization kill all goodness and truth. As observed by St. Georges, the savage races are fast disappearing, "killed by the mere contact of civilized man." No doubt, it *must be* a consolation to the Hindu and even the Zulu, to think that all their surviving brethren will die (thanks to the missionary effort) linguists and scholars, if not Christians. A theosophist, a colonist born in Africa, was telling us the other day that a Zulu had offered himself to him as "a boy." This Caffre was a graduate of a college, a Latin, Greek, Hebrew and English scholar. Found unable with all these achievements to cook a dinner or clean boots, the gentleman had to send him away—probably *to starve*. All this has inflated the European with pride. But, as says again the above-quoted writer, "he forgets that Africa is fast becoming Mussulman, and that *Islam*, a kind of granite block which in its powerful cohesion defies the force of the waves and winds, is refractory to European ideas, which, so far, have never seriously affected it." Europe may yet awaken one day to find itself Mussulman, if not in "durance vile" to the "heathen Chinee." But when the "*inferior* races" have all died out, who, or what shall replace them in the cycle that is to mirror our own?

There are those, also, who with a superficial eye to ancient as also to modern history, slight and disparage everything ever achieved in antiquity. We remember reading about heathen priesthoods; who "built proud towers," instead of "emancipating degraded savages." The Magi of Babylon were contrasted with the "poor Patagonians" and other Christian missions, the former coming out second best in every such comparison. To this it may be answered that if the ancients built "proud towers" so do the moderns; witness, the present Parisian

craze, the *Eiffel* Tower. How many human lives the ancient towers cost, no one can tell, but the Eiffel, unfinished as it is, has cost in the first year of its existence over one hundred workmen killed. Between the latter and the Babylonian Tower, the palm of superiority in usefulness belongs by rights to the *ziggurat*, the Planet Tower of Nebo's Temple of Borsippa. Between a "proud tower" built to the national God of Wisdom, and another "proud tower" constructed to attract the children of folly—unless it is urged that even modern folly is superior to ancient wisdom—there is room for a diversity of opinions. Furthermore, it is to Chaldean *astrolatry* that modern astrognosy owes its progress, and it is the astronomical calculations of the Magi that became the ground-work of our present mathematical astronomy and have guided discoverers in their researches. As to missions, whether to Patagonia or Anam, Africa or Asia, it is still an open question with the unprejudiced, whether they are a benefit or an evil which Europe confers on the "degraded savages." We seriously doubt whether the "benighted" heathen would not profit more by being left severely alone than by being made (in addition to treason to their earlier beliefs) acquainted with the blessings of rum, whiskey and the various ensuing diseases which generally appear in the trail of European missionaries. Every sophistry notwithstanding, a moderately honest *heathen* is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than a lying, thieving, rascally Christian convert. And—since he is assured that his robes (*i.e.*, crimes) are washed in the blood of Jesus, and is told of God's greater joy "over one sinner that repenteth" than over 99 sinless saints—neither he, nor we, can see why the convert should not profit by the opportunity.

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"Who," asks E. Young, "gave in antiquity twenty millions, not at the bidding of an imperious monarch or a tyrannical priesthood, but at the spontaneous call of the national conscience and by the immediate instrumentality of the national will?" the writer adding, that in this "money grant" there is "a moral grandeur that sinks the Pyramids into littleness." O, the pride and the conceit of this our age!

We do not know. Had each of the subscribers to this "money grant" given his "widow's *two mites*," they might claim collectively to have *cast* "more than all," more than any other nation, and await their reward. England being, however, the wealthiest nation in the world, the intrinsic merits of the case seem slightly altered. Twenty millions in a lump represent indeed a mighty engine for good. But such a "money grant" could only gain in Karma, were it to pander less to national pride, and were the nation not to feel itself so exalted for it, in the four quarters of the globe, by hundred-voiced fame trumpeted by public organs. *True* charity opens her purse-strings with an invisible hand, and:

"Finishing its act, exists no more . . . ."

It shuns Fame, and is never ostentatious. Besides which, every-

thing is relative. One million in specie, 3,000 years ago, represented ten-fold more than twenty millions to-day. Twenty millions are a Niagara inundating with Titanic force some popular want, and creating, for the time being, as great a commotion. But, while helping for a certain lapse of time tens of thousands of hungry wretches, even such an enormous sum leaves ten times as many unfortunate, starving wretches still unrelieved.

To such munificent bounties we prefer countries where there are no needy people at all, *e.g.* those small communities, the remnants of once mighty races, which allow no beggars among their co-religionists—we mean the Parsis. Under the Indian and Buddhist Kings, like Chandragupta and Asoka, people did not wait, as they do now, for a national calamity, to throw the surplus of their overflowing wealth at the head of a portion of the starving and the homeless, but worked steadily on, century after century, building *rest-houses*, digging wells and planting fruit-trees along the roads, wherein the weary pilgrim and the penniless traveller could always find rest and shelter, be fed and *receive* hospitality at the national expense. A little clear stream of cold, healthy water which runs steadily, and is ever ready to refresh parched lips, is more beneficent than the sudden torrent that breaks the dam of national indifference, now and then, by fits and starts.

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Thus, if we have to become in the future cycle *that which we already have been*, let this be as in the days of Asoka, not as it is now. But we are reproached with forgetting "*Christian* heroism." Where will you find, we are asked, a parallel to the heroism of the early martyrs and that displayed in our day? We are sorry to contradict this boast like many others. If casual instances of heroism in our century are undeniable, who, on the other hand, dreads death more, as a general rule, than the Christian? The idolater, the Hindu and the Buddhist, in short every Asiatic or African, dies with an indifference and serenity unknown to our Western man. As for "*Christian heroism*," whether we mean mediæval or modern heroes or heroines, a St. Louis, or a General Gordon, a Joan of Arc, or a Nightingale, there is no need of the adjective to emphasize the substantive. The Christian martyrs were preceded by the idolatrous and even godless Spartans of many virtues, the brave sisters of the Red Cross by the matrons of Rome and Greece. To this day, the daily self-tortures submitted to by the Indian Yogi and the Mussulman Fakir, tortures often lasting through years, throw entirely into the shadow the unavoidable heroism of the Christian martyr, ancient or modern. He who would learn the full meaning of the word "heroism" must read the "Annals of Rajistan" by Colonel Tod. . . . .

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," is a golden rule, but like so many others from the same source, Christians are the first to break it.

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Pride and conceit are the two hideous cancers devouring the heart of *civilized* nations, and selfishness is the sword handled by evanescent *personality* to sever the golden thread that links it to immortal INDIVIDUALITY. Old Juvenal must have been a prophet. It is *our* century that he addresses when saying:

> "We own thy merits ; but we blame beside
> Thy mind elate with insolence and pride !"

Pride is the first enemy to itself. Unwilling to hear any one praised in its presence, it falls foul of every rival and does not always come out victorious. "I am *the* ONE, and God's elect," says the proud nation. "I am *the* invincible and the foremost; tremble all ye around me!" Behold, there comes a day when we see it crouching in the dust, bleeding and mangled. "I am the ONE," croaks the private crow in peacock's feathers. "I am *the* ONE—painter, artist, writer, or what not—*par excellence*. . . . On whomsoever I shed my light, he is singled out by the nations ; on whomsoever I turn my back, he is doomed to contempt and oblivion."

Vain conceit and glorification. In the law of Karma as in the truths we find in the gospels, he who is the first will be the last—hereafter. There are those writers whose thoughts, however distasteful to the bigoted majority, will survive many generations ; others which, however brilliant and original, will be rejected in the future cycles. Moreover, as the cowl does not make the monk, so the external excellence of a thing does not guarantee the moral beauty of its workman, whether in art or literature. Some of the most eminent poets, philosophers and authors were historically immoral. Rousseau's ethics did not prevent his nature being far from perfect. Edgar Poe is said to have written his best poems in a state verging on *delirium tremens*. George Sand, her magnificent psychological insight, the high moral character of her heroines, and her elevated ideas notwithstanding, could have never claimed the *Monthyon* prize for virtue. Talent, moreover, and especially genius, are no development of any one's present life, of which one ought to feel personally proud, but the fruition of a previous existence, and its illusions are dangerous. "Maya," say the Orientals, "spreads its thickest and most deceitful veils over the most lovely spots and objects in nature." The most beautiful serpents are the most venomous. The *Upas* tree, whose deadly atmosphere kills every living thing that approaches it, is—the Queen of Beauty in the African forests.

Shall we expect the same in the "coming cycle"? Are we doomed to the same evils then that befall us now?

Nevertheless, and though Fichte's speculation will have proved correct and Shelley's "Golden Age" will have dawned upon mankind, still Karma will have its usual way. For we shall have become "the ancients" in our turn, for those who will come long after us. The men of that period will also believe themselves the *only* perfect beings and

show scorn to the "Eiffel" as we show scorn to the Babel-tower. Slaves to the *routine*—the established opinions of the day; what they of the next cycle will say and do, will alone be well said and done.

"Wolf! wolf!" will be the cry raised against those who, as we defend the ancients now, will attempt to say a good word for us. And forthwith the finger of scorn and every weapon available will be directed at him who falls off from the beaten track, and at the "blasphemers" who may dare to call by their right names the gods of that cycle, and presume to defend their own ideals. What biographies shall be written of the famous infidels of to-day, one can foresee in reading those of some of England's best poets; *e.g.*, the posthumous opinions passed on Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Yea, he is now accused of what he would have otherwise been praised for, because, forsooth, he wrote in his boyhood "A Defence of Atheism"! *Ergo*, his imagination is said to have carried him "beyond the bounds of reality," and his metaphysics are said to be "without a solid foundation of reason." This amounts to saying that his critics alone know *all* about the landmarks placed by nature between the real and the unreal. This kind of orthodox trigonometrical surveyors of the absolute, who claim to be the only specialists chosen by their God for the setting of boundaries and who are ever ready to sit in judgment over independent metaphysicians, are a feature of our century. In Shelley's case, the metaphysics of the young author of "Queen Mab," described in popular encyclopedias as a "violent and blasphemous attack on Christianity and the Bible," must, of course, have appeared to his infallible judges without "a solid foundation in reason." For them, that "foundation" is in the motto of Tertullian, "*Credo quia absurdum est.*"

Poor, great young Shelley! He who laboured so zealously for several years of his too short life in relieving the poor and consoling the distressed, and who, according to Medwin, would have given his last sixpence to a stranger in want, he is called an *Atheist* for refusing to accept the Bible *literally!* We find, perhaps, a reason for this "Atheism" in the *Conversations Lexicon*, in which Shelley's immortal name is followed by that of Shem, "the eldest son of Noah . . . said in Scripture to have died at the age of 600 years." The writer of this encyclopedic information (quoted by us *verbatim*) had just indulged in saying that "the censure of extreme presumption can hardly be withheld from a writer who, in his youth, rejects all *established* opinions," such as Biblical chronology we suppose. But the same writer passes without a word of comment and in prudent, if not reverential, silence, the cyclic years of Shem, as indeed he may!

Such is our century, so noisily, but happily for all preparing for its final leap into eternity. Of all past centuries, it is the most smilingly cruel, wicked, immoral, boastful and incongruous. It is the hybrid and

unnatural production, the monstrous child of its parents—an honest mother called "mediæval superstition" and a dishonest, humbugging father, a profligate impostor, universally known as "modern civilization." This unpaired, odd team which now drags the car of progress through the triumphal arches of our civilization, suggests strange thoughts. Our Oriental turn of mind makes us think, as we gaze at this orthodox piety harnessed together with cool sneering materialism, of a fitting symbol for our century. We choose it in the colonial productions of European ethics (alas, *living* productions!) known as the *half-castes.* We fancy a coffee-coloured, oily face, looking insolently at the world through an eye-glass. A flat and woolly head, surmounted by a tall hat, enthroned on a pedestal of white-starched collar, shirt, and fashionable satin cravat. Leaning on the arm of this hybrid production, the flat swarthy visage of a mongrel beauty shines under a Parisian bonnet—a pyramid of gauze, gay ribands and plumes. . . . .

Indeed, this combination of Asiatic flesh and European array, is no more ludicrous than the bird's-eye view of the moral and intellectual amalgamation of ideas and views as now accepted. Mr. Huxley and the "Woman clothed with the Sun"; the Royal Society and the new prophet of Brighton, who lays letters "before the Lord" and has messages for us in reply "from Jehovah of Hosts"; who signs himself, unblushingly, "King Solomon" on letters stamped with the heading, "Sanctuary of Jehovah" *(sic)*, and calls the "Mother"—(the said *Solar* "woman") "that accursed thing" and an *abomination.*

Yet their teachings are all authoritative and *orthodox.* Just fancy Mr. Allen Grant trying to persuade General Booth that "life owes its origin to the chemically-separative action of ethereal undulations on the cooled surface of the earth, especially carbonic anhydride and water"; and "le brav' general" of England, arguing that this cannot be so, since this "cooled surface" was only called into being 4004 B.C.; thence, that his (Allen Grant's) "existing diversity of organic forms" was not in the least due, as his new book would make the unwary believe, "to the minute interaction of dynamical laws," but to the dust of the ground, from which "the Lord-God formed the beast of the field" and "every fowl of the air."

These two are the representatives of the goats and the sheep on the Day of Judgment, the Alpha and the Omega of orthodox and correct society in our century. The unfortunates squeezed on the neutral line between these two are steadily kicked and butted by both. *Emotionalism* and *conceit*—one, a nervous disease, the other that feeling which prompts us to swim with the current if we would not pass for retrograde fogeys or infidels—are the powerful weapons in the hands of our pious modern "sheep" and our learned "goats." How many swell the respective ranks merely owing to one or the other of these feelings, is known to their *Karma* alone. . . .

Those who are not to be moved by either hysterical emotion or a holy fear of the multitudes and propriety; those, whom the voice of their conscience—"that still small voice" which, when heard, deafens the mighty roar of the Niagara Falls itself and will not permit them to lie to their own souls—remain outside. For these there is no hope in this departing age, and they may as well give up all expectation. *They are born out of due time.* Such is the terrible picture presented by our present cycle, now nearing its close, to those from whose eyes the scales of prejudice, preconception and partiality have fallen, and who see the truth that lies behind the deceptive appearances of our Western "civilisation." But what has the new cycle in store for humanity? Will it be merely a continuation of the present, only in darker and more terrible colours? Or shall a new day dawn for mankind, a day of pure sunlight, of truth, of charity, of true happiness for all? The answer depends mainly on the few Theosophists who, true to their colours through good repute and ill, still fight the battle of Truth against the powers of Darkness.

An infidel paper contains some optimistic words, the last prophecy by Victor Hugo, who is alleged to have said this:

"For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of apostles and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the future. In the twentieth, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth; for all, there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

"All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit!"

If Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root into the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words, of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy IS ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realise that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed.

But if not, then the storm will burst, and our boasted western civilization and enlightenment will sink in such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded.

ETHEREAL PRESSURE.

IN considerations which are connected with the fundamental problems of life, it is necessary to possess some clear idea of what is meant by a First Cause. If we admit that there is a "something," a Primitive Substance, from which every form of life is derived we shall not be explaining much by saying that Nature lies at the back of existence. Man reasons on what he perceives and conceives, and, roughly speaking, works along two distinct lines, the subjective and the objective. Reason places perceptions and conceptions in a position of objectivity though these become subjective in reference to the Will of a material-minded man. Nature in a like manner is a First Cause and at the same time is the positive Universe which can be seen and comprehended by the spiritual and by the material eye. This contradiction is the result of the dual relation which it possesses. On the one hand the ratio of Nature to the Absolute and on the other its ratio to the Finite. In itself it is a definite idea and as such belongs to the plane of positive life. As a First Cause it contains every subsequent manifestation as latent power. It represents the unity of the Universe as an existing fact, that which does actually exist becomes finite to the extent of its existence. That which is finite is limited by its definiteness. Limits are the characteristics of form. Therefore the First Cause exists as a form of the unity of the Universe. In studying its subsequent developments we are concerned with finite forms of life, or the many potentialities which lay latent in it in the beginning of time. These sequences of formal life explain to us more or less of the nature of this comprehensive Unity and therefore, since formal life becomes its own exponent, it is called Nature.

The terms we use are generally of a concrete character and applied to that which appeals to the senses ; but it must be borne in mind that we are dealing with ultimate conceptions where immateriality is so great as to be entirely super-sensuous. And yet what is true on the plane of mental abstraction is also true for the physical plane, because we are only dealing with universals.

The definition of a First Cause may be stated thus: A unity of activity existing in a definite and comprehensive form. Nature, both as a subsequent physical development or as an ideal "something," representing the primitive substance, is characterised by form ; in both cases, if we take this away, it ceases to exist. But we have still to solve the question as to the formation of Form. Since, in its primitive and universal sense it embraces *all*, it must consist of *all*, and, being the first existence, nothing prior to it could have existed. But as, at the same time, it must be made of something, and as this requires a process of formation, it must have been, in the beginning, Formless. In other words there subsisted the formless one, as the Sankya philosophy calls it, on the

negative plane which becomes formal on the positive plane. The former lies behind Life and is its source or reason of existence.

The passing from formless rest to formal activity implies change; and this means the development of energy in the former to become the latter.

Thus Nature becomes "energy imprisoned in a form," whilst that which was first and its opposite in character, may be conceived of as "boundless energy in a state of latent power."

In thus attempting to describe the unthinkable we do not mean to limit it by this one meaning, but merely to bring an unknown quantity into terms which may be equated out on lower planes into comprehensible realities. For the positive plane manifests the nature of the negative one and clearly asserts the subsistence of latent power. The Absolute in activity is a simple imperative which, according to Kant, means Law. Therefore the nature of the Formless One is Law, and its form is that of its first law. Since its manifestation is due to the activity of an equal opposition, namely that of the Form to the Formless or the *effect* to its *potential*, the former exists because it manifests the non-existence of the latter, and their equal opposition shows us the law of Equilibrium embodied in the form of its activity. This, then, is the fundamental law of Nature and it expresses the innate character of the subsistence, or negative plane, or Nirvana.

We conclude that energy in balanced repose and subsistence are the same thing; and that this constitutes the negative plane from which has come the positive Universe, and we further infer that the activity thus manifested is due to a disruption of a subsisting state of equilibrium. This change of condition has resulted in producing a law whose form depends on the existence of two poles or centres in equal opposition to one another, of which the one is positive life and the other is the possibility of life.

Between these two extremes lies Change, a chain of causes and effects stretching from one to the other. The Thrill of life passing through this chain from the — to the + pole is the activity of evolution journeying from its *subsisting* source towards its equivalent as *existing* perfection. Partly, the chain is hidden in latent power; and then again it flashes out into positive life. When all is positive and there are no longer the apparent separations existing between forms or lapses of latent energy, the chain of Change will be completed and the Unity of Life will represent and balance its Essence. The impulse to a change which thus manifests Wisdom must be a Reason, and hence we say that the balance of the Infinite was disturbed by a Reason, and, as this results in a First Cause, this Reason must be a Reason of Reasons which, because of its infinity, is comprehensible only by an infinite consciousness. Thus to recapitulate: our First Cause becomes a form produced by activity in that which lies in a state of subsistence, all-pervading and boundless. The change is due to the disruption of a perfect Equilibrium in obedience to the impulse of a supreme Reason.

The inference to be obtained from this definition is obvious. Evolution is the process of change and a complete cycle will be the progress of the wave of power thus set in motion from pole to pole; while the amount of its energy will represent the requisite quantity necessary to re-adjust the balance which has been distroyed. Each step and subdivision is marked by the formation of minor balances, whose partial perfections are immediately distroyed by the incomplete ratios these bear to the whole. When the details of natural and positive life shall have settled into such accord with one another as to work with perfect harmony, Subsistence will again overtake the Universe.

But this subsequent condition of rest must differ from the first; for then the ever present activity of opposites holds life in suspended animation, and the slightest addition of force to any detail of the complicated whole will set every component falling through an equivalent number of movements. Quiescence is here the result of sustained effort; whereas the negative plane of pre-natal Infinity is distinguished by effortless union. Thus natural equality is distinctive of subsistence and artificial equality of existence.

This also marks the difference between a state of perfect harmony and that of perfect rest, in which the first is due to a perfection on the positive plane and is a result of evolution; whereas the latter is pre-existent and does not recognise the existence of anything conceivable to a finite mind.

The First Form manifests the unmanifest. This gives the latter a reality which, though reflected, is real to the extent of the formal manifestation reflecting itself from the positive plane. So that the law of equilibrium actually embodies the existence of two opposites; one of which becomes positively subsistent through its contrast with the former. If the positive sign represents the limits which distinguish a Form, then the negative must represent that which opposes its finalities. And since the existence of the one is due to this contrast of two, and since of these two one is active positively, then the other must be active negatively and we have the limits of finite life defined by the negative plane, which thus becomes the medium in which the Form is contained. This medium, in thus opposing its energy, exerts a *Pressure* on the shape equal and opposite to the manifested activity of the latter as a form.

In this way the negative subsisting energy of wisdom becomes an ethereal essence pervading space and, by opposing itself to formal life, confining it to the plane of positive existence. Nature, through its grossness, has degraded Wisdom into a Thing, a counterpart of itself or blind force; and the Ethereal Energy condensed by the reflected power of positive opposition assumes the shape of an illusive law, the law of necessity, and becomes the shadow of Life. We say "illusive" because it is active between the poles of a perfect balance, and works only to bring to rest the power of the wave of vitality passing from one to the

other. On accomplishing this it falls into nothing, being lost in the perfect Truth manifested by the first law, that of Equilibrium. Within a given polarity, this law of necessity confines the existence of the positive plane to definite dimensions ; for it is another term for the ever present and uniform Pressure of Space which, by its constant action, renders obedience to the law of motion imperative. If the First Cause finds itself subject to an infinite pressure, because the one equals the other, the effect is lost in the Cause. But this is not so with its finite sub-divisions. Each one, from the greatest planet to the minutest atom, is a ratio between the unit power exercised by this enclosing Ether and its own finality. As the world rolls in the heavens it is pervaded by this ethereal pressure which is the Essence of the First Form. To it the earth is objective. As the world's energy consolidates into material atoms these also become, each individually, subjected to it. As a sum of energy, they make a total which represents the Earth, and which, together with the added energy of that portion of the Solar System which affects it, balances the Ethereal Pressure, as is proved by its existence as a form in Space. As formal atoms, molecules and Things, they represent sub-balances between themselves, taken individually, the Earth's Energy as a whole, and the unit, Pressure. Let the thrill of life disturb one of these tiny sub-balances, in the shape of a ray of light, and the equilibrium of the whole world is destroyed. The inner being of the globe falls together into a fresh disposition of its component parts under the guidance of Pressure acting as the law of Necessity, and re-forms itself into a fresh equation. This current of motion running through the Earth affects other Worlds, because it disturbs the placidity of the universal medium in which all float ; this disturbance must cause corresponding changes in other planets. The precise laws which, by their inter-action, are disturbers of balanced power or givers of unintelligent life, cannot be considered here for want of space ; but if the Earth is correctly represented as an aggregate of a certain definite number of great and little balances, definite in quantity to an infinite mind, though infinite to our finite comprehension, then the constant fall of beams of light upon our globe is a cause of continuous change, and Nature lives. As the aggregate of forms taken singly are unequal to the strain of the Ethereal Medium, change is continuous and ubiquitous, and a balance formed in one place destroys, or is the outcome of the destruction, of that made in another. In this conception of Life's movements we do not enter into the question of consciousness which developes out of them, but deal simply with Nature as a blind activity which, guided by laws which may be classed as Laws of Potential, shows to our perceptions the correlation of forces and their Evolution towards an eventual condition of existence, where perfect harmony of details opposes its united energy as a Unit equal and opposite to the subsisting ethereal Essence of Life and announces the advent of a Pralaya.

J. WILLIAMS.

HUMANITY TO GOD.

(THE DÖPPELGÄNGER.)

OH Love! thou wilt not leave me now, even now,
When the red dawn falls on my weary brow,
  And sweet the young light smiles down to the sea—
In dreams the demon smote me, and I wrought
The deed I would not, from an innocent thought—
  Yet 'twas mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Oh curse of double-being! Is there none
Whose thought weds deed, beneath the waiting sun?
  Must all alike for pardon breathe one plea?
Tho' I have slain my brother, and have fed
My pampered lips on starving children's bread,
  Yet 'twas mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Tho' I have heaped up treasure o'er and o'er,
Have reft my plenty from his frugal store,
  And given stones for bread, craved piteously:
And dwelt 'mid palaces, in raiment fair,
While shivering died he, in the freezing air:
  Yet 'was mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Tho' while in light I revelled, still I strove
To keep his soul in darkness, and I throve
  On labor of bound hands thou hadst made free—
Tho' mid the durance of the slow sad years
I wrought my wine from out thy people's tears—
  Yet 'twas mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Behold the dream has vanished, and I stand
Awake at last in the bright morning land—
  And he, the slayer, nowise can I see!
But lo! my prisoned brother, strong, and glad,
And fairer for the myriad woes he had
  From that false shadow, that was scorned of me!

Oh, Love, thou wilt not leave me, yet I hear
Amid the joy, a shivering sigh of fear;
  "God is a phantom! . . . Yea, no gods there be!
"We dreamed while we were tortured, and we feigned
"(To spite despair) a god o'er all things reigned—
  "'Twas but a vision, now clear-eyed we see!"

Yet, Love, thou shalt not leave me, for I know
The bliss priests vaunted, can be found below.
  Earth reaches heaven, when our souls reach thee!
Humanity hath conquered, and to all
All men are Christs, pure, holy, typical
  Of that great power, we call Deity!

EVELYN PYNE.

THE RIVER OF KNOWLEDGE.*

"And Ezra, the priest, stood up and said unto them, Ye have taken strange wives to increase the trespass of Israel."
Ezra, 10th ch., 10th verse.

THE waters of knowledge flow freely in our land; there is no lack or cessation of their supply, for from the throne of God Himself this stream emanates, and the walls of Jerusalem are girded therewith as by an outer ring.

Ever bright and pleasant are the waters of knowledge as they pass by the Golden Gates, translucent with a thousand mysteries, all alike glorious.

He who would work his work with rejoicing, has his place by this shining stream, and he who seeks to penetrate the mysteries of the unknown shall find hidden wisdom in its pebbles, for golden and many-hued are they; but *all* precious. Yea, precious, because the hand of their Maker has left the distinct tracings of his touch on them. And the mirroring water which covers them has beheld the face of Christ. There is no glory possible to be conceived that has not its reflection in this stream, and the purer the eyes which gaze therein, the wider knowledge of holy things will it convey unto them, and the more humble the soul of the gazer, the more mighty will be the product of his thoughts.

Thou shalt not go down into the mine for the gold of Ophir. Thou shalt not dive into mid ocean for the pearls of price. Behold they are thine for the stooping, if so be thou wilt look patiently enough for them. Be not in haste to gather up that thou first seest, for the precious jewels of paradise are not dead and powerless like those of thine own land; they are full of *living* truth, and he who searches not carefully for it will miss it. Yea, he who searches with diligence shall hardly fail to miss some exquisite tint of colour which is there set to make him wise. Stand awhile and consider ere thou castest thine hand into its ripples, for that thou wouldest grasp will surely elude thy full comprehension if with the desire of gaining one particular treasure the joy of the possibility of appropriation for self-advancement make the heart beat with excitement. Let the Lord choose for thee, and *with* thee, by thee and *in* thee, for the dimmest pebble in the river hath a more exceeding store of wisdom in it than that which glistens bravely and attracts the eyes of those to whom surface beauty has not yet lost its value.

Some, nay, many of us, yet are deceived by imagining things to be as they appear, and who is he that can be free from this blemish but *He*

* By the Author of *Light through the Crannies.*

who is perfect? Many who come hither are so pleased with the new perception their new senses are developing in them that they go eagerly peering into the mysteries of the land without a guide, and sometimes are lost for awhile in the mountain bye-paths, or fall asleep from weariness in one of the many prison dells which skirt our place of rest upon the earth side. And one of these lately disappeared from our midst, for he was restless and entirely given up to the pursuit of intellectual knowledge. Our usual means of erudition to the young and ignorant were distasteful to him, so that he rebelled inwardly against the conditions imposed, especially that of patience. So, being urged by some evil, which must have travelled hither secretly within him, he started off at early morning and made towards the Golden Gates, which parts our land from that beyond.

When it was perceived that he had quitted us, One who was ever pitiful to youthful impulse, said, "He who goeth by a way he knows not shall surely fall into harm, and the sword of indignation shall stand out before him, but he perceive it not. This youth, being blind and deaf to holiest workings, shall rush thereupon and be wounded, if none be there to stay him. And for this cause will I get out and follow him, for if he come to hurt, then shall his sufferings be heavier for lack of *discretion* in bearing them. Moreover, he shall miss that teaching which comes best after affliction."

So the wise spirit left us and set out. When presently he had come within far sight of the young fugitive he was hurrying on as one who sees a jewel at no great distance and hastens to grasp it before another's eye hath fallen upon it; or as one who feels that he is chased by hounds and is driven into desperation by their nearness. Thus fled the youth. And presently the Golden Gates burst on his vision, and he stood a moment dazzled, with his hand shading his eyes. But whether 'twas their glory blinded him, he being still perverse with finite comprehension, or whether he was dazed by that most subtil essence which comes forth from this high place of glory at the time of dawn we know not, but this we know—he turned and fled away faster than ever, as though a hand had smitten him, and he ran against the rocks and fell, and rose again and dashed against the trees and fell, and hurried over stones that blocked the way like walls and always fell, yet knew not aught of pain or circumspection for he drove his body where it *could* not pass, he smote his head, he strained and tore himself as blindly as a moth singed by the flame and well-nigh dead, beating about to find the light again by which his hurt was made that he may perish in it. So strove the youth.

And when our brother had come up to him, he said: "Why didst thou quit the shades of learners thus? O youth of restless soul, thy gain will be but small if thou persistest in this wayward course. Return and wait with patience till the Lord shall send his light on thee."

And he answered: "Let me alone; by measured task and rule I cannot learn. The letters of *thy* book are not so large as my dim sight requires. Let me search out of Nature's wide-spread scroll the characters which suit best with my perceptive powers. I need no monitor. Therefore I pray thee leave me here alone."

And the Wise One said, "Nay, for thy giddy course is dangerous. Surely I will not speak with thee, or hinder thee, yet hold thee well in view, and in my thoughts."

Then said the other. "What have I done so evil that thou shouldest follow me in this fashion as though I were a breaker of the law?"

And he answered, "I have naught against thee. For compassion's sake and for sympathy towards thy earnestness of purpose in searching after truth I seek thy company. Yea, for the love I bear thee, seeing thou art one of Our Father's little ones going astray."

Then said the youth, "Thou hast set thyself a task which soon will weary thee, seeing I go at no mild scholar's pace," and saying this, he went off at a run.

Then said the Wise One, "Thy haste is but ill speed." And even as he spoke, a bush throwing its tangled boughs across the path caught the wild youth and threw him down.

Then sped the Wise One, gathering him up tenderly, and behold the flesh of one foot was torn, and its muscles sprained, and he was very angry at the accident. So that he would not let the foot be bound, neither be persuaded to stay here and rest, but limped away as fast as he could go.

Then said his friend, "Verily I love thee, that thy courage is so great and thy strength of purpose firm. Wilt thou not let me walk with thee awhile? When thou weariest of my company, then will I leave thee!"

And the youth answered, "If thou wilt presently let me alone and not come after me, I will bear with thee for just so long as shall suffice to make thee leave me."

Then said the Wise One, "Doubtless thou hast some purpose in thy mind which others may not know. And this renders thee churlish. If thou wilt hide this from me, *hide* it, but indicate to me whither thou goest. As thou art a stranger in the land, thou knowest not its dangers. Let me point out to thee the perils of thy road, and it shall suffice."

Then said he, "Perils! What perils? Thinkest *thou* to scare me from my quest with old wives' fables. Perils! There are none in this place. I passed through all in coming hither."

Then answered the Wise One, "In every spirit plane perils exist. Except it be where God himself throws out the halo of his presence over the Holiest. In this place, although thou scornest the thought thereof from ignorance, I tell thee there are many, and in each separate sphere, its own distinct species of peril. Therefore tell me the way thou goest and I will commit the knowledge unto thee how thou shalt keep thy soul impervious to attack from the especial evil of the place."

Then said he, "Tell me *all*, and I will choose my way according to the bias of my fancy for combat. Whatever demon scares me most, him will I fight."

And the Wise One said, "Then hast thou no set purpose in thy heart, else hadst thou answered me less wantonly. And he who wanders idly all the day outside the city walls shall find no portion set for him at night at the Great Master's table when He comes to sup. Therefore I speak to thee no more as one who *begs* a favour, but as one who, for the love of God, would hold a brother's soul from deadly sin. Stay! thou shalt go no farther. Stay! In our Father's name I claim thy life."

And the youth, awed by his words, and the strong grasp he laid upon him, answered, "I knew not it was evil to desire knowledge, for an impulse in my soul said, 'Go out and find wisdom here denied to thee.' And being thus urged, I started on the quest."

Then said his friend, "Hast thou found aught when thou wast flying like a hunted deer across God's pasture? He who seeks for hidden gold, lies still and sifts the worthless earth away until he finds it. And he who would find the gold of Heavenly knowledge, must go humbly, earnestly upon his knees, and lay his body prone upon the earth, striving to hear the wisdom of the words she utters in the lowly cells of life. He but treads down the very things he seeks to gain, and misses them, who in his hurry would outstrip the wind."

Then said the youth, still glancing at those hills which, in the misty distance looked so fair, as with a thousand shifting, varying dyes they grew in height and splendour, "Where shall I begin this search, O, Teacher? Thou hadst best instruct me; seeing that thou art so brimming full of wisdom it *must* needs flow over whether one desire it or not."

But the Wise One kept silence, for his face was turned skyward as though he saw a vision.

Then said the youth, "What seest thou, that thou art wrapped away from speech or sound? Truly mine eyes perceive no miracle in yonder heaven. Wisdom that demands cloud-searching eyes is not for me."

"Yea, truly, not for thee," replied his friend, sadly. "Enough for thee to gaze upon thy feet and keep them steady, lest thou shouldst balance either way, and so the two-edged sword with which, even now, an angel bars thy path, should run thee through." And saying thus the Wise One went from him.

And then the youth, struck with a sudden fear—the fear of the *unseen*—stirred not, but stood gazing at his feet as one turned into stone.

And a voice, sweeter than any he had ever heard, said in his ear, "What seest thou?"

He answered, "The tiny blades of grass which spread and rustle caressingly over my feet as the light wind sways them. Nothing more."

And the voice said again, "Think!—thou seest more than this."

And the youth answered, "Nay; this is all I see. Whatever else abides beneath this show of life, I see not."

Then said the voice again, "By what means thinkest thou, this power of sight is given unto thee?"

And the youth answered, "I know not. I am ignorant, and full of fear, for He who went and left me by myself hath cast a spell upon me so that I cannot move or raise my eyes lest I should sway aside and fall upon a sword. Perchance if this terror were removed from me, my answers would be better, for I might then kneel down and close my eyes and search——"

Then said the voice, "Kneel."

But the youth answered, "How can I? Not knowing whether the sword be right in front of me or not." So he stood still.

Then said the voice, "How comes it thou knowest not that he who loves his life shall lose it, but he who hates his life for the Lord's sake the same shall find it?"

And the youth answered, "Yea, 'twas so taught in *words* on earth but the people rarely understood the meaning thus."

And the voice answered, "Here, at least, the glamour of illusion finds no place. Kneel, lest the sword cut thee into two halves from the head downwards. For verily it hangeth over thee."

Then kneeled the youth, white with the terror of that majesty of wrath which circled all his being, and he cried:

"I have sinned, in being so perverse; give me but leave to quit this awful place, and I will humbly learn the heaviest tasks my master can devise for me."

But the voice said, "Nay, as thou hast set out in this way, so shalt thou gather experience. What seest thou upon the blades of grass?"

And he answered, shrinkingly, "Serpents, O Lord! which whirl and writhe about them till the field is like a sea of undulating water with their life!"

And the voice said, "What else?"

And he answered, "Long chains of glittering drops like pearls and emeralds rounded, with here and there a red one breaking off the string, and from the red one others fall and touch the ground as though caressing it. But all are full of life, circle within circle. O 'tis curious to mark the strong vitality each tiny globe contains; a realm of perfect order, and unvarying motive power."

Then said the voice, "Behold."

And as it spoke, the bright transparent globes were broken, and all the air immediately was full of noxious stinging creatures, and their touch in passing stung his body cruelly, so that every pore thereof was filled with smarts.

Then said the voice, "This is *thy* way of knowledge, and kneeling thus, or lying prone on earth shalt thou seek out with patience that

which befits thy soul's needs; and if thou chafest or shalt essay to rise before thou hast grown fully cognizant of the wonders of this little spot of ground about thy feet, remember that the sword still sways upon its weft of air above thy head."

And saying thus, the youth was left alone, but hearing of his melancholy plight we went to him, and helped him all we could, which was but little.

And when an angel from the Holy Place came down amongst us, we begged of Him that He would pray the Lord to give our brother back to us again, and after lingering some brief space amongst the babes, He left us and went back.

Yet one fair eventide as I mused alone, a stately pure soul, but lately come from earth, approached me, and being full of compassion for the people she had left, and deeply grieved that they should be so deaf to the good teachers God has sent to them, spake to me thereof, and then we wandered through the quiet vale which leads by one way to the Golden Gates, still sorrowing in each other's sorrow, and presently the river met her eyes, bright with the glistening of the golden shore opposite, and she paused, glancing therein as one who suddenly beholds the mystery of ages laid quite bare and open to the general view, and presently as though half doubting, yea, and half afraid that she had found so great a truth too easily she kneeled down close by the water, and like a delighted child who lets the ripples of the stream lap over his warm hand, she thrust her finger under the water of the tide of knowledge saying "Behold the jewels of the Lord, there are none else. He works his wonders through the hands of man; the man Christ Jesus works his works of love through humility and faith. Behold His knowledge is more fair than aught the mind of man has yet conceived. His ways are wonderful. See, O my brother, what are gems of earth compared to those which lie like common pebbles in this crystal stream of God's abundant love, and wherefore should our hearts be sad, for hath not He made all and cared for all?"

And as she spoke, One came the other side the stream in the far distance and looked at us, and she who came with me called out, "O, that I knew the way to cross this stream, for I would be with Him yonder; there is no joy save I be close to Him. The light has gone. The waters have grown dark. The radiance of my soul is reft away, and save I find the way to go to Him I cannot live." Then answered I, amazed, "Wherefore so soon hast thou found satiety in the beauties of the water, and from the heights of gladness fallen so deeply into grief.

But she answered nothing. And her face, turned to the distant figure, was as the face of one who longs intensely, longs as one who dies because desire has twined itself about the vital parts, and, with uprooting, tears the life away.

And faintly across the water came a rustling sound as though the breezes swept through a wall of rushes, and borne upon the wind a whisper—" Come."

And she who was with me heard it and her face lightened with glory, until its brilliance was a thing not to be gazed upon, and in an instant, while my heart leaped for fear, I saw her rise and walk across the stream, stretching out her hands towards the figure clad in white upon the other side, and on her hands, even as she held them out, I saw the jewels of the water glisten, and her head and robes were overlaid with them, so that an iris-coloured track laid on the water as she passed along over the border, and at last, I saw her step upon the shore, that other side, and brighter light than sunshine greeted her, yea fair welcome, for I heard the rippling sounds of joy, the one glad shout, the distant song of praise, and hid my face upon the river bank and wept. Yea, wept for joy, and afterwards when twilight fell upon our land, I went to the poor youth, who plodded wearily over his task, and behold, he slept, and one kept guard beside him who was fair to look upon. Then spoke He : " Fetch some water that this youth may wash therein. The stain of labour hath polluted him."

So I hasted back, and brought the water.

And when the youth awakened and saw me, he mistook me for one whom the Lord hath blessed with a double portion of his spirit, seeing my face was brilliant with the reflected light of her who crossed the stream, and he kneeled before me, but perceived not that Holy One who guarded him. Therefore I bade him rise and wash, and he obeyed. And as he rose out of the water he was no more blind but saw his holy guardian watching him. Yea, saw the sword which glistened in his hand, and feared it not, but bright and beautiful as one who by the fire is purified, He came again amongst his brethren. And the glory of the pure spirit whom I saw pass across the water so enchanted him, that on the spot from where she gathered up the ripples of the stream he hath built an arch of pebbles and set each one in order, circling like the iris-coloured bow you call your rainbow, an arch of shifting hues, and here he spends much time mostly in prayer longing to see her, yea, to hear her voice calling him across the space, into the presence of those Holy Ones, to whom her love and faith were precious as the jewels of their crowns.

EMILY E. READER.

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IS THE BUDDHIST AN ATHEIST?

THE very general interest evinced at the present moment by Western students in the religious system of Buddhism, although it may prove to be no deeper than an insatiable craving for new ideals, can, nevertheless, hardly fail to leave some enduring mark on contemporaneous thought. Unfortunately the vulgarization of a most complicated system of philosophy has caused serious misapprehensions, affecting important tenets of the doctrine, to become current. The allegation most constantly levelled against the creed is that it is a doctrine of pure pessimism and absolute Atheism—"that ferocious system that leaves nothing above us to excite awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness."

But is Buddhism really Atheistic?

To begin with, what is the popular definition of this much-abused word (Atheism)? We find Worcester rendering it "the denial or disbelief of a God"; while Webster amplifies it to "the disbelief or denial of the existence of a God, or Supreme intelligent Being." The theist may pronounce such a "disbelief" as constituting an irrefutable proof of atheism, holding, as he will, that theism inculcates the existence of a conscious God governing the universe by his will power. The lexicographer's definition is applicable, however, only to the materialist, who rejects any spiritual hypothesis whatever and relies wholly on matter for the formation and preservation of Cosmos. Now Buddhism, although it certainly denies the existence of an anthropomorphic and personal God, yet does not reject spirituality as an attribute of the Primordial Essence. On the contrary, a Divine Intelligence is acknowledged, but at the same time is not held to have any direct control over individual destiny, which is entirely subject to the laws of Cause and Effect, or to use a technical term, to the "Karma" (balance of merit and demerit) of the individual monad which follows and controls the state, condition or form of his re-births.

Does this denial of a personal God necessarily constitute Atheism? It is hardly fair to assume that it does; for the rejection of a personal God need not imply the denial of any God at all.

"The horror inspired by this name (Atheist) is strikingly shewn in the way it is repudiated by the adherents of Pantheism, who reject a personal God and substitute the idealised principle of order that pervades the universe. It is hardly to be denied, however, that the idea associated with the word God has hitherto involved personality as its very essence; and except for the purpose of avoiding odium, there could

be little propriety in retaining the word when the notion is so completely altered." Pantheism and Atheism are consequently hereby pronounced practically synonymous. But are they really so? Certainly not to the Buddhist who energetically refutes the charge of Atheism, although he avows himself, in a measure, a Pantheist.

Fleming's analysis is crushing in its comprehensive dogmatism and would seem to leave no loophole of escape for the hunted Pantheist. "Pantheism, says he, "when explained to mean the absorption of the infinite in the finite, of God in nature, is Atheism: and the doctrine of Spinoza has been so regarded by many. When explained to mean the absorption of nature in God, of the finite in the infinite, it amounts to an exaggeration of Atheism."

Before condemning Spinoza as an Atheist, however, I would quote Mr. Saltus' terse but comprehensive explanation of the doctrine of the great Jew thinker. He taught, says that writer, "that there is but one substance, and in this substance all things live, move and have their being. It is at once Cause and Effect; it is God. But the term thus used has nothing in common with the theistic idea of a Creator, who, having fashioned the world, "sits aloft and sees it go." On the contrary God and the universe were, to Spinoza, one and identical; they were correlatives; the existence of the one made that of the other a logical necessity. To him the primordial entity, the "*fons et origo rerum*," was God; but God was Nature, and Nature, Substance. Goethe also agrees with the Pantheist, that to "discuss God apart from Nature is both difficult and dangerous. It is as though we separated the soul from the body." And he goes on to add that "we know the soul only through the medium of the body, and God only through Nature. Hence the absurdity of accusing of absurdity those who philosophically unite the world with God." This is Pantheism, but it is not Atheism. It is not the "denial or disbelief of a God."

From such a union of God and Nature (in the widest cosmographical sense) sprang the "Divine Principle" of the Esoteric Buddhists: that which is "neither entity nor non-entity, but Abstract Entity, which is *no* entity, liable to be described by either words or attributes."

Without plunging into the bewildering maze of the transcendentalism of the esoteric brotherhood, which is entirely beyond the scope of the present paper, we can affirm, on general principles, that Buddhism, like Schopenhauer's philosophy, teaches that *Will* is the fundamental Supreme Power, whose vivifying essence pervades all cosmos, reaching in an endless circuit from the most minute inorganic atom to man. But, unlike Schopenhauer, it does *not* deny that this Will is the outcome of a Supreme Intelligence: it merely professes such knowledge as beyond the pale of physical conception.

Of course the above must be understood as the briefest synopsis of a most complicated hypothesis; and I hesitate to affirm that the occult

sages of Lhassa or Khatmandhu would endorse such an interpretation "verbatim"; or without much amplification and exhaustive analytical distinction. But it is sufficient for the object of this paper; and I know I shall secure the suffrages of the mass of their co-religionists of the "Lesser Vehicle" when I state that these latter, far from being "materialistic-atheists," if I may borrow the phrase, *do* acknowledge a Supreme Essence; so absolutely and immeasurably above mundane intellect, however, as to be utterly beyond mortal conceptibility, and consequently prudently let, by their exoteric doctrine, severely alone.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the preceding remarks have little or no application to Chinese or Japanese Buddhism, for the religion of those countries is so hopelessly distorted by the interweaving of Confucianism, Taoism and Shintoism, as to present but little interest to the student of the pure doctrine. I would add for the information of those who are not familiar with the technical terms of our subject, that by the "Greater Vehicle" the esoteric philosophy of Thibet and Nepaul is referred to; the "Lesser Vehicle" embracing Burmah, Siam and Ceylon. This last country also, lays claim to the purest and most ancient form of the Buddha's exoteric teachings.

By these the Buddhist is taught to work out his own ultimate salvation (or shall we not rather say *evolution?*) following the path of the most excellent Law, discovered and laid down for his guidance by Gautama Buddha. I use the term "*ultimate salvation*" advisedly, for it should be clearly understood that no Buddhist expects to attain Nirvana on escaping from his present existence. On the contrary, he realizes, as Mr. Sinnett expresses it, "the manifest irrationality in the commonplace notion that man's existence is divided into a material beginning, lasting sixty or seventy years, and a spiritual remainder lasting for ever." The life just passed through, the spiritual quiescence upon which he then enters, and the subsequent maze of alternating material and spiritual phases through which he must pass (their number depending on the spiritual level he has attained), are merely links in the great chain of spiritual and material evolution which will ultimately lead him, purified and etherealized, to Nirvana—that condition which is *not* annihilation, but a "sublime state of conscious rest in omniscience"; in very truth that peace of mind, "which passeth all understanding."

Concerning such refinement of subtilty as the permanence of Nirvana we need not concern ourselves. Still, paradoxical as it may seem, even the duration of this theoretically "eternal" bliss may be computed; and as there can be no such thing as Perpetuity, there *may* dawn a tomorrow, millions of years hence, when the spiritual monad must again start forth on an evolutionary round; but on an immeasurably higher plane. Such is the atheology of Buddhism.

Although it touches our subject but indirectly, even this rapid sketch would be incomplete without a glance at what is meant by the Budd-

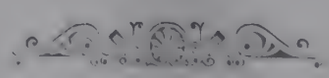
hist denial of the immortality of the soul. This denial it will be seen is more apparent than real.

In the Theosophist's Buddhist Catechism, by Colonel Olcott, a work which may safely be taken as authoritative on questions affecting the *exoteric* belief as it has been endorsed by the High Priest of the Southern Buddhists, and recommended by him for use in the Sinhalese schools, we read that "soul" (as understood in popular phraseology) is considered "a word used by the ignorant to express a false idea." "The denial of 'soul,' by Buddha, points to the prevalent delusive belief in an independent transmissible personality; an entity that could move from birth to birth unchanged, or go to a place or state where, as such perfect entity, it could eternally enjoy or suffer. But this 'I am I' consciousness is, as regards permanency, logically impossible, since its elementary constituents constantly change, and the 'I' of one birth differs from the 'I' of every other birth."

The distinction between the pseudonymous "soul" and this subtle "individuality" consists in the psychological "personality" transmitted by the *tanha* (=unsatisfied desire for existence) at the moment of dissolution, to the "character" of the re-birth. We learn from the same source, that, "the successive appearances upon one or many earths, or 'descents into generation,' of the '*tanhaically*' coherent parts of a certain being, are a succession of personalities. In each birth the personality differs from that of the previous or next succeeding birth. Karma, the '*deus ex machina*,' masks (or, shall we say, reflects?) itself now in the personality of a sage, again as an artisan, and so on through the string of births. But though personalities ever shift, the one line of life along which they are strung like beads, runs unbroken; it is ever *that particular line*, never any other. It is, therefore, individual; an individual vital undulation, which began in Nirvana, or the subjective side of nature, as the light or heat undulation through ether began at its dynamic source; is careering through the objective side of Nature, under the impulse of Karma and the creative direction of Tanha; and tends, through many cyclic changes back to Nirvana. However incomplete in detail the foregoing may be, it is nevertheless sufficient in as far as it goes for the object we have at present in view—a cursory examination of three of the fundamental principles of Buddhistic philosophy.

Am I wrong in snpposing that the unprejudiced mind will readily agree that the creed which inculcates such lofty conceptions of Man's destiny is not that of the atheist—"idealized pantheism" though it may be?

REMSEN WHITEHOUSE.



The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER VIII. (*continued.*)

THE ANNIVERSARY.

"I CONGRATULATE you," said Captain Bumpkins to Pancho, after the first salutations and talk about the weather were over, "that you have been selected by the Mysterious Brotherhood to carry on the work for the cause of the truth. The truth is the best thing in the world. We want nothing but truth! truth!"

"This is perfectly true," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, used to say the same thing."

"Do you, then, really believe in the existence of a Mysterious Brotherhood?" asked Pancho.

"Believe it?" exclaimed the Hierophant. "I not only believe it, I know it. I have seen them and talked with them for hours. Only last night one of the greatest Adepts, and the most prominent member of the Mysterious Brotherhood, the great Krashibashi himself, came to me through the open window of my room, and I had a long chat with him that lasted till long after midnight, when he suddenly disappeared."

"Do these Adepts visit you often?"

"There is not a day in the year," answered Captain Bumpkins, "when I do not see some of them in their astral, and sometimes they come to me in their physical, forms. Occasionally, when they wish to talk to me, they take possession of somebody that happens to be around. Once I met Krashibashi in the form of an apple-woman; at another time he took possession of a policeman, and once I had a long talk with him while he got inside of a lightning-rod-agent."

"How could you tell that it was Krashibashi talking to you?"

"He always gives me certain passwords and masonic signs, by which I can know who I am talking with," said the Hierophant. "This is just as good as if he were to show his diploma."

"You must have had some wonderful experiences in your life!"

"I have travelled a great deal," replied the Hierophant. "I have seen the burning bush in the desert, a species of *Eucalyptus* already known to Moses and the man-eating *Dragonia purpurea*, a tree that swallows the children that are sacrificed to him. I have been all over Europe, eaten maccaroni at Naples, and plum pudding in England; but there is nothing that surpasses the apple-dumplings in Germany."

"I thought that story of the burning bush was an allegory," interjected Pancho, but the Hierophant, whose mind was absorbed in the recollections of his voyages, continued:

"I tell you, these apple-dumplings are made in a very peculiar manner. I have tried my best to get those African cooks to make them after the receipt

I brought with me from Germany, but so far without success. They make them either too tough or too soft."

"I would like to make the acquaintance of these Mysterious Brothers," tried Pancho again.

"I used to say to them," went on the Hierophant, "give me apple-dumplings or death; but it is of no use; they will not depart from their African style of cooking."

"They look real nice in their astral bodies," said Mrs. Honeycomb; "provided that they are not too much dematerialized to be seen."

"What is the best way to develop one's spiritual perceptions, so as to enter into communication with the Mysterious Brotherhood?"

"I have an excellent magic mirror, a genuine mountain crystal from Arkansas," said the Hierophant. "It it well magnetised. It cost me fifteen dollars and I will let you have it for the same price."

"I have seen such mirrors," said Pancho, "but how can anybody tell whether that what he sees in them is true?"

"If you think fifteen dollars too much, I will let you have it for twelve," said the Hierophant; "but actually I could not go down another cent. Mirrors of that kind are the most reliable ones that can be found anywhere."

"I meant to say," replied Pancho, "that I have been told that it is necessary to attain a certain degree of spiritual perfection to enter into communication with the Mysterious Brotherhood; I cannot see how that can be done by looking into a mirror."

"It is all done by self-hypnotization," answered Captain Bumpkins. "There is no better way to hypnotise oneself than such a mirror. I have seen people that could not look in a crystal for ten minutes without falling asleep. I tell you what I will do. You may have it for ten dollars; but this is my last word."

"Mr. Green will take it for that," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

"But I am not disputing the value of the mirror, at all. What are ten dollars, if one can obtain self-knowledge for it? Money is only an illusion."

"I do not agree with you about that," said the Hierophant. "I know there are some philosophers who teach such stuff, but thay do not believe it themselves. I once knew a philosopher who said that money was an illusion, and when somebody took away five dollars from him, you should have seen the fuss he made." Here the Hierophant shook himself with laughing.

"I could have told you so," agreed Mrs. Honeycomb.

"Perhaps the philosopher was himself an illusion, and needed money as such."

"No, sir," exclaimed the Hierophant. "He was not an illusion, but a solid fellow weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He once stepped upon my foot, and I tell you that was no illusion."

"Is there any way of joining that Mysterious Brotherhood?" asked Pancho.

"To do so, you will have to become an Adept."

"How is that done?"

"I dare say," explained Bumpkins, "you know what is meant by the term 'Suggestion.' In ordinary cases, a magnetizer suggests to a patient that he is well, and then the patient gets well. In cases of adeptship, the person magnetises himself and suggests to himself that he is an Adept and when the

suggestion is strong enough he becomes one. Of course, if you can get one of the Brothers to magnetize you, the thing will be done much quicker."

"I wish you would get a Brother to magnetize me," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

"They always select for that the best people. If you want to attract their special attention, I advise you to join our moral regiment."

"What is the moral regiment?" asked Pancho.

"It is a new institution which I have recently organized after the pattern of the Salvation Army," said Captain Bumpkins. "It is made up of people who sign a pledge that they will lead a moral life. Each soldier of the regiment is entitled to wear a badge to show that he is of a good moral character. Any one who does not tell a lie for a year becomes an officer and may carry a wooden sword. He has then to carefully watch the conduct of his company, and if any soldier is caught in telling a fib, that person will have to pay a fine."

"I suppose that the Mysterious Brothers could tell immediately if anyone told a lie? They would make very good officers."

"Last night," answered the Hierophant, "I offered to Krashibashi the generalship of the regiment, and he promised to accept it. He will find out immediately if anyone tells a lie. These Mysterious Brothers know everything; they can see at any times what is going on in the most distant parts of the globe. They have hundreds of time reported to me things that were taking place in far-off countries, and I always found their accounts correct."

"I wish you would ask Krashibashi whether everything is all right in my house," said Pancho.

"The Brothers, my dear sir, do not meddle with trifling affairs. I would not dare to ask them such a question; they would get awfully angry. They never give any advice or orders except in cases of the greatest importance, when the interests of humanity as a whole are at stake. On such occasions they may write an occult letter or appear personally."

"O, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "How I wish I could have a talk with a Brother."

"There is one standing in that corner behind the tree just now," said the Hierophant, pointing in the indicated direction; "I see him nod his head; he hears every word you say."

"The Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "I cannot see a thing. I wish my friend the Countess Carnivalli were here!"

There the conversation ended because Bumpkins was called away. The park became alive with guests, nearly all being members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom; the rest of them were visitors or aspirants who were not yet in possession of a diploma. The soldiers of the moral regiment wore yellow badges, and their officers could be recognised by wearing badges of larger size and wooden swords. Madame Corneille was distributing little yellow flags which the members of the S. D. W. were to carry in their hands during the public parade which was going to take place in the city.

There were, however, some who showed symptoms of insubordination and refused to take the badges and flags. They soon flocked together into a group and consulted with each other. Finally they selected Mr. Green to draw up a protest against the blue elephants and the flags, which was to be presented to Bumpkins. When everything was prepared, the Hierophant was informed

that some of the members desired to present a petition to him. Everybody then proceeded to the great Hall of the building. Captain Bumpkins placed himself on a kind of a throne and Mr. Green began to read as follows:

"The Elephant is a sagacious animal. Its usual colour is grey, and there are also white and black elephants; but nobody ever saw one that was blue . . . ."

Mr. Green had hardly time to read so far when the sound of a gong was heard, coming from the direction of the temple. Immediately the cry arose: "A message from the Shrine!—A message from the Shrine!" Mr. Malaban then entered the room in hot haste, holding in his hand a paper which he presented to the Hierophant. It was an occult letter. The whole of the assembly arose and listened in breathless silence to hear the message from the Mysterious Brotherhood. Thrice the worthy president bowed his venerable head; he then took the paper from the hands of the Chela, and after placing it upon his forehead in sign of respect, he opened the letter and read:

"The elephants and the flags may be dispensed with; but the badges and the music must remain.

"KRASHIBASHI."

"This settles the question," said the Hierophant. "The meeting is dissolved."

Great was the joy of the Zulus to see that their wish had been granted. Some strong and courageous men were immediately dispatched to execute the unfortunate victims. They did their work well. For months afterwards the corpses of the two beasts could be seen lying on the ground, their legs stretched up in the air, their blue paper skins torn and rotting in the sun and rain, and the straw sticking out of their digestive organs.

The wisdom of this decision of the Mysterious Brotherhood was self-evident. The importance of the occasion was indisputable and justified the interference of supernatural powers. A mutiny had threatened to break out in the Society for Distribution of Wisdom and damage its authority, a circumstance which might have done untold harm to the progress of the cause of truth, and been detrimental to the highest interests of humanity; but the wise decision of the Adepts quelled the disturbance. It satisfied the discontented by doing away with the flags and the elephants, and still it confirmed the authority of Captain Bumpkins, and soothed his feelings by granting to him the badges and the music. "No one but gods could have made such a decision," gravely remarked Mr. Green.

"This dissatisfaction among certain of our members," explained Bumpkins, "is the work of black magicians. I am sorry for these people, but I hope to bring them to repentance."

"How sensitive these Brothers must be," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "We read here at Urur a petition to the Mysterious Brotherhood and immediately the sound of our voices is wafted on astral waves for thousands of miles over the desert into the far off Nigris Mountains to Kakodumbala, the city of the Adepts. It reaches the astral tympanums of the Brothers and immediately they send an occult letter. I must write about this to my friend the Countess Carnivalli. She will be very much astonished."

"This is not the way it is done," said Bumpkins. "There was an astral Chela present, listening to what was said. I saw him standing behind your chair."

"O dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "What a pity that I did not know it!"

"But was not the document signed by one of the Brothers?" asked Mr. Green.

"That does not make any difference," said Bumpkins. "Accepted Chelas are authorized to sign the names of their Masters to any document they like."

Mr. Green was not quite satisfied with this arrangement; but, being unacquainted with the code of laws of the Mysterious Brotherhood, he had no right to object.

More members and strangers arrived, and it was a great sight to see so many different nationalities intermingled. There were Brahmins from Asia and distinguished people from Europe, Zulus, Caffirs, and Hottentots and a few savages from Australia. Ladies and gentlemen in elegant clothes side by side with the half-nude natives of Africa. There were Christians and Jews; Mohammedans and fire-worshippers. One raven-black African princess in her native costume could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a beautiful European, and the dark skin of the African formed a strange contrast with the peach-blossom complexion of the European girl. Such a sight is to be seen hardly anywhere except at the annual gatherings at the Shrine of Urur.

The Talking Image had expressed a desire not to be bothered, and therefore the great meeting where the speeches were to be made did not take place within the sacred precincts of the temple, but in a temporary building which had been constructed expressly for that purpose, in a distant part of the park. At the appointed hour the procession formed and walked into that building. First came two native policemen, and then the music. Then came the Hierophant dressed in oriental costume with a turban upon his head. After him came Malaban and the rest of the Chelas, accepted, probationary and titulary ones, including Mrs. Honeycomb, Pancho and Mr. Green. After this came the *crethi* and *phleti* of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, including a great number of small boys, and at last followed the invited guests. The President took his seat; the scribes dipped their pens into the ink, and after order was restored Captain Bumpkins delivered his speech.

We will not attempt to reproduce in full all the eloquent words which Captain Bumpkins spoke on this solemn occasion. There was a great deal of truth in what he said and also a great deal of error. There was a great deal of exaggeration in the statements he made; but this circumstance was evidently not due to any wilful misrepresentation of facts; but rather to a too vivid imagination. He alluded with pride to the progress which the Society for Distribution of Wisdom had made during the past and which was especially due to the revelations that had been given to the world through the instrumentality of the Talking Image, whose utterances were then attracting the attention of the world, and the most distinguished people from all parts of the globe were now coming to join the society.

Only yesterday Pancho, a distinguished stranger, had come, attracted by the unselfish desire of enlightening mankind and to benefit humanity by fighting for the cause of the truth. With him had come Mr. Green, a well-known scientist and a man of unusual intelligence. He had laid away his numerous titles, to enlist under the flag of Wisdom and to become a probationary Chela in the

Mysterious Brotherhood, of which he was already a titulary member. He was the kind of a man that was wanted in the coming battle for truth, and as he—Captain Bumpkins—was looking with a clairvoyant eye into the future, he could foresee the day when Mr. Green would become president of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, after he, the present occupant of that chair, was laid away in his grave.

A great applause followed, and the Hierophant, overcome by emotion, wiped a tear from his cheek. After a while he continued:

"Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters and children! I address you all without any distinction of colour or race; for in the Society for Distribution of Wisdom all are equals and have equal rights. We are not merely a brotherhood, but also a sisterhood, a childrenhood, a neighbourhood, a universal family of harmonious minds. Upon us and upon us only are centered the hopes of the world. Millions of longing eyes are directed towards the S. D. W., thirsting for wisdom. Where, oh, where shall they obtain it? There have been wise men in the world attempting to teach the truth. But how can the world at present know whether or not they were to be believed, or their assertions reliable? What were their credentials? Who vouched for their veracity? Alas, echo answers 'who!' Some of them worked miracles; but those miracles could only be proofs to those who personally witnessed them. The accounts of them may have been exaggerated; they were not always produced under test conditions. Moreover, the people in ancient times not being versed in hypnotism and magnetism, may have regarded certain things as miraculous which appear to us perfectly natural. The transmutation of water into wine, for instance, is a feat that may have appeared wonderful to the Canaanites, but to-day every dealer in liquors is in possession of this secret. In many instances it has been positively proved that the accounts in the Bible regarding certain miracles are inaccurate. Now-a-days it is known to every child in the street that the 'snake' which tempted Eve in Paradise was no snake at all, but a *Pterodactyle*, an animal which looks like a dragon; also that the trumpets, at whose voice the walls of Jericho fell, were fitted with a very ingeniously-constructed mechanism, resembling that which has recently been discovered by Mr. John Worrell Keeley.

"Now, however, a new instrument for revelation has been given to the world by the Mysterious Brotherhood, an instrument whose veracity no sane person can doubt, and whose infallibility is self-evident to all thinkers. I cannot omit expressing my impatience and indignation when I hear the speculations of our so-called philosophers, who attempt to find out by their own thinking the mysteries of nature and man. It cannot be denied that some of them have had some tolerable good ideas, even approaching the truth; but I say, let those people wait patiently until the Talking Image has had its say, and they may then go to sleep, satisfied that what it has said is true.

"Let me ask you in all sincerity: What is the use of anyone trying to do his own thinking, if he has a Mysterious Brother who can give him all the information he wants and whose veracity can be relied upon; an adept, I say, who can magnetize knowledge into his brain much faster than he could ever learn it by going through all sorts of experiences? Do those people who want to find out everything themselves, imagine that they are wiser than the Mysterious

Brotherhood? Do those sceptics and scoffers believe that they can teach an adept? Villains and rogues they are, sunk in the swamp of materialism and doubt. Their day of reckoning is near, when they will be rooted out of existence.

"But what words, ladies and gentlemen, will be adequate to describe the self-sacrificing spirit of ladies of rank and position, who have sacrificed the comfort of a luxurious home, renounced their social standing, and even the delights of married life, to come to Africa for the benefit of humanity? They are like beautiful angels coming to save this sinful world. It is certainly incredible that there are ladies even this day, who would do such a thing, and nevertheless it is true, too true, for such a lady is right in our midst. Her name is Mrs. Honeycomb, whom I now have the honour to introduce to you. She is a graduate of a well-known boarding-school in England. For many years she has faithfully stood by the side of her husband, and as he has now gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, she has resolved to remain single and to sacrifice her life to the cause of the truth."

A tremendous applause followed and Mrs. Honeycomb hid her face in her handkerchief. She was too full of emotion to speak. What the Hierophant had said about her was not doing her justice, although he may have imagined it to be true. If she had wanted to speak, she might have told a different tale.

It has not been decided whether it was a good or an evil spirit that then and there put the idea into the mind of the Hierophant to request Mrs. Honeycomb to make a speech. At all events he did so.

"O, dear," said Mrs. Honeycomb, "I do not know what to say."

"Never mind," whispered Captain Bumpkins; "the Brothers will put the words into your mind."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. Honeycomb arose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said; "I am a defender of women's rights. If I ever had to submit to be married again, I would take care of having my own separate rights. I would not let any man get the best of me again. This is all I have to say."

Mrs. Honeycomb sat down under a storm of applause.

"The eloquent words of Mrs. Honeycomb," now spoke Captain Bumpkins, "contain a great deal of truth. We want the freedom of women. We are for perfect equality of the sexes."

A general hurrah arose from the members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and the Hierophant continued:

"The words which our sister, Mrs. Honeycomb, spake will be printed to reverberate throughout the world. The sentiments which she expressed will find their echo at Washington, London and Paris. Men and women are separate beings and therefore they must have separate rights. In fact it would perhaps be best if they would remain separate altogether. I know of more than one fine fellow whose prospects of becoming a Chela have been entirely spoiled by his having a wife. Confound these women! They are an everlasting botheration and a drawback in the attainment of the honours which may be bestowed by the Mysterious Brotherhood."

Mr. Green here rose and asked whether no exceptions were ever made to that rule and no special permits granted. He said he had heard of a powerful Adept who was all his life in love with a lady whose name was *Sophia* and that

this circumstance did not interfere with his being promoted to the highest degree that can be conferred by the Mysterious Brotherhood.

The deafening uproar which these words elicited cannot be described. The members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, especially the small boys, shouted and whistled, clapped their hands and threw their hats and turbans into the air. The assembly resembled a congregation of maniacs.

During this time Mr. Green looked more solemn than usual. He felt the dignity of a future Hierophant swelling within his breast. He congratulated himself for having come to Urur. What a prospect was there open before him! More than once his shortsighted relatives had prophesied to him that he would never come to anything in the world, that he was useless and incapable; so that now he revelled in the anticipation of the joy of seeing them confounded on the day when he would return and give them proofs of his occult powers.

On this occasion Pancho's interior eyes were also opened to an extent. Even without the aid of a magic mirror he could see that the Society for Distribution of Wisdom was not exactly what he had imagined it to be. He could see that there were few persons, if any, who cared anything for truth for its own sake, but only for the benefits that would arise from its possession. He knew that it was not the desire of benefitting humanity that had caused him to come to Urur, but that he hoped to obtain knowledge in regard to certain mysterious things, and he was aware that neither Mr. Green nor Mrs. Honeycomb would have come to Africa if they had not expected to profit by the visit.

After a pause the Hierophant continued his speech. He said that he had received reliable information from the Mysterious Brotherhood, that a band of black magicians were leagued together, bent on the destruction of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and that the Adepts had given him orders to establish a Secret Committee of Defence to devise and employ means by which the schemes of these sorcerers could be frustrated and they themselves be confounded and annihilated. He said that the best members of the S.D.W. should be selected to serve on that committee and he therefore appointed Mrs. Honeycomb, Pancho and Mr. Green.

This important announcement created a great sensation among the members of the S.D.W. and the hearts of many were oppressed with dark forebodings of coming evil events, but there were also some who were discontented and felt themselves slighted for not having been appointed to that committee, and some of them even threatened to give to the Hierophant "a piece of their mind."

At the end of the meeting the president gave out the subject of a prize-essay on the following question of occult dynamics:

"If there is a church with two steeples of equal dimensions and the bells are all hung in one steeple only and none in the other; what will be, when these bells are rung, the consequence of this disturbance of equilibrium, in its physical, metaphysical and occult aspects?"

The writer of the best essay on this mysterious problem was promised the privilege of wearing a cocked hat with a feather.

Then the subject of the phenomena of dreams was broached.

"A friend of mine," said Mr. Green, "dreamt of five numbers. He thought of putting them into the lottery, but neglected to do so on that day. On the

following he went to the lottery office, but arrived too late; it was on a Saturday evening and the office was closed. On the following Monday the bulletin appeared where the numbers that had been drawn were recorded, and among them there was not a single one of those which he had dreamt about."

"To a superficial observer," remarked the Hierophant, "this might go to prove that there are unreliable dreams; but what proof have you that those numbers did not come out in some other lottery, or at some other time? If your friend had put these numbers in every lottery in the world and kept on putting them in, they might have come out after all.

After this conversation Pancho retired to his room. All that he had seen and heard had only served to confirm him in his opinion that there was no such thing as a Mysterious Brotherhood, or that, if it existed, it must be something very different from what it had been represented to him by Mr. Puffer and Captain Bumpkins. "Could it be possible that such exalted beings should engage in such puerilities?" he asked himself. "Can it be imagined that persons in possession of supreme wisdom should refuse to do something useful, but find time to descend from the Nigris mountain to give orders about blue elephants? O, the imbecility of these Brothers. If they are such as Captain Bumpkins describes, how great must it be!"

Mr. Green entered the room.

"Brother Pancho," he said, "we have both been greatly honoured in being appointed members of the Secret Committee of Defence against Black Magicians. What a sensation it will create among my friends! I will immediately telegraph the news to London."

"You had better wait," answered Pancho, "for the committee is a secret one and if the black magicians find out the names of the members, it might go hard with you."

Mrs. Honeycomb entered. Being a member of the S. C. D. B. M., she was entitled to take part in the consultation.

"The first thing to be done," she said, "is to find out who the black magicians are. I therefore propose to get a good magic mirror and to see how they look. It is extremely difficult to fight against a man unless you can see him and know who he is."

"Who knows," said Mr. Green; "there may be some of them right here in this room."

"We must keep them out from here, then," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I am going to put a vessel of vitriol in my room to keep them away."

"I believe," said Mr. Green, "the best plan will be to take a strictly legal course and hand them over to the authorities."

"It would take an astral policeman to catch the astral body of a wizard," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "I am not afraid of any man, if he comes to me in his physical form. Let them come to me bodily and I will show them how I can deal with men. I will make them slink into a corner, the nasty curs! But, of course, if we have to deal with astral bodies, that is a different thing."

At this moment Mr. Green observed Madame Corneille standing near the open door, and it seemed to him that she had been listening. He became very indignant.

"What are you doing here?" he said. "This is a private meeting of a committee and we do not want any servants eavesdropping."

Madame Corneille was going to answer, but Mr. Green slammed the door in her face, and she went away, menacing, in the direction of the temple.

As may be supposed, the appointment of the Committee of Defence against Black Magicians formed the main topic of conversation on that day in Urur, and if those villains would have had the power to go about in their invisible astral bodies and to listen to what was said, they would certainly have been amused to hear the various plans that were proposed to effect their destruction. Some persons thought that these magicians were *Doug-Pa's* residing in the Gobian desert; others imagined that they could be found in London among the members of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, and again others believed that it was a Society of the Jesuits who had an eye upon the destruction of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom. Only one little lady, the one described above as having a peach-blossom complexion, had a theory of her own, and while sitting at the dinner-table she whispered to Pancho, who was next to her, "I know who these black magicians are. They are—Madame Corneille and her familiars."

CHAPTER IX.

THE TALKING IMAGE.

CLOSE by the riverside and overshadowed by high eucalyptus and cedar trees in the park of Urur, there is a curiously shaped building. It is built like a Chinese pagoda, three stories high, each story having a projecting roof, on the top of which is a large gilded globe. A narrow winding staircase leads to the top story of the building. On the second floor a side door opens into the room where reside Mr. Malaban and Ram, two Chelas, guarding the stairs that lead still higher up to the sacred room, called "the Shrine," where the Talking Image is kept. Nothing extraordinary is seen in the room of the Chelas; there are only a few mats and tiger skins. Books, tobacco pipes and writing materials are scattered over the floor. Tables and chairs are absent, for they are quite unnecessary for those who are accustomed to sit in Oriental fashion squatting upon the ground.

The top story of the building contained the Talking Image, the jewel of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom. This room was the sanctuary of the pagoda. It was built in the shape of an octagon, its ceiling was a high vault, painted in blue with golden stars, representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, while in the midst was the emblem of the Sun with an eye in it. This represented universal Consciousness, and the eye was surrounded by a triangle, the representation of form. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, ornamented with magical signs. There were Persian mats and Indian shawls, arms and ornaments of various savage nations and a number of stuffed animals, including a gorilla, a pelican and the skin of a cobra. There was only one window on the eastern side looking towards the river and a soft light fell through its stained glass upon an object that stood motionless in the centre of the room, while all around it was semi-darkness and gloom.

This object was the Talking Image itself.

Various attempts have been made by prominent writers to give a fair description of the Talking Image and its natural history; but none of them have been successful, nor is there much hope that we shall succeed in this task, unless the readers will permit us to employ our clairvoyant powers; and even then the success will be doubtful. Nevertheless, we will try:

Standing upon its pedestal it was an imposing figure, resembling somewhat a woman in a state of trance. Usually there was to all appearance, no life about it except its head. From the eyes downward it seemed to be dead, immovable, heartless and petrified. From the eyes upward it was alive, at times conscious, and sometimes even of superhuman intelligence. The statue seemed made of stone; still there was a brain in it, capable of reasoning and thinking. All this apparent immovability was, however, merely an illusion. In reality the Image was a compound of living and conscious elemental principles, which had, so to say, crystallized into a compound organism of a very singular nature; and, as a magnet attracts iron filings and fixes them upon its surface, in a similar manner the elemental principles composing the body of the Image would attract to themselves corresponding intelligent principles of various grades and characters from the unseen world.

Thoughts existing in the minds of those who were near, and even of those who were distant, would, on reaching the Image, act upon corresponding elements within the stone-like mass, and as a mirror reflects the objects in its vicinity, likewise the statue would reflect the thoughts of persons whether present or absent. Nor was it at all necessary that such persons should themselves be conscious of the thoughts which they projected upon the Image; on the contrary, the latter seemed to be impressed especially powerfully by the thoughts that came, so to say, from the *heart* and not from the brains of others, and it gave utterance to such thoughts in speech and, occasionally, in writing.

Therefore its utterances were, at times, a reflection of the interior states of those who were *en rapport* with the Image; but at other times phenomena of a superior order took place. On such occasions a light of a seemingly supernatural kind, coming, not from the heart, but from the outside, seemed to enter and to illuminate that brain. Then the grey and immovable eyes would brighten, as if they belonged to a human being, capable of feeling and subject to emotions, and on such occasions the Image would speak words of great wisdom that astonished the world and perplexed the scientists and philosophers. But when that Light was entirely absent, and only weak-minded and superficial persons were present, it would be either entirely silent or merely echo back the words of the latter.

Being like a mirror, it would reflect truly the best as well as the worst traits of those who stood before it. It was at once the pride and the despair of its friends, and an object of scorn for its enemies; for neither the one nor the other understood its true nature. It seemed to be like all human beings of a dual nature or possessed of two polarities; but while in human beings there is usually no marked line of distinction between the high and the low, it seemed as if in the Image the two natures had become separated from each other. It was in fact like an animal and a god, without the intermediary human element between the two poles.

The nature of the material of which it was composed was an object of con-

tinual quarrel among scientists, and has never been satisfactorily explained. It seemed to be stone and yet still it could not be stone of a usual kind. It was as if it were made of a substance composed of a great number of living beings of an unknown kind, in a state of sleep or petrification, from which they could be temporarily awakened when that superior light radiated on the brain. It then seemed as if each of these component parts had a life of its own, and could act independently of the organism of the Image. It was even said that on certain occasions some of these integral parts had separated themselves from the Image, and could act intelligently at a distance, but had to return again, in the same sense as we may send a thought to a friend in a distant country, which may enter the consciousness of that friend, while, at the same time, we do not lose the thought, for it resumes its place in our memory after the service is rendered. But while the thoughts of ordinary human beings are not self-conscious, but reflect merely the consciousness of the sender, the thoughts thus emanating from the Image were said to be made self-conscious by the power of that mysterious Light, so that they could act, as it were, independently of the Image and do many queer things.

Such phenomena, however, did not take place under all circumstances. Sometimes the Image answered questions, and at other times it remained obstinately silent. A series of scientific experiments were made by eminent scientists, under the supervision of the Hierophant, for the purpose of determining the cause of this instability. Barometrical, thermometrical, hygrometrical, electrical and magnetic observations and measurements were taken; but no satisfactory conclusions were arrived at. The Talking Image seemed to care nothing for scientific conditions; but proved to be fickle-minded, and to have a will of its own. At present the scientific experiments were discontinued, and the mechanism of the Image was authoritatively declared to belong to the region of the Unknowable in Nature.

Captain Bumpkins, however, being of a scientific turn of mind, had not yet given up all hope to find out how the mechanism worked. He had applied to the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences at London to send him a man who was an expert in such matters, to examine the Image; and not long after the arrival of our friends, the Hierophant received information that a Mr. Botler, a member of that Society, who had made himself quite celebrated by the discovery of some remnants of the Tower of Babel, and of some petrified wood of Noah's Ark, would be sent to explore the mystery. Captain Bumpkins was anxiously awaiting his arrival.

However, we will not anticipate the regular course of events.

While the Hierophant is enjoying his dinner with his guests, we will step into the sacred room and see what is taking place. Everything is silent there; only the rush of the water in the swiftly-flowing river below, and occasionally the shout of a fisherman, is heard, for the noise of the crowd in the park does not penetrate into this place, and the native musicians are resting from their exhaustive muscular labour. Presently the door opens, and Madame Corneille enters. She throws a shy glance around, and silently closes and locks the door. Then, approaching the Image, she addresses the latter, commanding it in a stern voice to "awaken!"

A commotion seems to take place within the Image. A shadow of disgust and

contempt creeps over its face. It does not move its lips, but a hollow voice, coming apparently from the base of the Image, answers:

"Be gone!"

"I shall not be gone," answered Madame Corneille. "I know the secret of your composition, and I can manage some of the devils that have possession of you. Keep quiet, or I shall speak the word that will dissolve you into thin air."

"What do you want?" sounded the voice.

"I want to remain what I am," answered Madame Corneille. "I am the mistress of this place. I have power over the blustering Hierophant, and the Chelas crawl at my feet; but now a worm has crossed my path, and I must make him obedient like the rest. Mr. Green has been impudent to me. Put him down."

While Madame Corneille was speaking, the lower parts of the statue seemed to become alive, a cloud issued from its base, and became more and more dense, until it shaped itself into a curious being, which was neither an animal nor a man. It was rather of a ludicrous than of a terrible aspect, resembling, to a certain extent, a human being of minute proportions; but its head was that of a bird of prey, with big protruding goggle eyes; while its long spindle legs ended in web-footed extremities, like those of a goose. When the monster was fully formed, Madame Corneille laid a sheet of paper before it, and directly her thoughts became expressed upon the paper in writing. When the writing was finished, the Elemental again dissolved into a cloud, which entered into the body of the Image. During this process the Image seemed to be perfectly dead; but when the Elemental had returned to its place, the eyes of the Image shone with a faint spark of life.

Madame Corneille folded the paper in the shape of a letter, and deposited it at the feet of the statue. Smiling contentedly, she then retired as noiselessly as she had come. But the Image did not stir; only the expression of pain which rested upon its face during the presence of Madame Corneille faded away, and was replaced once more by that of repose.

About an hour after this event a procession was seen to go towards the temple. It consisted of a number of persons among which were our friends, Mrs. Honeycomb, Pancho, and Mr. Green, who, having been duly tested and examined, and not found wanting, were now to be initiated by Captain Bumpkins into the secrets of the Mysterious Brotherhood. Mr. Ram, who walked at the head of the procession, carried the unavoidable flag, and Mr. Malaban the utensils necessary for fumigation, to drive evil spirits away. In the midst of the crowd walked the Hierophant.

The procession ascended the stairs and entered the room of the Image. The Chelas prostrated themselves before it, and Captain Bumpkins followed their example, looking like a fish out of water as he floundered upon the floor. Mr. Green, too, made an effort to do likewise, but remembering the dignity due to his future position, he stopped and merely made a reverential bow. Mrs. Honeycomb made a nice curtsey, giving to the Image the sweetest of her smiles practised expressly for that purpose, and Pancho waited to see what was coming. He had still great doubts in regard to the existence of the Mysterious Brotherhood, but hated to give up his illusion. Now the time for a final decision had come. Now or never would these secrets be revealed to him.

The Chelas arose. Captain Bumpkins resumed his former position. The initiation began.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Hierophant, "this is the most solemn day in my life, as I have the honour of introducing you to the Talking Image of Urur. It is perhaps the greatest curiosity in the world, and there are thousands of people who would be willing to give their bottom dollar to see it. About its natural history little is known; I captured it myself in the interior of Africa, with a great deal of danger to myself, and brought it here at a considerable expense. You may touch it, to see that it is made of solid material and that there is no trickery about it, though it is able to talk. If it were necessary I could produce certificates from persons of very high standing, to prove its solidity. I have exhibited it before a great number of African kings and queens, who have been gracious enough to express their entire gratification. It is awful hot to-day."

The Hierophant wiped the sweat from his brow, and then continued:

"I am now going to divulge to you the greatest mysteries; such as I would not reveal for a thousand dollars to anyone save to a member of our society."

After a solemn silence, Captain Bumpkins went on:

"This Image has been magnetized and psychologized by the Mysterious Brotherhood. Being in a state of hypnotism it is always inhabited by one or more of the Brothers, who will give answers to the questions we ask. I am now going to make them talk."

Captain Bumpkins then advanced towards the Image, and said:

"Who is now present in you? Is it Krashibashi?"

"Krashibashi," repeated the voice from the interior of the Image.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen, it is Krashibashi himself." Then addressing the Image, he asked:

"May I ask a question?"

"Ask a question," answered the Image.

"Will the Brother kindly tell me the names of those Black Magicians?" asked the Hierophant.

"Black Magicians," echoed the Image.

"Yes; the Black Magicians who desire to ruin our Society," continued the Hierophant. "Tell us their names, so that we may kill and destroy them."

"Kill and destroy them," was the answer.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen; the Brothers give us full permission to kill and destroy these villains; but they are not permitted to reveal their names. We will have to go out in our astral bodies to hunt them up."

"May I ask a question?" asked Mr. Green, and the answer came:

"Ask a question."

"I wish to call the attention of the respectable Mysterious Brotherhood," said Mr. Green, "to the fact that having received a superior education at one of the most eminent colleges in Europe, and having studied Latin and Greek, geography and natural history, I consider myself qualified to become a member of the Mysterious Brotherhood. I would therefore ask whether I will be accepted as a real Chela?"

"Will be accepted as a real Chela," sounded the answer.

"Let me congratulate you," said the Hierophant to Mr. Green. "What an honour is that conferred upon you!"

The Hierophant embraced Mr. Green and Mrs. Honeycomb looked upon him with profound admiration; but Mr. Malaban being of a jealous nature, did not like to have such high honours conferred upon a European. Bending over, he whispered to Mr. Ram: "I do not think this is to be taken seriously. Krashibashi said it merely in fun."

"Krashibashi said it merely in fun," repeated the Image.

The Hierophant, however, as well as Mr. Green, were too much enraptured to hear that remark. After their mutual congratulations were over Mrs. Honeycomb stepped forward and asked whether she was permitted to ask a question.

"Ask a question," came the voice from the Image.

"I only wish to know," said Mrs. Honeycomb, "whether my friend, the Countess Carnivalli is well?"

"The Countess Carnivalli is well," was the reply of the Image.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Hierophant, "I have now initiated you into the greatest mystery of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and these secrets are not to be divulged to anybody unless he has been fully tested and tried beyond the possibility of backsliding or becoming a traitor. I hope that none of you will ever communicate them to anyone without my permission. If one of you should ever be indiscreet, let him look out for Captain Bumpkins. I am not given to joking. I have been an officer under King Malabolo. I once hit a man with a double-barrelled shot-gun."

"My friend, the Countess Carnivalli . . ." began Mrs. Honeycomb; but she was interrupted by Malaban, who noticed an occult letter at the feet of the Image. He picked it up and handed it to the Hierophant. It was addressed to Mr. Green and contained the following:

"*To Mr. Green, titulary probationary Chela.*—You have shown a deplorable want of intelligence in insulting our most intimate friend and adviser, Madame Corneille. Under other circumstances such a misbehaviour would put an end to your Chelaship. In offending Madame Corneille you have offended me. For once we will overlook your profound ignorance and stupidity; but we order you to beg her pardon and to put yourself under her guidance. Have implicit faith in Madame Corneille; tell her all your secrets and obey all her directions. Whatever Madame Corneille may order you to do, do it.—*Krashibashi.*"

"A letter from Krashibashi!" exclaimed the Hierophant. "Oh, how blessed you are, my brother," and Captain Bumpkins went once more to embrace Mr. Green, nearly upsetting him.

"My master is Rataborumatchi; I do not know Krashibashi," said Mr. Green.

"Wretch!" shouted the Hierophant. "Krashibashi is the boss of the Mysterious Brotherhood. I would not give one Krashibashi for a dozen Rataborumatchi. What! a stripling without any beard on his face comes here to discredit the words of Krashibashi! Shame upon you! I am ready to whip anybody who says that Krashibashi is not a gentleman."

Captain Bumpkins had talked himself into quite an excitement and proceeded to pull off his coat to show that he was in fighting trim; but Mrs. Honeycomb interfered and succeeded in pacifying him.

"Now don't!" she said. "Just keep yourself quiet, Captain Bumpkins and don't put on airs. There is no use in being angry. There is nobody who has anything against Krashibashi."

Overcome by emotion, the Hierophant stopped, and then as suddenly staggered towards Mrs. Honeycomb and shook hands with her. Then growing sentimental he began to weep and blubbered out: "My dear Mrs. Honeycomb! You are my only friend. You are a true daughter of Krashibashi. Swear that you will never betray me. Swear!"

"O, Captain Bumpkins!" sighed Mrs. Honeycomb.

"Shall I make some smoke?" asked Malaban, getting his incense ready.

"No!" said the Hierophant. "The meeting is adjourned *sine die.*"

The Chelas then prostrated themselves again before the Talking Image and retired in the same order in which they had entered the Shrine. The Hierophant walking arm-in-arm with Mrs. Honeycomb wobbled away, followed by Mr. Green. But Pancho, seeing that he was unobserved, remained behind. A moment after he was alone with the Talking Image in the sacred Shrine of Urur.

For a while he stood motionless, like the Talking Image itself, looking at the latter and lost in his thoughts. "This then," he said to himself, "is the *summum bonum* of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and the essence of its mysteries. The Hierophant, an imbecile, the Chelas, simpletons, the Talking Image an echo! Was I possessed by the spirit of an idiot when I made up my mind to go to Urur in search of self-knowledge, or was it the devil that rendered me gullible enough to believe in the absurd tales of Mr. Puffer, the Chela? Now I have had my experience and the farce is ended. The scales have fallen from my eyes. The next steamer shall carry me home to my wife; but you, O, Talking Image, who are the cause of all this illusion and mischief; you who delude the ignorant and betray the weak, may you be . . . ."

Pancho did not finish his sentence, for at that moment a rosy light filled the room and an exquisite odour became perceptible. A halo of golden light of a supermundane character surrounded the head of the Image, sending silvery rays upwards towards the ceiling, and, as Pancho lifted his eyes to the ceiling, it faded away and O, wonder! above the statue of stone there floated another Image, an exact representation or counterpart of the former, but far more beautiful, ethereal, living. . . . The glassy gaze of the statue had gone; and an angelic being whose eyes seemed to penetrate to the very centre of Pancho's soul and to read his innermost thoughts, was looking down on him!

Speechless, he beheld the apparent miracle taking place before his eyes, and he saw that the ethereal form floated down and surrounding the Image became at last absorbed by it; and in proportion as the latter absorbed its own ethereal counterpart, the eyes of the statue began to brighten, life seemed to come into its limbs, until at last when the absorption was finished, the Talking Image itself seemed to be transformed into an angelic being, hardly inferior to its celestial counterpart. It then began to speak in a sweet voice, differing entirely from the one heard before. It said:

"Curse not the Image, my friend, which, like all other beings, is but an

instrument in the hands of its own creator. The echo gives foolish answers to the questions of the fool, but by him who seeks for wisdom, wisdom will be received. An instrument which is not attuned gives forth discordant sounds, and a harp played upon by an ignorant child will not produce the same melodies as if played by a master musician. Is paper to be cursed, because falsehoods may be written upon it? Are mirrors to be abolished because they reflect the faces of the vile, as truly as those of the virtuous?"

"Who are you, O, beautiful being?" asked Pancho. "Are you the god you seem to be or am I labouring under an illusion?"

"I am the Master of the Image," answered the latter. "To know my name would be useless to you. The Light which shines within my being and which gives me Life is self-existent and true. My form is an illusion like yours, like that of Captain Bumpkins, and like that of every other being on earth. All forms are illusive and impermanent; they are not self-existent but subject to continual change. But all, however imperfect they may be, are instruments through which the truth may become manifest, for in all of them is a spark of light, a product of the ray of the Sun of Divine Wisdom. There are lilies and tulips in the gardens, and daisies upon the fields; and in all of them the light of the sun manifests itself by producing various colours and hues. The forms perish, but the sunlight continues to exist even after all the flowers are gone."

"Where can I find that light?" asked Pancho.

"Where should you expect to find the light that shines in you except within your own Higher Self?" replied the Image, "Seek it where it exists and not where it cannot be known. Seek it not in the realm of the imagination, but at the fountain of truth; seek it not in the brain but in the heart, the centre of your own world."

"You have desired a man who would work entirely unselfishly for the benefit of humanity," said Pancho. "To such a man you have promised to communicate all your knowledge. I have come to undertake that work without regard to *self*. When shall I obtain my reward?"

There was a pause, and then the voice from the Image spoke and said: "He who has given up the love of Self seeks for no reward. Only to him who asks for nothing, everything shall be given."

"Teach me then," answered Pancho, "how I can give up the love of self."

"Acquire first the knowledge of Self," answered the voice; "you cannot give up consciously a thing which you do not know, and which is not in your possession."

"Give me then the power to possess myself; teach me the secrets of Alchemy." . . . .

As Pancho uttered this selfish prayer, a clap of thunder shook the temple from the top to its very foundation, and the room grew suddenly dark. Involuntarily he closed his eyes for a moment, and when he opened them again, the rosy light and the fragrance had disappeared and the room looked as usual. The Image looked cold and deathlike. Its stony eyes were directed towards the ceiling, and the questions which Pancho asked elicited no response; its features had the aspect of perfect indifference.

He was now fully convinced that there exist superior and intelligent powers, invisible to the eyes of mortal man, but nevertheless living and active; but he

was also certain that such powers were something different from what he was led to believe, and that their duties must be of a higher kind than to magnetize their blockhead admirers and to play tricks for the amusement of those who flattered them. It then seemed to Pancho as if within himself was contained the shadow of such a power; a consciousness of a higher mind, a state into which he who enters loses all sight of terrestrial things and is entirely unaffected by that which concerns the everchanging illusion called the personality of man. Caring nothing for its sorrows and joys, he dwells in a realm where all is Light, peace, tranquillity, glory and enduring happiness, in an interior realm where all speculation and fancy cease and pure knowledge alone exists. Surely this and none other must be the realm wherein dwells the Mysterious Brotherhood. . . . .

After this adventure Pancho did not feel inclined to mix with the crowd but wanted to commune with his own thoughts. He walked towards the seashore and arrived at the beach over which the waves rolled in rhythmic succession. There was a sandhill from which a fine view could be had of the sea and the distant eity. A number of native fishermen were engaged in stretching nets upon a sandbank at the mouth of the river; for as the waves rolled over the bank, they carried with them their living inhabitants and many an unfortunate victim was caught in the treacherous net. There were some beautiful shells buried here and there in the sand; but there were no Barnacles, such as Pancho had seen on the shores of the Pacific, when he walked there with his beloved Conchita, and promised to her that their love should not separate them even in death.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

It is proposed to form a Branch of the Theosophical Society in the West of England.

Members will probably live so far apart that regular meetings can only occasionally be held, but it is thought that the members of a Society might be kept in touch with each other by means of correspondence. All persons living in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset or Dorset, who are interested in Theosophy, are invited to communicate with

Mrs. Passingham,
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Devon.

ART DURING THE EGYPTIAN FOURTH DYNASTY,

THE PERIOD OF THE PYRAMID-BUILDING KINGS.

THAT excellence in the fine arts and advance in civilization go hand in hand, is an accepted axiom in history ; whose truth is confirmed by the fact that the most refined and civilized nations of antiquity, such as the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans, were unquestionably, also, farther advanced in the fine arts than their less civilized contemporaries. Furthermore, the Archaic period of art corresponds usually to the earlier age of the nation, as the finest period of art does to that nation in the zenith of its power ; so that these two, art and civilization, are indissolubly bound together. And as the nation gradually declines from its superiority, so does its art gradually deteriorate.

All modern Egyptologists agree in assigning to the Pyramid-builders a far more ancient date than that given by Herodotus to the brethren Cheops and Cephran, who are now usually identified with the Suphis of Manetho, and the Khufuf or Khufu, or Xufu, and Khafra or Shafra, of the Tablets of Abydos and Saqqarah. In the Turin papyrus only the termination "zaf" of the name of the third king of the fourth dynasty is legible.

Now, when we attentively examine the construction of the Great Pyramid, we shall find evidences of no common mechanical skill displayed therein. Whether we consider the magnitude of the undertaking, the excessive finish of the work, or the proportional measurements, we shall feel sure that such a production could only be the outcome of an age which possessed a high civilization. Consequently, according to my previous argument, the art of the fourth dynasty should bear marks of a similar advancement. And when we look for these in the sculpture of this period, we shall not be disappointed. There is a notable example of this to be found in a statue belonging to this dynasty, which is now in the British Museum, to which it was presented by Captain Caviglia in 1817. It represents a full-length figure of an officer of rank in a marching attitude, and is from a tomb near the pyramids. It is executed almost entirely in the round, the back of the figure being supported by a fragment of wall, and it has evidently undergone rough usage, for the head is wanting, the greater part of the right arm has been destroyed, and the fingers of the left hand are gone. With the exception of a short kilt, the figure is nude, the nude parts having been coloured a dark, dull red. The modelling of these is excellent, and far superior to

some of the later sculptures, notably to those of the dynasties nearly succeeding it. There is far more of the grace of Greek productions in it, than the majority of Egyptian statues bear, while it is far older than even the earliest Hellenic statues. It is very nearly life-size. The position is easy, the weight on the right foot, the left foot and leg being advanced, while the arms hang easily at the side. The poise of the whole figure is graceful, and there is little or none of the stiffness and formality of later Egyptian art. Some statues near it of the XIth and XIIth dynasties are not nearly so good. There is, however, a seated figure of Betmes, a functionary, belonging to the IVth dynasty, which is not at all to be compared with the one just mentioned, the figure being squat and awkward, and the head too large; but still, the *modelling* of the face is better than in some of the later statues. There is also a head of the god Ptah of this dynasty, which is well modelled notwithstanding that it has suffered much from the ravages of time. In connection with the support at the back of the first-mentioned statue, I will quote Rawlinson, who says:—"Another curious peculiarity of Egyptian stone statues is the support which is given to them at the back. Except in the case of sitting figures, which have the support of their chairs or thrones, Egyptian stone statues have almost invariably at their back an upright slab or plinth, sometimes resembling an obelisk, against which the figures lean, and with which they are in a manner blended. This is probably explained rightly as the reminiscence of a time when all statues were attached to walls, and constituted mere architectural adornments."

At the museum at Boulaq are two statues of King Shafra of this dynasty in green basalt, his own gift to the Temple of the Sphinx; both well executed, and also a wooden head of a statue called the "Sheikh el Belled," probably of the time of the Fourth Dynasty. Besides these, at Wady Magarah are some well executed bas-reliefs of this epoch; the whole showing that art at this period must have been in an advanced condition. But what then was the cause of its decadence, as exemplified in the statues of the XIth and XIIth Dynasties, for it is to be borne in mind that the irruption of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings did not take place till the XVIth Dynasty, which much later period, on the showing of the Book of Genesis, was still anterior to the descent of Jacob and his family into Egypt: for, then, "every Shepherd was an abomination unto the Egyptians."

Brugsch deduces from the monuments, and from Herodotus' account of Nitocris, that after the VIth Dynasty, Egypt was for some time split up into feuds and factions and petty kingdoms, till the time of King Ra-neb-tain, Mentu-Notep of the XIth Dynasty.

Manetho says that Othoes of the VIth Dynasty was killed by his guards, another argument of feud and rebellion.

Rawlinson observes that there are no monumental traces of the five

dynasties which Manetho placed between the VIth and the XIIth save two or three of the XIth Dynasty.

Bunsen says that evidently the VIIth and VIIIth Dynasties were periods of very great confusion; and that there was a severe struggle for the supremacy between the Theban and Memphite Kings.

All these authorities therefore agree in stating that a period of darkness and contention occurred towards the end of the VIth Dynasty; and I am therefore justified, I think, in drawing from these premises the conclusion that the IVth and Vth Dynasties were far in advance of the later ones in civilization and knowledge; and that the Great Pyramid is not, as some have deemed it, the production of an age of barbarism and ignorance. Further, this period of the IVth Dynasty is of a remote antiquity, and far earlier than even the time of Abraham, for, according to Brugsch, its date would be circa 3,700 B.C.

S. LIDDELL MACGREGOR MATHERS.

MORAL PRECEPTS.

(*Translated from an Egyptian Papyrus in the Louvre.*)

Let no bitterness find entrance into the heart of a mother.
Kill not, lest thou shouldst be killed.
Do not make a wicked man thy companion.
Do not act on the advice of a fool.
Build not thy tomb higher than those of thy superiors.
Illtreat not thy inferior, and respect those who are venerable.
Illtreat not thy wife, whose strength is less than thine, but protect her.
Curse not thy Master before the gods, and speak no evil of him.
Save not thy life at the expense of another's.
Sacrifice not thy weaker child to the stronger, but protect him.
Amuse not thyself at the expense of those who depend on thee.
Permit not thy son to get entangled with a married woman.
Build not thy tomb on thine own lands.
Build not thy tomb near a temple.

. . . . . .

Pervert not the heart of a man who is pure.
Assume not a proud demeanour.
Mock not a venerable man, for he is thy superior.

THE ROOTS OF RITUALISM IN CHURCH AND MASONRY.

(Continued from the March Number.)

VII.

THE ritualism of primitive Christianity—as now sufficiently shown—sprang from ancient Masonry. The latter was, in its turn, the offspring of the, then, almost dead Mysteries. Of these we have now a few words to say.

It is well known that throughout antiquity, besides the popular worship composed of the dead-letter forms and empty exoteric ceremonies, every nation had its *secret* cult known to the world as the MYSTERIES. Strabo, one among many others, warrants for this assertion (*Vide Georg.* lib. 10.) No one received admittance into them save those prepared for it by special training. The neophytes instructed in the upper temples were initiated into the final Mysteries in the crypts. These instructions were the last surviving heirloom of archaic wisdom, and it is under the guidance of high Initiates that they were *enacted.* We use the word "enacted" purposely; for the *oral* instructions *at low breath* were given only in the crypts, in solemn silence and secrecy. During the public classes and general teachings, the lessons in cosmogony and theogony were delivered in allegorical representation, the *modus operandi* of the gradual evolution of Kosmos, worlds, and finally of our earth, of gods and men, all was imparted in a symbolical way. The great public performances during the festivals of the Mysteries, were witnessed by the masses and the *personified* truths worshipped by the multitudes—*blindly.* Alone the high Initiates, the *Epoptæ*, understood their language and real meaning. All this, and so far, is well known to the world of scholars.

It was a common claim of all the ancient nations that the real mysteries of what is called so unphilosophically, *creation*, were divulged to the elect of our (fifth) race by its first dynasties of *divine* Rulers—gods in flesh, "divine incarnations," or *Avatars*, so called. The last Stanzas, given from the *Book of Dzyan* in the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. ii., p. 21), speak of those who ruled over the descendants "produced from the holy stock," and . . . . "who re-descended, who made peace with the fifth (race) who taught and instructed it."

The phrase "made peace" shows that there had been a previous *quarrel.* The fate of the Atlanteans in our philosophy, and that of the *prediluvians* in the Bible, corroborates the idea. Once more—many centuries before the Ptolemies—the same abuse of the sacred knowledge crept in amongst the initiates of the Sanctuary in Egypt. Preserved for countless ages in all their purity, the sacred teachings of the gods,

owing to personal ambition and selfishness, became corrupted again. The meaning of the symbols found itself but too often desecrated by unseemly interpretations, and very soon the Eleusinian Mysteries remained the only ones pure from adulteration and sacrilegious innovations. These were in honour of (Ceres) Demeter, or Nature, and were celebrated in Athens, the flowers of the intellect of Asia Minor and Greece being initiated thereinto. In his 4th Book, Zosimus states that these Initiates embraced *the whole of mankind;** while Aristides calls the Mysteries the *common temple of the earth.*

It is to preserve some reminiscence of this "temple," and to rebuild it, if need be, that certain elect ones among the initiated began to be *set apart.* This was done by their High Hierophants in every century, from the time when the sacred allegories showed the first signs of desecration and decay. For the great *Eleusinia* finally shared the same fate as the others. Their earlier excellency and purpose are described by Clement of Alexandria who shows the greater Mysteries divulging the secrets and the mode of construction of the Universe, this being the beginning, the end and the ultimate goal of human knowledge, for in them was shown to the initiated Nature and all things *as they are.* (Strom. 8.) This is the Pythagorean *Gnosis, ἡ γνῶσις τῶν ὄντων.* Epictetus speaks of these instructions in the highest terms: "All that is ordained therein was established by our masters for the instruction of men and the correction of our customs." (*apud Arrian: Dissert.* lib. cap. 21.) Plato asserts in the *Phædo* the same: the object of the Mysteries was to re-establish the soul in its primordial purity, or *that state of perfection from which it had fallen.*

VIII.

But there came a day when the Mysteries deviated from their purity in the same way as the exoteric religions. This began when the State bethought itself, on the advice of Aristogeiton (510 B.C.), of drawing from the *Eleusinia* a constant and prolific source of income. A law was passed to that effect. Henceforth, no one could be initiated without paying a certain sum of money for the privilege. That boon which could hitherto be acquired only at the price of incessant, almost superhuman effort, toward virtue and excellency, was now to be purchased for so much gold. Laymen—and even priests themselves—while accepting the desecration lost eventually their past reverence for the inner Mysteries, and this led to further profanation of the Sacred Science. The rent made in the veil widened with every century; and more than ever the Supreme Hierophants, dreading the final publication and distortion of the most holy secrets of nature, laboured to eliminate them from the *inner* programme, limiting the full knowledge thereof but to the few. It is those *set apart* who soon became the only custodians of the divine heirloom of the ages.

* Says Cicero in *de Nat. Deorum,* lib. 1—"*omitto Eleusinam sanctam illam et augustam; ab initiantur gentes orarum ultima.*"

Seven centuries later, we find Apuleius, his sincere inclination toward magic and the mystical notwithstanding, writing in his *Golden Ass* a bitter satire against the hypocrisy and debauchery of certain orders of *half*-initiated priests. It is through him also, that we learn that in his day (IInd century A.D.) the Mysteries had become so universal that persons of all ranks and conditions, in every country, men, women, and children all were *initiated!* Initiation had become as necessary in his day as baptism has since become with the Christians; and, as the latter is now, so the former had become then—*i.e.*, meaningless, and a purely dead-letter ceremony of mere form. Still later, the fanatics of the new religion laid their heavy hand on the Mysteries.

The *Epoptæ*, they "who see things as they are" disappeared one by one, emigrating into regions inaccessible to the Christians. The *Mystæ* (from *Mystes* "or veiled") "they who see things only as they appear" remained very soon, alone, sole masters of the situation.

It is the former, the "set apart," who have preserved the true secrets; it is the *Mystæ*, those who knew them only superficially, who laid the first foundation stone of modern masonry; and it is from this half pagan, half converted primitive fraternity of Masons that Christian ritualism and most of dogmas were born. Both the *Epoptæ* and the *Mystæ* are entitled to the name of *Masons:* for both carrying out their pledges to, and the injunction of their long departed Hierophants and βασιλεῖς "Kings" *rebuilt*, the Epoptæ, their "lower," and the Mystæ, their "upper" *temples*. For such were the irrespective appellations in antiquity, and are so to this day in certain regions. Sophocles speaks in the *Electra* (Act 2) of the foundations of Athens—the site of the Eleusinian Mysteries—as being the "sacred edifice of the gods," *i.e.* built by the *gods*. Initiation was spoken of as "walking into the temple," and "cleaning," or *rebuilding the temple* referred to the *body* of an initiate on his last and supreme trial. (*Vide* St. John's Gospel, ii., 19). The esoteric doctrine, also, was sometimes called by the name of "Temple" and popular exoteric religion, by that of "city." To *build a temple* meant to found an esoteric school; to "build a city temple" signified to establish a public cult. Therefore, the true surviving "Masons" of the *lower* Temple, or the *crypt*, the sacred place of initiation, are the only custodians of the true *Masonic* secrets now lost to the world. We yield willingly to the modern Fraternity of Masons the title of "Builders of the *higher* Temple," as the *à priori* superiority of the comparative adjective is as illusionary as the blaze of the burning bush of Moses itself in the Templars' Lodges.

IX.

The misunderstood allegory known as the Descent into *Hades*, has wrought infinite mischief. The exoteric "fable" of Hercules and Theseus descending *into the infernal regions;* the journey thither of

Orpheus, who found his way by the power of his lyre(*Ovid Metam.*); of Krishna, and finally of Christ, who "descended into Hell and the third day rose again from the dead"—was twisted out of recognition by the non-initiated *adapters* of pagan rites and transformers thereof, into Church rites and dogmas.

Astronomically, this *descent into hell* symbolized the Sun during the autumnal equinox when abandoning the higher sidereal regions—there was a supposed fight between him and the Demon of Darkness who got the best of our luminary. Then the Sun was imagined to undergo a *temporary death* and to descend into the infernal regions. But mystically, it typified the initiatory rites in the crypts of the temple, called the Underworld. Bacchus, Herakles, Orpheus, Asklepios and all the other visitors of the crypt, *all descended into hell and ascended thence on the third day*, for all were initiates and "Builders of the lower Temple." The words addressed by Hermes to Prometheus, chained on the arid rocks of the Caucasus—*i.e.* bound by ignorance to his physical body and devoured therefore by the vultures of passion—apply to every neophyte, to every *Chrestos* on trial. "To such labours look thou for no termination until the (or *a*) god shall appear as a substitute in thy pangs and shall be willing to go both to gloomy Hades and to the murky depths around Tartarus." (Æschylus: *Prometheus*, 1027, ff.) They mean simply that until Prometheus (or man) could find the "God," or Hierophant (the Initiator) who would willingly descend into the crypts of initiation, and walk around Tartarus with him, the vulture of passion would never cease to gnaw his vitals.* Æschylus as a pledged Initiate could say no more; but Aristophanes less pious, or more daring, divulges the secret to those who are not blinded by a too strong preconception, in his immortal satire on Heracles' *descent into Hell.* (*Frogs.*) There we find the chorus of the "blessed ones" (the initiated), the Elysian Fields, the arrival of Bacchus (the god Hierophant) with Herakles, the reception with lighted torches, emblems of *new* LIFE *and* RESURRECTION from the darkness of human ignorance to the light of spiritual knowledge—eternal LIFE. Every word of the brilliant satire shows the inner meaning of the poet:

> "Wake, burning torches . . . . for thou comest
> Shaking them in thy hand, Iacche,
> Phosphoric *star of the nightly rite.*"

All such final initiations took place during the night. To speak, therefore, of anyone as having descended into Hades, was equivalent in antiquity to calling him a *full Initiate.* To those who feel inclined to

* The dark region in the crypt, into which the candidate under initiation was supposed to throw away for ever his worst passions and lusts. Hence the allegories by Homer, Ovid, Virgil etc., all accepted literally by the modern scholar. Phlegethon was the river in Tartarus into which the initiate was thrice plunged by the Hierophant, after which the trials were over and the new man *born anew.* He had left in the dark stream the old sinful man for ever, and issued on the third day, from Tartarus, as an *individuality*, the *personality* being dead. Such characters as Ixion, Tantalus, Sisyphus, etc., are each a personification of some human passion.

reject this explanation, I would offer a query. Let them explain, in that case, the meaning of a sentence in the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid.* What can the poet mean, if not that which is asserted above, when introducing the aged Anchises in the Elysian fields, he makes him advise Æneas his son, to travel to Italy . . . . where he would have to fight in Latium, a rude and barbarous people ; therefore, he adds, before you venture there "*Descend into Hades,*" *i.e.* get yourself initiated.

The benevolent clericals, who are so apt to send us on the slightest provocation to Tartarus and the internal regions, do not suspect what good wishes for us the threat contains ; and what a holy character one must be before one gets into such a sanctified place.

It is not pagans alone who had their Mysteries. Bellarmin *(De Eccl. Triumph.* lib. 2, cap. 14*)* states that the early Christians adopted, after the example of pagan ceremonies, the custom of assembling in the church during the nights preceding their festivals, to hold vigils or "wakes." Their ceremonies were performed at first with the most edifying holiness and purity. But very shortly after that, such immoral abuses crept into these "assemblies" that the bishops found it necessary to abolish them. We have read in dozens of works about the licentiousness in the pagan religious festivals. Cicero is quoted *(de Leg.* lib. 2. cap 15) showing Diagondas, the Theban, finding no other means of remedying such disorders in the ceremonies than the suppression of the Mysteries themselves. When we contrast the two kinds of celebrations, however, the Pagan Mysteries hoary with age centuries before our era, and the Christian *Agapæ* and others in a religion hardly born and claiming such a purifying influence on its converts, we can only pity the mental blindness of its defenders and quote for their benefit Roscommon, who asks :—

> "When you begin with so much pomp and show,
> Why is the end so little and so low ?"

X.

Primitive Christianity—being derived from the primitive Masonry—had its grip, pass-words, and degrees of initiation. "Masonry" is an old term but it came into use very late in our era. Paul calls himself a "master-builder" and he was one. The ancient Masons called themselves by various names and most of the Alexandrian Eclectics, the Theosophists of Ammonias Saccas and the later Neo-Platonists, were all virtually Masons. They were all bound by oath to secrecy, considered themselves a Brotherhood, and had also their signs of recognition. The Eclectics or Philaletheians comprised within their ranks the ablest and most learned scholars of the day, as also several crowned heads. Says the author of *The Eclectic Philosophy :*

"Their doctrines were adopted by pagans and Christians in Asia and Europe, and for a season everything seemed favourable for a general fusion of religious belief.

The Emperors Alexander Severus and Julian embraced them. Their predominating influence upon religious ideas excited the jealousy of the Christians of Alexandria. The school was removed to Athens, and finally closed by the Emperor Justinian. Its professors *withdrew to Persia*,* where they made many disciples."

A few more details may prove perchance, interesting. We know that the Eleusinian Mysteries survived all others. While the secret cults of the minor gods such as the *Curates*, the *Dactyli*, the worship of Adonis, of the Kabiri, and even those of old Egypt had entirely disappeared under the revengeful and cruel hand of the pitiless Theodosius,† the Mysteries of Eleusis could not be so easily disposed of. They were indeed the religion of mankind, and shone in all their ancient splendour if not in their primitive purity. It took several centuries to abolish them, and they could not be entirely suppressed before the year 396 of our era. It is then that the "Builders of the *higher*, or City Temple" appeared first on the scene and worked unrelentingly to infuse their rituals and peculiar dogmas into the nascent and ever fighting and quarrelling church. The triple *Sanctus* of the Roman Catholic Mass is the triple S.·. S.·. S.·. of these early Masons, and is the modern prefix to their documents or "any written *balustre*—the initial of *Salutem*, or Health" as cunningly put by a Mason. "This triple masonic salutation is the most ancient among their greetings" (*Ragon.*)

XI.

But they did not limit their grafts on the tree of the Christian religion to this alone. During the Mysteries of Eleusis, wine represented Bacchus and Ceres—wine and bread, or corn.‡ Now Ceres or Demeter was the female *productive principle* of the Earth; the spouse of Father Æther, or Zeus; and Bacchus, the son of Zeus-Jupiter, was his father manifested: in other words, Ceres and Bacchus were the personifications of Substance and Spirit, the two vivifying principles in Nature and on Earth. The hierophant Initiator presented symbolically, before the final *revelation* of the mysteries, wine and bread to the candidate, who ate

*And we may add, beyond, to India and Central Asia, for we find their influence everywhere in Asiatic countries.

† The murderer of the Thessalonians, who were butchered by this pious son of the Church.

‡ Bacchus is certainly of Indian origin. Pausanias shows him the first to lead an expedition against India, and the first to throw a bridge over the Euphrates. "The cable which served to unite the two opposite shores being exhibited to this day," writes this historian, "it being woven from vine-branches and trailings of ivy." (X. 29. 4.) Arrianus and Quintus-Curtius explained the allegory of Bacchus' birth from the thigh of Zeus, by saying that he was born on the Indian Mount *Meru* (from μηρός thigh). We are aware that Eratosthenes and Strabo believed the Indian Bacchus had been nvented by flatterers to simply please Alexander, believed to have conquered India as Bacchus is supposed to have done. But on the other hand Cicero mentions the god as a Son of Thyoné and Nisus; and Dionysus or Διόνυσος means the god Dis from Mount Nys in India. Bacchus crowned with ivy, or *Kissos* is Krishna, one of whose names was *Kissen*. Dionysus was pre-eminently the god who was expected to liberate the *souls of men* from their prisons of flesh—Hades and the human Tartarus, in one of its symbolical senses. Cicero calls Orpheus a son of Bacchus; and there is a tradition which not only makes Orpheus come from India (he being called ὀρφός, dark, of tawny complexion) but identifies him with Arjuna, the *chela* and adoptive son of Krishna. (*Vide* "Five Years of Theosophy.". Art: *Was writing known before Panini*).

and drank, in token that the spirit was to quicken matter: *i.e.* the divine wisdom of the Higher-Self was to enter into and take possession of his inner Self or Soul through what was to be revealed to him.

This rite was adopted by the Christian Church. The Hierophant who was called the "Father," has now passed, part and parcel—*minus* knowledge—into the "Father" priest, who to-day administers the same communion. Jesus calls himself a vine and *his* "Father" the husbandman; and his injunction at the Last Supper shows his thorough knowledge of the symbolical meaning (*Vide infra*, note) of bread and wine, and his identification with the *logoi* of the ancients. "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life." "This *is* a hard saying," he adds. . . . "The words (*rhemata*, or arcane utterances) that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life." They are; because "it is the Spirit that quickeneth." Furthermore these *rhemata* of Jesus are indeed the arcane utterances *of an Initiate.*

But between this noble rite, as old as symbolism, and its later anthropomorphic interpretation, now known as *transubstantiation*, there is an abyss of ecclesiastical sophistry. With what force the exclamation—"Woe unto you lawyers. For *ye have taken away the key of knowledge*," (and will not permit even now *gnosis* to be given to others;) with what tenfold force, I say, it applies more now than then. Aye; that *gnosis*, "ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were (and are) entering ye prevented," and still prevent. Nor has the modern priesthood alone laid itself open to this blame. Masons, the descendants, or at any rate the successors, of the "Builders of the upper Temple" during the Mysteries they who ought to know better, will pooh-pooh and scorn any one among their own brethren who will remind them of their true origin. Several great modern Scholars and Kabalists, who are Masons, and could be named, received worse than the cold shoulder from their Brethren. It is ever the same old, old story. Even Ragon, the most learned in his day among all the Masons of our century, complains of it, in these words:—

"All the ancient narratives attest that the initiations in the days of old had an imposing ceremonial, and became memorable for ever through the grand truths divulged and the knowledge that resulted therefrom. And yet there are *some modern Masons, of half-learning*, who hasten to treat as charlatans all those who successfully remind of, and explain to them these ancient ceremonies!" (*Cours. Philos.* p. 87 note (2).)

XII.

Vanitas vanitatum! nothing is new under the sun. The "Litanies of the Virgin Mary" prove it in the sincerest way. Pope Gregory I. introduces the *worship* of the Virgin Mary and the Chalcedonian Council proclaim her the mother of God. But the author of the *Litanies* had not even the decency (or is it the brains?) to furnish her with any other than pagan adjectives and titles, as I shall presently show. Not a symbol, not a metaphor of this famous Litany but belonged to a crowd

of goddesses; all Queens, Virgins, or Mothers; these three titles applying to Isis, Rhea, Cybele, Diana, Lucifera, Lucina, Luna, Tellus, Latona *triformis*, Proserpina, Hecate, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, Leucothea, Astarte, *celestial* Venus and Urania, *Alma Venus*, etc., etc., etc.

Besides the primitive signification of trinity (the *esoteric*, or that of Father, Mother, Son) does not this Western *trimurti* (three faces) mean in the masonic pantheon: "*Sun*, *Moon*, and the *Venerable*"? a slight alteration, forsooth, from the Germanic and Northern *Fire*, *Sun* and *Moon*.

It is the intimate knowledge of this, perchance, that made the Mason, J. M. Ragon describe his profession of faith thus:

"For me *the Son is the same as Horus, son of Osiris and Isis;* he is the SUN who, *every year redeems the world from sterility* and *the universal death of the races.*"

And he goes on to speak of the Virgin Mary's particular litanies temples, festivals, masses and Church services, pilgrimages, oratories, Jacobins, Franciscans, vestals, prodigies, *ex voto*, niches, statues, etc., etc., etc.

De Maleville, a great Hebrew scholar and translator of Rabbinical literature, observes that the Jews give to the moon all those names which, in the *Litanies*, are used to glorify the Virgin. He finds in the *Litanies of Jesus* all the attributes of Osiris—the Eternal Sun, and of Horus, the Annual Sun.

And he proves it.

Mater Christi is the mother of the Redeemer of the old Masons, who is the *Sun*. The *hoi polloi* among the Egyptians, claimed that the child, symbol of the great central star, *Horus*, was the Son of *Osireth* and *Oseth*, whose souls had *ensouled*, after their death, the *Sun* and the *Moon*. *Isis* became, with the Phœnicians, *Astarte*, the names under which they adored the Moon, personified as a woman adorned with horns, which symbolised the crescent. Astarte was represented at the autumnal equinox after her husband (the Sun's) defeat by the Prince of Darkness, and descent into Hades, as weeping over the loss of her consort, who is also her son, as Isis does that of her consort, brother and son (Osiris-Horus). Astarte holds in her hand a cruciform stick, a regular cross, and stands weeping on the crescent moon. The Christian Virgin Mary is often represented in the same way, standing on the new moon, surrounded by stars and weeping for her son *juxta crucem lacrymosa dum pendebat filius (Vide Stabat Mater Dolorosa).* Is not she the heiress of Isis and Astarte? asks the author.

Truly, and you have but to repeat the *Litany to the Virgin* of the R. Catholic Church, to find yourself repeating ancient incantations to *Adonaïa* (Venus), the mother of Adonis, the Solar god of so many nations; to *Mylitta* (the Assyrian Venus), goddess of nature; to *Alilat*, whom the Arabs symbolized by the two lunar horns; to *Selene*, wife and sister of *Helion*, the Sun god of the Greeks; or, to the *Magna Mater*,

. . . *honestissima, purissima, castissima*, the Universal Mother of all Beings—because SHE IS MOTHER NATURE.

Verily is *Maria* (Mary) the Isis *Myrionymos*, the Goddess Mother of the ten thousand names! As the Sun was *Phœbus*, in heaven, so he became *Apollo*, on earth, and Pluto, in the still lower regions (after sunset); so the moon was *Phœbe* in heaven, and *Diana* on earth (*Gœa, Latona, Ceres*); becoming *Hecate* and *Proserpine* in Hades. Where is the wonder then, if Mary is called *regina virginum*, "Queen of Virgins," and *castissima* (most chaste), when even the prayers offered to her at the sixth hour of the morning and the evening are copied from those sung by the "heathen" Gentiles *at the same hours* in honour of *Phœbe* and *Hecate?* The verse of the "Litany to the Virgin," *stella matutina*,* we are informed, is a faithful copy of a verse from the litany of the *triformis* of the pagans. It is at the Council which condemned Nestorius that Mary was first titled as the "Mother of God," *mater dei.*

In our next, we shall have something to say about this famous Litany of the Virgin, and show its origin in full. We shall cull our proofs, as we go along, from the classics and the moderns, and supplement the whole from the *annals* of religions as found in the Esoteric Doctrine. Meanwhile, we may add a few more statements and give the etymology of the most sacred terms in ecclesiastical ritualism.

XIII.

Let us give a few moments of attention to the assemblies of the "Builders of the upper Temple" in early Christianity. Ragon has shown plainly to us the origin of the following terms:—

(*a.*) "The word 'mass,' comes from the Latin *Messis*—'harvest,' whence the noun *Messias*, 'he who ripens the harvest,' Christ, the Sun."

(*b.*) The word "Lodge" used by the Masons, the feeble successors of the Initiates, has its root in *loga*, (*loka*, in Sanskrit) a locality and a *world;* and in the Greek *logos*, the Word, a discourse; signifying in its full meaning "a place where certain things are discussed."

(*c.*) These assemblies of the *logos* of the primitive *initiated* masons came to be called *synaxis*, "gatherings" of the Brethren for the purpose of praying and celebrating the *cœna* (supper) wherein only bloodless offerings, fruit and cereals, were used. Soon after these offerings began to be called *hostiæ* or sacred and pure *hosties*, in contrast to the impure sacrifices (as of prisoners of war, *hostes*, whence the word *hostage*). As the offerings consisted of the harvest fruits, the first fruits of *messis*, thence the word "mass." Since no father of the Church mentions, as some scholars would have it, that the word *mass* comes from the Hebrew *missah* (*oblatum*, offering) one explanation is as good as the other. For an exhaustive enquiry on the word *missa* and *mizda*, see King's *gnostics*, pp. 124, *et seq.*

* The "Morning Star," or *Lucifer*, the name which Jesus calls himself by in Rev. xxii, 16, and which becomes, nevertheless, the *name of the Devil*, as soon as a theosophical journal assumes it!

Now the word *synaxis* was also called by the Greeks *agyrmos*, ἀγυρμὸς (a collection of men, assembly). It referred to initiation into the Mysteries. Both words—*synaxis* and *agyrmos* *—became obsolete with the Christians, and the word *missa*, or mass, prevailed and remained. Theologians will have it, desirous as they are to veil its etymology, that the term messias (*Messiah*) is derived from the Latin word *missus* (messenger, *the sent*). But if so, then again it may be applied as well to the Sun, the *annual messenger*, sent to bring light and new life to the earth and its products. The Hebrew word for Messiah *mâshiah* (anointed, from *mashah*, to anoint) will hardly apply to, or bear out the identity in the ecclesiastical sense; nor will the Latin *missa* (mass) derive well from that other Latin word *mittere*, *missum*, "to send," or "dismiss." Because the communion service—its heart and soul—is based on the consecration and oblation of the host or *hostia* (sacrifice), a wafer (a thin, leaf-like bread) representing the body of Christ in the Eucharist, and that such wafer of flour is a direct development of the harvest or cereal offerings. Again, the primitive *masses* were *cœnas* (late dinners or suppers), which, from the simple meals of Romans, who "washed, were *anointed*, and wore a *cenatory* garment" at dinner, became consecrated meals in memory of the last Supper of Christ.

The converted Jews in the days of the Apostles met at their *synaxes*, to read the Evangels and their correspondence (Epistles). St. Justin (150 A.D.) tells us that these solemn assemblies were held on the day called *Sun* (Sunday, *dies magnus*), on which days there were psalms chanted "collation of baptism with pure water and the *agapæ* of the holy *cœna* with bread and wine." What has this hybrid combination of pagan Roman dinners, raised by the inventors of church dogmas to a sacred mystery, to do with the Hebrew *Messiah* "he who causes to go down into the pit" (or Hades), or its Greek transliteration *Messias?* As shown by Nork, Jesus "*was never anointed either as high priest or king*," therefore his name of *Messias* cannot be derived from its present Hebrew equivalent. The less so, since the word anointed, or "rubbed with oil" a *Homeric term*, is *chris*, χρίς and *chrio*, χρίω, both *to anoint the body with oil.* (See LUCIFER for 1887, "The Esoteric Meaning of the Gospels.")

Another high Mason, the author of "The Source of Measures summarizes this *imbroglio* of the ages in a few lines by saying:—

"The fact is there were *two Messiahs*: *One*, as causing himself to go down into the pit, for the salvation of the world; † this was the sun shorn of his *golden rays*

* Hesychius gives the name (agyrmos) to the first day of the initiation into the mysteries of Ceres, goddess of harvest, and refers to it also under that of *Synaxis*. The early Christians called their mass, before this term was adopted, and the celebration of their mysteries—*Synaxis*, a word compounded from *sun* "with," and *ago* "I lead," whence, the Greek synaxis or an *assembly*.

† From times immemorial every initiate before entering on his supreme trial of initiation, in antiquity as at the present time, pronounces these sacramental words. . . . "And I swear to give up my life for the salvation of my brothers, which constitute the whole mankind, if called upon, and to die in the defence of truth. . . . ."

and *crowned with blackened ones* (symbolizing this loss) as the thorns. *The other*, was the triumphant *Messiah*, mounted up to this *summit of the arch of Heaven*, personated as the *Lion of the tribe of Judah.* In both instances he had the cross. . . . "

At the *Ambarvales*, the festivals in honour of Ceres, the *Arval* (the assistant of the High Priest) clad in pure white, placing on the *hostia* (sacrificial heap) a cake of corn, water and wine, tasted the wine of *libation* and gave to all others to *taste.* The *oblation* (or offering) was then taken up by the High Priest. It symbolized the three kingdoms of Nature—the cake of corn (vegetable kingdom), the sacrificial vase or *chalice* (mineral), and the *pall* (the scarf-like garment) of the Hierophant, an end of which he threw over the oblation wine cup. This pall was made of pure white lamb-skins.

The modern priest repeats, gesture for gesture, the acts of the pagan priest. He lifts up and offers the bread to be consecrated; blesses the water that is to be put in the chalice, and then pours the wine into it, incenses the altar, etc., etc., and going to the altar washes his fingers saying, "I will wash my hands *among the* INNOCENT and encompass thy altar, O Lord." He does so, because the ancient and *pagan* priest did the same, saying, "I wash (with lustral water) my hands among the INNOCENT (the fully initiated Brethren) and encompass thy altar, O great Goddess" (Ceres). Thrice went the high priest round the altar loaded with offerings, carrying high above his head the chalice covered with the end of his snow-white lamb-skin . . . .

The consecrated vestment worn by the Pope, the *pall*, "*has the form of a scarf made of white wool*, embroidered with purple crosses." In the Greek Church, the priest covers, with the end of the pall thrown over his shoulder, the chalice.

The High Priest of antiquity repeated thrice during the divine service his "*O redemptor mundi*" to Apollo 'the Sun' his *mater Salvatoris*, to Ceres, the earth, his *Virgo paritura* to the Virgin Goddess, etc., and pronounced *seven ternary commemorations.* (Hearken, O Masons!)

The ternary number, so reverenced in antiquity, is as reverenced now, and is pronounced five times during the mass. We have three *introibo*, three *Kyrie eleison*, three *mea culpa*, three *agnus dei*, three *Dominus Vobiscum.* A true masonic series! Let us add to this the three *et cum spiritu tuo*, and the Christian mass yields to us the same *seven triple commemorations.*

PAGANISM, MASONRY, and THEOLOGY—such is the historical trinity, now ruling the world *sub rosa.* Shall we close with a Masonic greeting and say:—

Illustrious officers of Hiram Abif, Initiates, and "Widow's sons." The Kingdom of Darkness and ignorance is fast dispelling, but there are regions still untouched by the hand of the scholar, and as black as the night of Egypt. *Fratres, sobrii estote et vigilate!*

H. P. B.

(To be continued.)

THE DREAM "RAVEN."

YOU have asked me to write down the strange dream I had, while I was staying with friends this summer in an old-fashioned country place, near London.

It was an eerie old Manor house, which had been enlarged from time to time, with staircases added and rooms put on, and I had remarked on the large quantity of oak used in the banqueting hall and chapel, as well as the staircases, which latter were entirely of black oak.

During the first evening an old oil colour in the dining-room had attracted my attention. It represented a cavalier of Charles I. time and a very handsome man he must have been. It was an old picture in an old frame, and from the canvas gazed the sad countenance of the nobleman, with his waving locks and dark eyes that followed you all over the room wherever you went.

What were these eyes trying to tell? What a history there was in them—what care in the lines of the face!

No one seemed to know who he was, or what his name had been Simply, an "ancestor."

On going to my room for the night I found it was still early. So taking up the first book to hand, I sat down on the sofa at the foot of the bed which faced the cheval glass that stood between the two long windows of the room, and began reading.

The book happened to be Poe's poems, and the leaves opened at. "The Raven," a poem which has always had a strong effect on me, and which I consider a masterpiece. I went through the familiar lines again and the spirit in it seemed more real than ever. Looking up, the room I was in seemed to suit the idea; it was large, dark, heavy, papered with maroon cretonne in panels, the panels formed by folds in the cloth. The light of one solitary candle only made its darkness still darker, instead of dispelling the gloom. And so casting aside the book I tried to throw off the impression of "*Never more.*" What was the matter with me? Had I been mesmerised? We had been playing at that in the drawing-room during the evening. What a strange feeling there was over my eyes—and was my face really as pale as that, or did the old cheval glass reflect badly?

I was getting more and more drowsy with every minute. What noise was *that?* Surely something was moving! How? What?

I still gazed earnestly in the mirror and saw a sight that froze me to my seat. A panel in the wall had slowly moved back on hinges like a door, and a tall figure was advancing into the room. A cold draught of air came across me, and some little time seemed to pass before I

gradually made out a man's figure standing by my side. Where had I seen his face before?

He was dressed strangely: in buff leather coat, bright breastplate, and riding hat with plume, and a long cloak. His dark eyes gazed wistfully into mine when I turned to look at him. At last he spoke, and though only one word, it thrilled me through and through. . . .

It was my name—"Alice."

A long drawn out Alice.

"Yes, that is my name," I said. "What do you want with me?"

"Do you not recognise me?" he answered. "Have you not seen me before?"

Now I knew who he was—the cavalier of the picture downstairs—the Unknown One. My trembling lips formed the reply, "You are the Unknown."

"Yes," he said; "and I have been waiting a weary, long time for you—waiting for an 'Alice' to come to this house, and at last you are here. Listen! Long years ago I was heir to all, house and land, and had chosen my bride, my Alice. But, just as the ceremony that would have united us for ever was about to begin, my enemy, one of Cromwell's men, carried her off from me by force of arms, and I have been desolate ever since, haunting the house and grounds, nameless, unknown, unrecognized, waiting for my Alice—waiting for an Alice. And now you have come—you are the first—and we shall be married and the curse will leave me. Here is your wedding garment. Stand up while I put it on. Quick! quick!"

I had to obey; I felt I must, while from under his cloak he brought forth a shimmering white satin gown, which he threw round my shoulders and fastened in front with a diamond clasp, and round my neck his cold fingers twined a row of lovely pearls from which hung a sapphire and diamond pendant. Over my head he cast a white veil, exclaiming, "Now you are ready and in a few moments you will share with me all these possessions, houses, gold, jewels, land."

Hand in hand we left the room and hastened through passages, till we entered the huge banqueting hall, arranged for a feast, and lighted up by torches hung on the wall. A noble company awaited us in their strange, old-fashioned dresses, and standing in advance was a long-robed priest with book in hand, ready to unite us. We approached and the ceremony began, till the words, "Who gives away this woman?" came, when a tall, dark, repellant-looking man in armour pushed through the guests, and, seizing my arm, said, "*I* am the guardian of this woman, and I do *not* give her away." In a moment I was separated from my handsome bridegroom, and though I shricked and tried to get away from the knight, his grip was of iron, and against my will he hurried me through the hall back into the passages, then down some stone steps; down, down, till we entered a vaulted passage. Oh! the horror that

seized me! Where were we going? What was that holding up a dim torch? A skeleton! And there was another further on! O, the cold of the slimy walls, green and dripping. We still hurried on, till we suddenly came to a door or opening in the wall, through which I was pushed and found myself in the presence of eight ghastly-looking men, all shrouded in grey, with only their eyes visible. It was a huge vault, cold and damp, and plastered into the walls were grinning skulls and bony hands, as if the skeletons had been fixed into the plaster while it was soft.

One of the eight men was seated, or rather stood, behind a desk on a platform higher than the rest, and I knew by instinct this was to be my judge. By his side on the desk was perched a black raven. I still feel the horror I experienced at thinking I was lost for ever to daylight and my friends. My limbs seem to tremble at the recollection.

"Alice," said the judge, in a sepulchral voice, "what have you to say in your defence, and what death do you choose to die?"

"Defence—death!" I stammered; "I have done nothing to deserve death."

"Yes, you have," he answered, "and this is your crime. You have envied your neighbour's goods; your ambition has carried you beyond all bounds, you have tried to get rid of all the friends and everything that did not help you to reach your object. You envy those who have gold and lands and jewels, and your crime has brought its punishment! What death will you have? Look above you!!"

I looked up, and over my head hung a dagger by a hair. I looked down, and one of the figures moved aside some planks in the floor, and I saw at my feet the dark river rushing along, carrying corpses every now and then, some half beneath the water, others gazing up to Heaven with glassy eyeballs. I shuddered. At one side of the vault were two coffins; one open, one closed; and from the latter came dull thuds and faint groans.

"Look," said the judge, "here is your punishment—to be buried alive, never to see light again."

And at that moment the raven croaked, "Never more."

I cried, and implored him to be more merciful. I had done nothing to deserve such a fate, and I besought him to spare me, exclaiming that I was too young to die, and full of life and health.

"Young—health!" he mocked, and while he spoke, down fell my gorgeous wedding-dress about me, and lay on the floor; with a snap the string of pearls broke, and lay scattered in the dust. The veil crumbled to pieces, leaving me only an old rag about me. A change had come over me, and looking at my hands they seemed shrunk and withered. I felt my face, and the bones seemed to be standing out, and the skin was drawn and wrinkled. Wisps of grey hair lay on my shoulders, and my teeth were loose in my head and ready to drop out.

I was old and grey!

"All is vanity," said the judge. "Earthly things return no more."

Quoth the raven "Nevermore!"

"What right have *you* to judge me?" I screamed.

"There is no *hereafter*," he answered. "The wicked must be judged on earth, and punishment reaches them here." And while I was still yelling, "*Any death but that!!*" they bound me hand and foot, and thrust me into the open coffin. Slowly the lid descended; the nails were hammered in; and the last words heard by me were "Nevermore" from the raven, while the sound of footsteps died away in the distance down the stone passage, leaving me struggling to free myself.

The struggle woke me. Thank Heaven, it was only a dream! But I was cold and stiff, and so glad to get into bed and try to forget what had just passed so vividly through my brain.

ALICE B——.

NOTICE.

IT is believed that many of the literary and debating societies of London would be glad to include a lecture on some branch of Theosophy as one of their winter's course. It is therefore desirable to form, from members of the T. S., a staff of lecturers, of whom each one feels himself competent to elucidate for outsiders some section of the immense field of Theosophic thinking.

All the discoveries of science, the higher speculations in religion and philosophy, the investigations into spiritualism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, psychometry, animal magnetism, faith-healing, the origin of religions, symbology, etc., etc. All these, so far as they are known to one or another member as parts of the whole truth, called Theosophy, may be made available for leading his audience nearer to that truth, by each member, so far as he himself sees the connection between it and the bit of foundation he has selected to build on. Those, therefore, who know the names and addresses of the president or secretary of any literary or debating societies in their neighbourhood, are requested to forward such to the undersigned; as also those members as are willing to undertake the preparation of a lecture, or open a debate.

HERBERT CORYN, F.T.S.,
Secretary of Lecturing Staff,
7, Duke Street, Adelphi,
London.

A MODERN CASE OF VAMPIRISM.

IN the night of December 31st, 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Rose (the names in this story are pseudonyms, but the facts are true) went to bed as poor people and on the morning of January 1st, 1889, they woke up, finding themselves rich. An uncle to whom they owed their poverty because he kept them from coming into the legal possession of their rightful property, had died during that night. There are some occurrences of an occult character, connected with this event, which will be interesting to those who wish to find practical proofs and demonstrations in their investigations of the "night-side of nature."

Mr. Rose is a young, but very clever, professional man in this city, who being at the beginning of his career has, therefore, only an exceedingly limited number of clients. His young wife is one of the most amiable ladies whom it has been my good fortune to meet; a spiritually minded woman and more of a poetess than an economist. She had been brought up under the most affluent circumstances, her father being very rich, and she was the only and therefore the pet child in her luxurious home. It would be too complicated a task to tell how it happened that the property which she inherited fell first into the hands of her uncle, a spiteful and avaricious man. Sufficient to say that this man, whom we will call Helleborus, had by his intrigues and law suits managed to keep Mrs. Rose's property in his hands; giving her and her husband no support whatever. More than once they were forced to borrow money from their friends, in order to keep themselves from starvation.

As "Uncle Helleborus" was in the last stage of comsumption, their only hope was that his death would soon put an end to his law-suits, and bring them into possession of what rightfully belonged to them.

Uncle Helleborus, however, did not seem inclined to die. Year after year he kept on coughing and expectorating; but with all that he outlived many who had predicted his death. After making to Mr. and Mrs. Rose a proposal of a settlement, which would have left him in possession of nearly all the property and given to them only a pittance, he went to Meran, last autumn, to avoid the cold climate of Vienna.

Under their embarrassing circumstances, they were much inclined to accept the settlement; but they concluded to first consult about it a friend, an eminent lawyer; and this gentleman (whom we will call Mr. Tulip as everybody in Vienna knows his real name) advised them to the contrary. This enraged Helleborus against Tulip; and, starting into a blind rage, he swore that if he found an opportunity for killing Tulip, he would surely do so.

Mr. Tulip was an extraordinarily strong, well-built and healthy man;

but at the beginning of December last, soon after Mr. Helleborus's departure for Meran, he suddenly failed in health. The doctors could not locate his disease, and he grew rapidly thinner and weaker, complaining of nothing but extreme lassitude, and feeling like a person who was daily bled. Finally, on the 20th day of December last, all Vienna was surprised to hear that Mr. Tulip had died. Post-mortem examination showing all the organs in a perfectly normal condition, the doctors found nothing better but to register death from *Marasmus* (emaciation), as the cause of this extraordinary event. Strange to say, during the last days of his disease (if it can be so called), when his mind became flighty, he often imagined that a stranger was troubling him, and the description which he gave of that invisible personage fitted Mr. Helleborus with perfect accuracy.

During Mr. Tulip's sickness, news came from Meran that Mr. Helleborus was rapidly gaining strength and recovering from his illness in a most miraculous manner; but there were some people who expressed grave doubts as to whether this seeming recovery would be lasting. On the day of Mr. Tulip's funeral, Mr. ——, a prominent Fellow of the T. S., now in Austria, remarked to Mrs. Rose: "You will see that now that Mr. Tulip is dead, his vampire will die too."

On January 1st, 1889, Mr. Rose dreamed that he saw Uncle Helleborus looking perfectly healthy. He expressed his surprise about it, when a voice, as if coming from a long distance, said: "Uncle Helleborus is dead!" The voice sounded a second time, and this once far more powerfully, repeating the same sentence; and this time Mr. Rose awoke, with the sound of that voice still ringing in his ears, and communicated to his wife the happy news that "Uncle Helleborus was dead." Two hours afterwards a telegram came from Meran, announcing the demise of "Uncle Helleborus" which had occurred on that very night, and calling upon Mr. Rose to come and attend to the funeral. It was found that Mr. Helleborus had begun to grow rapidly worse from the day when Mr. Tulip died.

The only rational explanation of such cases, I have found in Paracelsus. Perhaps LUCIFER can throw some additional light on the subject.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

Theosophical Activities.

THE PRESIDENT'S JAPAN TOUR.*

THE latter end of the sea-voyage was somewhat rough and very cold Heavy snow fell at Shang Hai and Col. Olcott and Mr. Dhammapala found it impossible to keep warm : the latter had never seen snow in his beautiful Ceylon, and the former had become so acclimatised to the heat by ten years of India as to be in almost as bad a plight. The port of Kobé was reached at daylight on the 9th of February and the excitement of the tour began. The members of the Japanese Buddhist Committee invaded the President's cabin before he was half-dressed, and at their heels were a lot of picturesquely robed priests, each handing over his visiting-card printed in Japanese characters, and bowing most ceremoniously—as only a graceful Japanese can bow. On the pier were ranged a long line of priests, acolytes and laymen, representing the *seven* sects existing in Kobé. A procession of jinrickshas was organized, and the party were conducted to the Temple of the Ten Dai sect, where the Chief Priest Jiko Katta made them heartily welcome. (It is a coincidence that Buddhism was first preached in Japan at this very temple, which is now the starting-point of the revival of Buddhism in the East, and the international co-operation for the spread of this religion throughout the Western world.) Crowds of visitors called to pay their respects, and the President was forced to give two lectures within the twenty-four hours.

On Sunday, the 10th, the party left for Kioto by train, Mr. Noguchi getting off at his station to go and see his family after his four months' trip to India. There was a huge crowd at the station in Kioto awaiting them. Some 700 priests and their pupils were there, and the bowing was something to remember. The welcome, at any rate, was most sincere. The President and Mr. Dhammapala were taken to the Chi-oo-een Temple of the Jodo sect, and the former given a grand room known as the Empress's room, for his reception-quarters. The lacquers, bronzes, paintings on silk, and carved wooden ceiling were things to be given a large space in a descriptive record of ordinary travel but may be passed over with the simple mention in this meagre official report On the 12th poor Dhammapala succumbed to the cold, and kept his bed, laid up with the rheumatism in his feet and hands. And so ends his part of the inland journeyings in Japan. He seems likely to be obliged to stop in Kioto and help the local Committee in the formation of the Branch and the commencement of its work. Col. Olcott and Mr. Noguchi will have to travel alone. An interesting visit was made to the Temple of the Jana (Dhyana) sect, who seem to be the Sufis of Japanese Buddhism. It is averred, however, that the Shin-gons are the esoteric Buddhists of the country. They know of the Mahatmas, the Siddhis (spiritual powers in man), and quite readily admitted that there were priests in their order who exercised them. Their reception of Col. Olcott was extremely cordial. They made him two presents, besides their scriptures—a relic, alleged

* From the April *Theosophist.*

to be of Lord Buddha himself, and a parcel of hard-baked cakes, beautifully-colored and resembling carved medallions of coral and ivory, which had been offered by the reigning Emperor to the *Manes* of his predecessor at the latter's sepulchre, of which the monks of this temple are guardians. At 2 P.M. the same day Col. Olcott addressed an audience of at least 2,000 persons in the vast preaching-hall of the Chi-oo-een Temple, and the applause was thrilling from its volume and intensity. The address was translated by Mr. Kinza Hirai, F. T. S. On the 13th—when the post left—there was a grand reception by the Western Honganji, the rich and large sect with which Akamatzu, the learned young priest who so impressed Miss Bird, when she was exploring her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," is connected. The President found on arrival the buildings ablaze with Japanese flags, two fine examples of the new Buddhist flag, introduced by our Society in Ceylon, waved over the iron gates, and a large body of priests, with the 600 pupils of their schools, formed lines for him to pass through towards the principal entrance of the main buildings. He was shown great kindness and courtesy throughout the visit, given a fine collation in the Japanese style, and before leaving, upon invitation, addressed the pupils assembled in the prayer hall.

Thence he had to drive rapidly to the Chi-oo-een Temple to give his second lecture, and the audience was even greater than that of the previous day. Thus has the ball been set rolling in Japan.

[The above report is undated, the Kioto post mark is three gridirons rampant. It was written apparently on Feb. 12th.—ED. *Theosophist.*]

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR (*continued*).

(The following was received by the last Mail.)

On the 14th February, the Eastern Honganji received Colonel Olcott with great distinction. He was shown everything, including the inside and outside of the grand new temple which they are building! A most-striking curio there is a coil of seven enormous black cables, one of them 15 inches in circumference and 18 yards long, the whole measuring perhaps 100 feet, and entirely made of *human hair*. The female devotees of this temple had shorn their raven locks to make the ropes for hauling the timbers for the building! At a temple in Kobé a copy of some parts of the Buddhist *Pitakas*, written in the blood of the copyist's tongue, was shown our travellers. Could fanaticism go farther! The Eastern and Western Honganjis of Kioto are two great temple corporations, the most influential and wealthy in Japan. The original body was created by Imperial charter about a thousand years ago, and the split which now exists only took place in the time of the twenty-fifth Master—about two centuries ago. It was caused by the patronage given by a reigning Provincial Governor to an ambitious junior priest, whom he supplied with land and money, for the erection and support of separate buildings. The priests of this sect are in a sense the Lutherans of Japan, since they marry like the Protestant clergy, and for Luther's reason, that clerical marriage is a social safeguard. The two Honganjis are not in the habit of acting together, but they have joined in assuming the entire cost and direction of Colonel Olcott's Mission to Japan, and will see him safely through the whole business.

Colonel Olcott's third Lecture in Kioto was given to his usual monster audience on the 14th, and in the evening he sat for his portrait to an old Japanese painter on silk. The next day saw him at Osaka (Hiago), the second largest city in Japan, where he had another great reception. On his way from the railway station to the Un-rai-ji temple (Nichi-ren sect) where he was to lodge, he had to inspect and address two large schools, one for girls, the other for boys; and nearly got an inflammation of the lungs by exposure to a freezing damp audience hall where he had to speak. The Japanese houses are cool and breezy, with paper windows and plenty of draughts—excellent for hot weather but no joke in winter, with the atmosphere outside full of snow, and the air of the most comfortable room so cool that one can see every breath one draws. The floors are exquisitely clean and covered with fine grass-matting, to keep which tidy it is the universal custom to enter the house in stocking feet, leaving the shoes at the door-step. Fancy what this means in the case of a visitor from the Tropics, whose blood is instantly chilled by contact with the cold mats. It nearly did for the President, who only escaped a severe attack of pneumonia by bathing his feet in scalding hot water on going to bed. It completely knocked up poor Mr. Dhammapala, who was attacked with rheumatism in both feet, and has ever since had to keep his bed in Kioto in an agony of pain. The kindness shown him by our Japanese friends, by night as by day, is simply beyond praise; no blood relatives could be more devotedly tender and watchful. The audiences in Osaka were as large and enthusiastic as those in Kioto. There were two lectures and at the same temple, Nam-bi-mido (Shin-shu sect). Col. Olcott also made addresses before a Prisoners' Reform Society—an excellent and well-managed concern—and at another temple of the same sect. He was also taken to the famous Ten-no-si, the most ancient temple in Japan, where he was presented with some documents and an old Japanese oval gold coin—a *Koban*—worth $7.50. This was on the 17th, so the omens are once more favourable. At Ten-no-si there is a unique feature—a little chapel with an image of Buddha and a hanging bell to ring, and all filled with toys, dolls, balls, etc., etc., and children's dresses and wooden clogs. This is a place where prayers are offered for dead little ones, and the dresses and playthings are placed there so that they (or their phantasmal-duplicates?) may be transferred to Paradise for their further use. The bell is rung that the angel child may hear the parental summons and take the things which affection would have them enjoy. A touching sentiment.

On the 18th Col. Olcott returned to Kioto and spent the day in preparations for a most important meeting for which he had issued personal invitations in advance. The event came off according to programme and was a thorough success. It was no less than a convocation of the High Priests of the eight (there are but eight active) sects of Japanese Buddhism—the Pontiffs of some 37 millions Buddhists. They met in the "Empress Room" in Chio-oo-een Temple, seating themselves according to age about a long table; each with a brass fire-pot before him for warming his hands. They were all aged men, and dressed in their full canonicals. Colonel Olcott first had read a Japanese translation of a salutatory letter in Sanskrit to the Buddhists of Japan from Sumangala Thero, of Colombo, in which he begged his co-religionists to receive Colonel Olcott as a zealous and consistent Buddhist, and help him to

realize his plans. Also a translation of a joint note of similar purport from the principal priests of both Sinhalese Buddhist sects. He then read in English an Address, of which we give the text herewith, and it was afterwards interpreted in Japanese by young Matsumura, of Osaka, an excellent translator. The council then took an hour's recess for consultation, and upon returning, adjourned to reconvene a few days later, after receiving copies of two Resolutions offered for their acceptance by Colonel Olcott.

TEXT OF COL. OLCOTT'S ADDRESS.

Reverend Sirs,

I have invited you to meet me to-day on neutral ground, for private consultation. What can we do for Buddhism? What ought we to do?

Why should the two great halves of the Buddhist Church be any longer ignorant and indifferent about each other?

Let us break the long silence; let us bridge the chasm of 2,300 years; let the Buddhists of the North and those of the South be one family again.

The great schism took place at the second council of Vasâli, and among its causes were these questions: "May salt be preserved in horn by the monks for future use?" "May solid food be eaten by them after the hour of noon?" "May fermented drinks which look like water be drunk?" "May seats covered with cloths be used?" "May gold and silver be received by the Order?"

Does it seem worth while that the vast Buddhist family should be estranged from each other for such questions as these? Which is the most important, Venerable Sirs, that salt shall or shall not be stored up for future use, or that the Doctrines of Buddhism shall be preached to all mankind? I am come from India—a journey of 5,000 miles, and a long one for a man of nearly 60 years of age, to ask you this question. Answer me, O chief priests of the twelve Japanese sects: I charge you upon your consciences to answer. I have brought you a written appeal from your co-religionists of Ceylon and a Sanskrit letter from the learned Sumangala, High Priest of Adam's Peak, begging you to receive their brotherly salutations, and to listen to me and help me to carry out my religious work. I have no special, private word to speak to any of you, but one word for all. My mission is not to propagate the peculiar doctrines of any sect, but to unite you all in one sacred undertaking. Each of you I recognize as a Buddhist and a brother. All have one common object. Listen to the words of the learned Chinese pilgrim and scholar, Hiouen Thsang: "The schools of philosophy are always in conflict, and the noise of their passionate discussions rises like the waves of the sea. Heretics of the different sects attach themselves to particular teachers, and by different routes *walk to the same goal.*" I have known learned priests engage in bitter controversy about the most childish subjects, while the Christian Missionaries were gathering the children of their neighbourhoods into schools and teaching them that Buddhism is a false religion! Blind to their first duty as priests, they thought only of quarrelling about unimportant matters. I have no respect for such foolish priests, nor can I expect them to help me to spread Buddhism in distant countries or defend it at home from its bitter, rich and indefatigable enemies. But my helpers and well-wishers will be all sincere, intelligent, broadminded Buddhist priests and laymen, of every country and nation.

We have these two things to do. In Buddhist countries, to revive our religion; purify it of its corruptions; prepare elementary and advanced books for the education of the young and the information of adults, and expose the falsehoods circulated against it by its opponents. Where these latter are trying to persuade children to change their family religion for another, we must, strictly as a measure of self-defence and not in any angry or intolerant spirit—condemned by our religion—collect and publish all available facts about the merits and demerits of the new religion offered as better than Buddhism. And then, it is our duty—as taught us by the Lord Buddha himself—to send teachers and preachers to distant lands, such as Europe and America, to tell the millions now disbelieving Christianity and looking about for some religion to replace it, that they will find what will convince their reason, and satisfy their heart in Buddhism. So completely has intercourse been broken between Northern and Southern Buddhists since the Vasâli Council, that you do not know each other's beliefs nor the contents of your respective Scriptures. One of the first tasks before you, therefore, is to have the books compared critically by learned scholars, to ascertain which portions are ancient and which modern, which authoritative and which forgeries. Then the results of these comparisons must be published throughout all Buddhist countries, in their several vernaculars. We may have to convene another great Council at some sacred place, such as Buddha-Gya or Anuradhapura, before the publications mentioned are authorised. What a grand and hopeful spectacle that would be! May we live to see it.

Now kindly understand that, in making all these plans for the defence and propagation of Buddhism, I do so in the two-fold character of an individual Buddhist and President of the Theosophical Society acting through and on behalf of its *Buddhist Division.* Our great Brotherhood comprises already 174 Branches, distributed over the world as follows: India, Ceylon and Burma 129; Europe 13; America 25; Africa 1; Australasia 2; West Indies 2; Japan 1; Singapore 1. Total, 174 Branches of our Society, all under one general management. When first I visited Ceylon (in the year 1880) and formed several Branches, I organized a Buddhist Division of the Society, to include all Buddhist Branches that might be formed in any part of the world. What I now offer you is to organize such Branches throughout Japan, and to register them, along with our Buddhist Branches in Ceylon, Burma and Singapore, in the "Buddhist Division"; so that you may all be working together for the common object of promoting the interests of Buddhism. This will be an easy thing to do. You have already many such Societies, each trying to do something, but none able to effect as much as you could by uniting your forces with each other and with the sister Societies in foreign countries. It would cost you a great deal of money and years of labour to establish foreign agencies like ours, but I offer you the chance of having these agencies ready-made, without your being put to any preliminary expenses. And, since our Buddhist Division has been working for Buddhism without you, for the past ten years, I doubt if you could find more trustworthy or zealous co-operators. The people of Ceylon are too poor and too few in number (only some 2 millions of Buddhists) to undertake any such large scheme as I propose, but you and they together could do it successfully. If you ask how we should organize our forces, I point you to our great enemy, Christianity, and bid you look at their large and wealthy Bible, Tract, Sunday School, and Missionary Societies—the tremendous

agencies they support to keep alive and spread their religion. We must form similar Societies, and make our most practical and honest men of business their managers. Nothing can be done without money. The Christians spend millions to destroy Buddhism; we must spend to defend and propagate it. We must not wait for some few rich men to give the capital; we must call upon the whole nation. The millions spent for the Missionaries are mainly contributed by poor people and their children: yes, their children, I say, for they teach their children to deny themselves sweets and toys and give the money to convert you to Christianity. Is not that a proof of their interest in the spread of their religion? What are you doing to compare with it? Where are your monster Buddhist Publication Societies, your Foreign Mission Societies, your Missionaries in foreign lands? I travel much, but have not heard of them in any country of Europe or America. There are many Christian schools and churches in Japan, but is there a Japanese Buddhist school or temple in London, or Paris, or Vienna, or New York? If not, why not? You know as well as I that our religion is better than Christianity, and that it would be a blessed thing if the people of Christendom were to adopt it: why, then, have you not given them the chance? You are the watchmen at the gates of our religion, O chief priests; why do you slumber when the enemy is trying to undermine its walls? Yet, though you neglect your duty, Buddhism is rapidly spreading in Christian countries from several causes. First of all its intrinsic merit, then its scientific character, its spirit of love and kindness, its embodiment of the idea of justice, its logical self-consistency. Then, the touching sweetness of the story of the life of Sakhya Muni, which has touched the hearts of multitudes of Christians, as recounted in poem and story. There is one book called "The Light of Asia," a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, of which several hundred thousand copies have been sold, and which has done more for Buddhism than any other agency. Then there are and have been great authors and philologists like Prof. Max Müller, Messrs. Burnouf, De Rosny, St. Hilaire, Rhys Davids, Beal, Fausböll, Bigandet, and others, who have written about the Lord Buddha in the most sympathetic terms. And among the agencies to be noticed is the Theosophical Society, of which I am President. The "Buddhist Catechism," which I compiled for the Sinhalese Buddhists eight years ago, has already been published in fifteen different languages. A great authority told me recently in Paris that there were not less than 12,000 professed Buddhists in France alone, and in America I am sure there must be at least 50,000. The auspicious day has come for us to put forth our united efforts. If I can persuade you to join hands with your brothers in Ceylon and elsewhere, I shall think I am seeing the dawn of a more glorious day for Buddhism. Venerable Sirs, hearken to the words of your ignorant yet sincere American co-religionist. Be up and doing. When the battle is set, the hero's place is at the front: which of you shall I see acting the hero in this desperate struggle between truth and superstition, between Buddhism and its opponents?

OUR SOCIETY'S "AGAPÆ."

Our Brothers in France had a happy idea in establishing what we might call theosophical *agapæ*, minus the mystic and religious gloom of the latter. These monthly dinners, "purely vegetarian"—we are not told whether they are also

teetotal—may do good work in the long run, as promoters of peace, soul-harmony and brotherly love. "A good dinner sharpens wit, while it softens the heart," we are told by those in whom, of the three souls enumerated by Plato, the "stomach-soul" is the most energetic; the statement being corroborated by Lord Byron. According to the great English poet, of all "appeals," none is more calculated to take hold of the best feelings of mankind

"Than that all-softening, overpow'ring knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell!"

However it may be, and from whatsoever point we view them, the "theosophical dinners" in France have an undeniable advantage over the "no such dinners" in England. They represent, for theosophists, a few hours, at least, passed under the white flag of truce; and even that little is a decided relief, and a march stolen on the English members.

Blessed be ye, O dinners, if presided over by the angel of peace, who stands between the fighting and the dead!

The "Hermes Dinner," was not presided over this time, however, by a six-winged angel, "shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail," but, by our respected friend and brother, the Count Gaston d'Adhemar, who kindly accepted the presidential place of honour at this "exclusively vegetarian repast." The dinner took place on March 23 at Lavenue's, Boulevard Montparnasse, and was graced, besides the members and associates of the local T. S. "Hermes," who happened to be then in Paris, by the presence of several distinguished guests interested in theosophy.

In the words of our *Revue Theosophique* * for April, "this banquet passed off most charmingly, thanks to the witty and instructive conversation of its President, who related some of his travelling impressions through America, and notably among the *Mormons*; after which the conversation became general and was devoted to occult topics of the highest scientific, phenomenal and metaphysical interest."

At 11 p.m. the members separated, pledging themselves to meet on the same date next month.

For the benefit of the lovers of vegetarianism, we append hereto the *Menu* of this repast, which, "to the surprise of all, was found not only very nourishing, but most excellent."

Potage à la Normande
Hors d'œuvres
Pommes de terre à la Duchesse
Tymbale de guiochys au parmesan
Salsifis frits
Haricots panachés
Salade de laitue aux œufs
Parfait
Desserts.

In our great gastronomical ignorance, while rejoicing over the Normandy

* Directrice, Comtesse Gaston d'Adhemar; Redacteur en chef (chief editor), H. P. Blavatsky. Chief office, 10, Rue Lesueur, Paris Comtesse d'Adhemar; and all the chief booksellers of Paris. London, at 7, Duke Street, Adelphi and David Nutt's.

soup, Duchess potatoes, fried salsifry (oyster plant), haricot beans and innocent salad with eggs, we feel rather doubtful about the esoteric meaning of that "Parfait," which winds up the *Menu*. Is it a liqueur? one of those oily, sweet, dangerously insidious *liqueurs*, so beloved in France, or some respectable and harmless dish, drink or what not, for digestive purposes? If the former, alas for the purity of the Theosophical Agapœ!

GENERAL MEETING OF THE "HERMES" T.S.

Far more interesting still, is the Report of the meeting of the "Hermes Lodge" on March 25th, 1889; and it is with sincere pleasure that we find these meetings qualified as "veritable *fraternal* communions *in the Spirit of Truth*."

The meeting was opened by a paper read by the Vice President, Mr. G. Caminade d'Angers, an analysis of *Devachan* according to Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*. Then came a very substantial summary of the unity of all theogonies, and their evolution through ages and nations by the Corresponding Secretary of the "Hermes" Lodge; and finally a paper was read by a member, called, "What is Theosophy?"

We regret our inability to give more than a few concluding paragraphs; but these are too good to be left untranslated.

The principal objection addressed to the Theosophists is the charge that they do not conform to the scientific methods of research and demonstration. "You postulate your principles *à priori*, hence you make them arbitrary. Starting from this, you deduce your conclusions which, supposing them to be strictly logical, have yet no scientific value, since they err by their very basis." *

"In short, Theosophy is for our adversaries rather a theological than a scientific doctrine; it *appeals to faith* (?) more than to reason. . . . and cannot be accepted by the scientist who does not admit (or pretends he does not) any other than inductive reasoning resting *on positive facts* (!) authentically demonstrated."

(*Vide* Scientific Syllogism, *infra*).

The lecturer undertook to prove that the fundamental principle of Theosophy—indicated in the etymology of the term—was the result of strict induction based on positive facts and admitted as such by the scientists of every age and country."

He said that:

"1st. There are three sources of human knowledge; nature, written tradition, and oral instruction. Though no one need disdain the written testimony or the

* We strongly suspect this method of being precisely that of orthodox science, and not at all the theosophical. While their conclusions are always strictly correct and logical, their major premise is generally a hypothesis, and often not true in nature. The syllogisms of science run somewhat in this manner:

The catarrhine ape is dumb, and lost its tail; (*Haeckel*)
Speech arose from crude animal sounds, and early man had a tail; (*Darwin*)

THEREFORE, *the two had a common ancestor*.

It is for the *Darwino-Haeckelians*, evidently, that it has been said that, "If the premises are not true and the syllogism is regular, the reason is valid, and the conclusion, *whether true or false*, is correctly derived."—[ED.]

oral tradition, yet it is always to nature as a last *criterium* that both the others have to be made subservient.

"2nd. Among all the beings which people the world, man is the one from which every observation has to start, and to which it has to lead. As St. Martin said, healthy philosophy demands that things should be explained through man, and not man through things. Such a study of man" . . . led the lecturer to recognize three constitutional principles in human nature.

3rd. Passing thence, from man to things, he showed rapidly, that these three principles (*upadhis*) were found in all Nature.

"4th. Further in virtue of the hermetic (and also Aristotelean) axioms "as above, so below," analogy leads us to admit above men an indefinite series of beings, which we do not see, but the reality of which is demonstrated to us by the phenomena of clairvoyance, in short, of *magic*.

"5th. Finally, at the summit of the ladder, the same analogy makes us perceive the ESSE of all WISDOM-DEITY. Hence, the name of *Theosophy*, of that science which embraces all the chain of beings, as far as human mind can do so. But, instead, as in theology, of exhausting itself in sterile efforts to determine the attributes of God, which would amount to seeking to define the infinite,* it limits our efforts to a tacit recognition of its necessity. It admits with Plato that one dare not say aught of Deity but that which is verisimilar; and with St. Bernard, that it is absurd to seek the supreme beneath or below man's possibility of thought. By induction we thus arrive from Nature to Deity. Thus, the catechism of Theosophy could define God as: THE INDEDUCIBLE INDUCTION."

We may end by remarking that "the Theosophists of the West are sending their greetings and wishes of prosperity to the *Doyen* of all the world's journals and publications, the *Gazette of Pekin*, which prepares to celebrate in 1889 the *thousandth* year of its existence." A *millenium* of literary activity is something that our "superior race" can hardly boast of anyway. In this, at any rate, the proud West has to submit to looking very cheap and small before an "inferior race."

BUDDHISM THROUGH CHRISTIAN SPECTACLES.

On the occasion of a new pseudo-Oriental dirge † by "Sir Monier Monier Williams, K.C.I.E." the very *Christian* Orientalist, a *daily* takes the opportunity of poking fun into the ribs of several members and ex-members of the T.S. We have had an opportunity of acquainting ourself with some of the views of the "Duff" lecturer in Edinburgh, and therefore doubt our ever opening his new volume. It has once been shown in LUCIFER, April, 1888, how the "Orientalist" of that name, scoffing at the modest title of "Light of Asia" seeks to make it pale into insignificance before the proud appellation of "*Light of the World*"—a

* Leaving aside that trifling difficulty in philosophy, which shows to us that to postulate attributes, which are by their very nature *finite*, to the *infinite*, is like trying to square the circle.—[ED.]

† "Buddhism in its connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism and its contrast with Christianity" is the short and comprehensive title of a new work compiled from his "Duff Lectures" by Sir Monier Williams.

rather paradoxical boast to make before a mankind, more than two thirds of which are non-converted Buddhists and "heathens." But such intellectual legerdemain, such jugglery of facts and historical data sacrificed to sectarian views, are no novelty to any reader. The *modus operandi* is as old as the Nazarene faith, and the *genus* "missionary" familiar to every admirer of Buddha, the DIVINE MAN *par excellence.* We leave therefore the *onus probandi*—easy enough, with audiences of *gobe-mouches* and too willing helpers—of proving the unprovable, to the clever author who uses so dexterously the well-known missionary trick, namely, that "Buddhism is the Devil's *imitation* of Christianity."

And why shouldn't he, when it is the only thing in our day of shams that pays? Let Sir Monier adopt another tone; let him speak truth and fact, and declare them squarely to his audiences. Let him state that neither Buddhism, nor the gospel of Krishna—nor yet the legends of the numerous Solar Gods who lived, died, and after descending into Hades, resurrected, bringing back to earth the divine light of which the Demon of Darkness, the Winter Solstice, had deprived it—could be "imitations" of the Christian legend, as they preceded it by long ages. Let him speak as every impartial historian and Orientalist is in duty bound to do, *truth and nothing but the truth*, and he will soon find that, instead of being referred to by his reviewers as "one of the most distinguished of living Orientalists" (?!) he will dwindle down to the status of a fifth-rate lecturer. "talking gibberish" "under Mr. Sinnett's influence"(*sic*).

True, the Oxford Sanskritist has never been under the influence of the writer of "Esoteric Buddhism"; and his own version (*Vide* "Preface" to his work) assures us that having thrice travelled through the sacred lands of Buddhism, "he has brought to the study of Buddhism and its sacred language, Pâli, a life-long preparatory study of Brahmanism and its sacred language, Sanskrit." Yet there exists another version both in India and Oxford. Some irreverent pundits, among others the late Dayanand Saraswate, the greatest Sanskrit scholar of India, laboured under the impression that in the last voyage through "the sacred lands of Buddhism," namely Benares and beyond, made by Prof. Monier Williams (was it in 1876 or 77?) no pundit could make head or tail of what the "most distinguished of living Orientalists" meant, when he attempted to speak Sanskrit; nor could they (the pundits) be coaxed into admitting that the illustrious Oxford Orientalist knew anything of Sanskrit at all. In fact, it was a truly benevolent action of Pundit Dayanand to have allowed his pupil, Shamji Krishnavarma, then a theosophist by-the-bye, to go to Oxford and teach the eminent Professor some *real* Sanskrit. Whether the distinguished Orientalist has profited by the lessons of his young and most intelligent *guru*—lessons which covered several years since 1879—remains an open question. At all events he speaks like a true-blue Brahmin and a reader of the Purânic dead-letter of Buddha's death having been caused by eating "too much dried boar's flesh." This is something in view of Buddha's asceticism and aversion to eating anything that had life in it, still more wonderful in its dead-letter than that other statement that "prayer to the unknown (God) is among the chief duties now recognised by Buddhists." We find it in a *daily* that quotes from the Professor's lecture.

Priests and brothers of Ceylon, please rise and explain!

Therefore the remark is quite true that the "work of Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E."—which——

"will most interest those who have *dabbled* in what is called 'Theosophy,' of which Colonel Olcott, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and Madame Blavatsky are the best known exponents, is that entitled 'Mystical Buddhism.' For Sir Monier holds that the Buddha himself was opposed to mysticism; that originally Buddhism 'set its face against all solitary asceticism, and all secret efforts to obtain sublime heights of knowledge; it had no occult, esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from ordinary men.'" —*Literary World.*

Oh, Brahmâ *Prabhavâpyaya!* Thou God of the imperishable origin who took the *figure of a boar*—the same from eating whose DRIED *remains* Buddha is said by the metaphor-loving and wily Brahmin to have died—be merciful to thy detractors and would-be scholars! Our contemporary, the *Literary World*, launching on the dangerous depths of "Pure and impure Buddhism," confesses after enumerating several learned works, that:

"In this enumeration we have taken no account of the writings of the Theosophists or Neo-Buddhists, which pretend to initiate Western readers into the secret doctrines of Buddhism, and are generally too mystical and unintelligible for an ordinary man's comprehension."

No wonder our "secret doctrines of Buddhism" are *too much* for an ordinary man's comprehension. But then the "Duff" lecturer, Sir Monier-Monier Williams is, on his own confession and statement, of very *extraordinary* comprehension and most remarkable learning. He has forgotten more than any man ever knew; and learnt more of that which all the Orientalists put together had to unlearn. A few "Duff" lectures more, and the English public will be told that Sir William Jones and Colonel Wilford were, after all, right; that Gautama Buddha was a parody of the Biblical Lamech, Buddhism and Wodenism, hence, Mercury and Buddha, are identical, and that the whole character of the Prince of Kapilavastu was copied from the mythical St. Josaphat, the Roman Catholic saint of India.

Will it be deemed very impertinent to the "greatest of living Orientalists" to say that it is only to be regretted that, having finished his Sanskrit rudiments with Shamji Krishnavarma, the eminent Oxford scholar has not turned to the Theosophists to give a little finishing touch to his Brahmano-Buddhist knowledge? We would have never grudged him his "Light of the World"; but taking him lovingly to our esoteric bosoms and permitting him to "dabble" in theosophy, we would have brought order into the confusion of his Buddhist notions and restored the equilibrium to the very unbalanced ideas culled by him in some Purânas, adverse to the "Light of Asia." But now, do what we may, it is not Sir *bis*-Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., who can ever hope to become "the Light of Orientalism." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

After all it is not the theosophists who are the losers; for never has a certain *daily* uttered a greater truth than when saying that a certain "Radical gentleman" is "*not alone in the transfer of his allegiance from Christianity to Buddhism. Since the publication of Mr. Sinnett's 'Esoteric Buddhism' various English converts have been made by the propagandists, male and female, who have devoted themselves to the work of proselytism; and there is no doubt that Asiatic mystery in any form has a great charm for a certain class of minds.*"

It has, it has; and no amount of Western pride and prejudice will ever prevent the truths which Buddha taught from coming home to the hearts of the most intelligent thinkers of the West.

MEETING OF BUDDHIST LADIES IN CEYLON.*

On March 24, a meeting of Sinhalese ladies was held at the local Theosophical Head-quarters. A meeting of the Sinhalese fair sex is quite unprecedented in the annals of Ceylon, and yesterday's representative gathering may be fitly called the first of its kind ever held in Ceylon since the days of Sangha Mitta. The meeting was convened to discuss the best method of furthering Female Education among the Sinhalese. Mr. Leadbeater, F.T.S. (an ex-Protestant clergyman of England, who has embraced Buddhism), addressed the ladies, giving a few practical hints on the subject. He was followed by Mrs. de Silva, Mrs. de Livera, and a few other ladies.

Mrs. de Silva kept the audience spell-bound with an excellent address, dwelling on the present state of Sinhalese women. She said that the standard of race development could only be elevated by granting woman every facility for the culture and exercise of all her powers and faculties. The Sinhalese woman has not properly developed these powers, and Mrs. de Silva begged of all present to do everything in their power to promote female education among their sisters.

It may not be out of place to mention here that Mrs. de Silva is a member of a very respectable Sinhalese family, and is the wife of a native merchant. Her amiability, coupled with rare intelligence and unselfish devotion to her nation and country, makes her eminently qualified to be the leader of a movement which bids fair to be a thorough success. Mrs. de Silva intends conferring with several up-country Kumari Hamis and low-country Walawe Mahatmayas on the subject of Female Education, which is next her heart. At the meeting yesterday Mrs. de Silva read extracts from letters from an American lady Doctor, which one of her friends had received anent the question, expressing the lady Doctor's sympathy with the cause. . . .

The second meeting of Sinhalese ladies was held on March 30, at 2 p.m., at the Hall of the Theosophical Society, when there were over 50 ladies present. Mrs. S. de Silva read the notice convening the meeting; and a few others spoke of the desirability of organizing a Society among the women of Ceylon for promoting Female Education. An Association was then formed—to be called by a suitable name, which the Theosophical Society's Pandit, Mr. Weragama Banda, has kindly consented to. The following officers were elected to carry on the business of the Association :—

President, Mrs. S. de Silva; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Madelina Perera Dharma Gunawardana, Mrs. A. de Livera, Mrs. Dona Madelena; *Secretary*, Mrs. E. Wijeysinghe: *Assistant Secretary*, Miss M. E. de Silva; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Isabella Dharma Gunawardana.

The Secretary then read several letters from ladies expressing their sympathy with the movement and their regret at being unable to be present at the meeting owing to unavoidable circumstances. It was most gratifying to observe that besides these letters there were a few more from the sterner sex expressing their sympathy and good wishes for the success of the cause and enclosing donations. . . .

A committee was formed consisting of 7 members, 5 to form a quorum, to meet on next Saturday and frame the constitution of the Society.

The object of the Society, so far as we have learned, is the promotion of education among the women of Ceylon, and it has also as its chief aim the formation of a bond of sympathy with the women of all classes, which is indeed very desirable. We have often observed that, owing to the nasty caste system, a large number of intelligent women find it difficult to obtain a footing in native society. This new Association offers one broad platform where all women, irrespective of caste, may stand up and proclaim their sisterhood. We congratulate the new Society on having elected a body

* Communicated by a correspondent in Ceylon. *Vide Ceylon Examiner.*

of officers most competent to be the moving spirits, owing to their intelligence, amiability, and the position they hold in Buddhist native circles.

It is worthy of note that the Assistant Secretary is a highly-accomplished young lady of very respectable parents. She received her education under European supervision in one of the leading Female Seminaries of Colombo, under Christian Mission management. She is a staunch Buddhist, and this is a most exceptional instance. In her the new Association has an acquisition. The Society contemplates, as soon as its funds will permit, opening a College for Buddhist and Hindu girls under the superintendence of a European Lady Principal.

A NEW BRANCH OF THE T.S.

A Branch of the Theosophical Society has now been formed in Liverpool. It is hoped that this effort will meet with an active support among all who are interested in a revival of that ancient learning and philosophy which, studiously preserved throughout the ages, is now being disclosed and taught openly.

Theosophy attacks no religion, but is the friend of all. Denying the efficacy of creeds and dogmas, it seeks in every faith the underlying truths which exist in all, and collecting these it presents to the world a system of religious and scientific thought which, existing from the most remote times, has been the basis of every world religion.

Foremost among Theosophical teachings are the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, showing how the individual unit passes through a long series of births and rebirths, the circumstances of each earth life being controlled by the previous ones. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." This teaching alone is capable of supplying an adequate explanation of the diversities of fortune, of calamity apparently unmerited and success apparently unearned.

Theosophy teaches man's Divine origin, and shows how he is again absorbed into the Divine at the end of the path of births and rebirths.

Theosophy has shed the bright light of Eastern philosophy and metaphysics upon our scientific researches, and has shown that science goes hand-in-hand with the truest religion, the two forming one grand and united whole.

To all who are interested in the occult we offer a hearty welcome. The efforts of the Society have now placed within easy reach the works of the most advanced in all ages, whose researches cannot fail to be of the utmost value to every searcher after Esoteric truth.

Full information as to membership, etc., may be obtained from the

Secretary,
86, Queen's Road,
Bootle, Liverpool.

Correspondence.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL QUERIES.

A WORK has been published, which revolutionises the science of animal life, and marks an epoch in our zoology equivalent in importance to Linnæus' great discovery of the binomial nomenclature. I cannot descend to bathos, and compare it with Darwin's *Origin of Species ;* as the author of the *Secret Doctrine* is probably aware that several foolish books have been written before her time. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*

All works that have been the object of self-improvement in science are of literary value. The present age is one wherein the principles of Finality have been assumed by the advocates of the science which, in 1859, was scornfully rejected as a modern invention by those who supported another theory, and in 1889 enjoy the popularity of success, and view anything which is not in conformity with Darwinism as a modern heresy. The high priests of our modern Darwinism do not stop at finality. They are not satisfied with asserting that they have reached perfect knowledge, but authoritatively condemn any proposition which is contrary to their belief. Thus, it may be safely said that if any one were to write a paper discussing any anthropological matter from the standpoint of a polygenist or a special creationist, such a paper would inevitably be rejected either by the Anthropological Institute, or Section H of the British Association. I am happy to say that the present writer has run no such risk. The "Secret Doctrine" is to "Darwinism" like dock-leaves to nettle. It makes no compromise and boldly declares the possibility of another theory of the origin of man to have been probable, and it has a theory, by which, on the assumption of primæval continents having existed at a remote historical epoch, the genesis of the various early races of man may be accounted for ; whether we adopt the hypotheses of Wallace or of Sclater ; and in whatever way we may limit the existence of the once mighty continents of Lemuria and Atlantis, we see the genesis of such men as the man of Canstadt satisfactorily accounted for. It is on anthropological matters, especially, that the author of the *Secret Doctrine* is really strong, and after a few years experience of the divagations to which anthropologists have often been led, each writer erecting his fame on the wreck of his predecessor's faith,

gens ratione ferox, ac mentem posta chimeras,

we confess to a certain feeling of satisfaction in seeing all the theories dismissed to "the limbo of all hasty blunders," and the solitary system of H. P. Blavatsky left unique in its magnificence. Such a theory, which boldly attributes the descent of some animals from men by the degradation hypothesis, and rejects the theory of the evolution of men from apes, will naturally find scant support among the moderns. The argument which the late Sir Charles Lyell brought against the transmutation hypothesis. though suppressed in the later

editions of the *Principles of Geology*, have still some weight. Professor Huxley, in 1855, lecturing to the Royal Institution, spoke vehemently against the doctrine of transmutation. "Those theorists," who contended that there had been a progressive development of life since the globe first became habitable, commencing with the simplest forms of life, and proceeding regularly upwards to the most complex, were severely criticized, and it was stated that such a view of creation was not compatible with the facts disclosed by geological researches. Professor Huxley, in 1855, confidently assured his audience that a close examination dispelled the idea of progressive development, and proved that it had no solid foundation. Yet he appears now to have executed what the late General McClellan termed a "change of base." We now have him writing emphatically in favour of Darwinism as the only possible hypothesis on the Evolutionist side. The theory, however, of Madame Blavatsky, has the advantage of recognising the origin of the lower races of men. Broc and Virey had given some proofs of the relations in which black men are coincident with black apes, and red men with red apes. Earlier, in 1850, Agassiz had remarked on the singularity of the fact that the black orang occurs upon the continent which is inhabited by the black human race, while the brown orang inhabits those parts of Asia over which the chocolate-coloured Malays have been developed. Unless, however, the European race is made to claim descent from the oran-utan (although the gorilla would, *à priori*, seem to be far more nearly allied to man), this theory leaves us entirely in the dark as to their origin. Neither does it account for the genesis of the Australian negroes, as there is not only no black ape, but no ape at all within that continent which could find hypothetical zoologists with a convenient progenitor.

The arguments in favour of Derivation as opposed to Darwinism have been given at length by Sir Richard Owen, and students of his system of philosophy are perhaps unable to find much distinction between his thoughts and those of the *Secret Doctrine*. Both agree in the utter rejection of all hypotheses, which like those of Haeckel, darken counsel by words without knowledge, and depend for their own acceptation for the previous acceptation of the Darwinian theory. We see in H. P. B.'s creed, on the other hand, as free emancipation from all shackles as the most ardent student of Burgersdyk or Heereboord could desire. Her hypothesis is a self-contained one. For her whether *notre cher voisin et parent, la punaise*, originated by natural selection or in any other manner is quite indifferent. We thus see that some merits of a hypothesis are preserved. Her theory does not depend on any other, and we see that the hypothesis, such as it is, is borne out by the genesis of the inferior races of man. The great point that Madame Blavatsky makes is, that we have two races of men. From each of these are descended various groups of inferior animals, which in reality are the descendants and not the progenitors of man. Thus, we see that her theory is directly at variance with Darwinism. Of course there are Darwinites and Darwinites. The late Charles Darwin was a scholar, but the same cannot be said of many of his successors.

One feature in the Secret Doctrine commends itself to my liking. The author says nothing about the modern doctrines of Evolution. The manner wherein the latter unfortunate word is used by scientific men is prudently not copied. In fact the brightest passages in H. P. B.'s work are those wherein she cuts

herself boldly away from the fashionable phrases by which, to use the words of Lord Beaconsfield, gaily dressed and vociferating females "prattle of protoplasm in gilded saloons."

Once the theory is well established that the higher races of man have been the origin of the more degraded forms, we are able to estimate the value of the scheme of filiation by which each individual race has been created. The author might have enounced her argument in one of two forms. Deductively, she might have claimed it as a revelation. Into the sources of her knowledge, true or false, I need not enquire, nor does the author of the *Secret Doctrine* express. Inductively she might have, and in fact has, considered the genesis of mankind from a purely scientific standpoint. If her theory merely rests on grounds of science, it must be examined on those grounds alone. To attain this end, the precept of Lucretius should guide us.

"*Acri*
Judicio perpende ; et, si tibi vera videntur,
Dede manus ; aut si falsum est, adcingere contra !"

The races of early man may, from the point of view of the modern anthropologist, be divided into two broad divisions. A, the Man of Canstadt. B, the man of Cromagnon. It is the object of the present remarks to urge that a light has been thrown on modern science by the publication of the Secret Doctrine which illuminates one of the most important epochs in modern anthropology. Such a statement of known fact is probably without precedent in the history of our science. There are some who remember the weary uphill way in which the scientific men of the last generation deliberately directed arrows that, on the whole, were aimed towards the gold centre of truth, and told as much as was known of a science then young and still hardly adolescent.

The leading types of the Canstadt man have been found at Canstadt, Eguisheim, Brux, Neanderthal, La Denise (of the male type) ; and of the gentler sex at Stangenæs, Olmo, Clichy, Maestricht, Gibraltar, and Larzac. Probably too much has been said about the Neander valley skull, that was at least not simious, though its earlier advocates made it so, and belonged to an individual of whom the antiquity and the peculiarity were alike disproven. The celebrated and mysterious jaw from La Naulette, which undeniably does present some simious characters, is probably referable to the race of Canstadt. There is a palæontological difficulty, which is stronger than a theoretical one. How do we know that such a jaw as that of La Naulette fitted on to a skull like that of Canstadt or Eguisheim? The type of man most aberrant from the existing forms is merely represented by one, or at most two, lower jaws from La Naulette and Arcy. We have no evidence that the skulls associated with such mandibles were of any peculiar type ; they may have been as hyperbrachistocephalic as some existing Norwegians, or as hypsi-stenocephalic as the longest skulled New Caledonian. Where we have not a single fact from which we can legitimately infer even a probable generalisation, silence, at least, so far as regards the cranial type associated with the truly ancient lower jaws, becomes absolutely nesessary. Many of the skulls of the Canstadt (*olim* "Neanderthaloid") type are of dubious antiquity, but I mean by this merely to say that taking instance by instance, their association with the remains of extinct animals,

and then consequent reference to the "post pliocene" period (whatever that may mean) has not passed beyond conjecture in some cases, and a high degree of probabilty in others. Was the earliest known man in Europe more apish than existing races? The Secret Doctrine has shown good reason on which this plausible theory of modern "Evolution" (pity me for using the unmeaning word) may be denied. Was he of the same race as that which now exists in Western and Central Europe? To this question many answers may be returned. One school would say that the Neanderthal skull for instance is identical in character with many existing Celts. Reference to such skulls as those of Antrim, Louth, Gentoud, "1029 of Davis", St. Mansuy, Bishop of Toul in the fourth century, Ledbury, Corcomroo, Morrisk, Borris, Nether Urquhart, and perhaps a dozen others, will show that the characters that in 1861, I and many better men (now, alas, "gone home") thought to be exceptional are now known to be frequent, if not common. An investigation of these skulls, which like those of the direct Canstadt type, are of uncertain age, but of which some have belonged to individuals that have existed within the last five hundred years, will show that the Canstadt men have existed within the historical period. Are they now extinct? I am compelled at this moment to postpone the subject on which a student of anthropology may ask of authority that is more exact and powerful than that of inductive science, whether a race descended from the ancient Lemurians, does not at the present day exist in Ireland. However, in Australia we certainly find it. The distinction between the flat-headed and gable-topped races of Australia is a fact, that, though true, had been obscured in Anthropological Science till the voice of the "Master" (through Madame Blavatsky) proclaimed it to English scientific men. The flat-headed races of Australia thus prove to be an important factor in the chain of man.

In a communication that I made to the Anthropological Society,* I advocated the existence, in Australia, of several very distinct types. M. Topinard † has done me the rare honour of proposing the same theory, which is in accordance with the arguments of Mr. C. Staniland Wake.‡ From Port Essington,§ near Moreton Bay, we have a type of Australian skull, that differs entirely from the tectocephalic Australian, and exhibits its Lemurian characters by being in the words of Quatrefages and Hamy || "destinée avant tout à souligner les caractères differentiels de la tête osseuse de l'homme, mème le plus inférieur, et de celle des anthropomorphes." But these flat-headed aborigines had their allies in an old English race. The "river-bed" type of skull attracted in 1862 more attention than at present. Evidence of these river-bed skulls is found from Muskham,** Towyn-y-Capel,†† Blackwater,‡‡ Borris,§§ Eastham,|||| and perhaps Heathery

* Journal of Anthrop. Society of London. Vol. viii, p. xxxii.

† Bulletins de la Sociètè d'Anthropologie de Paris, 2nd series, vol. xii, p. 211, 327.

‡ Physical Characters of the Australian Aborigines. Journal of Anthropology, 1870, p. 259, xii.

§ Owen. Descriptive Catalogue of Royal College of Surgeons. Nos 5185, 5309, 5336.

|| Quatrefages & Hamy. Crania Ethnica, p. 303.

¶ Huxley loc. cit., p. 130.

** Laing and Huxley. Prehistoric Remains of Caithness, p. 124. Mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 215

†† Laing & Huxley, loc. cit., p. 124.

‡‡ L. & H. loc. cit., p. 125, mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 215.

§§ L. & H. loc. cit. p. 126, mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 214.

|||| Mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 213.

Burn.* They indicate a race of men that survived at a period of great antiquity, and according to the speculations of Dr. Thurnam and Professor Huxley, were to a certain extent identifiable with, or representative of, the "long-barrow" type of skull. The hasty generalisation of Dr. Thurnam † "long barrows, long skulls, round barrows, round skulls," has long since been forgotten; yet it served to amuse speculators of the year 1866. Professor Busk,‡ who was probably the first to call attention to the "River Bed" skulls, cautiously avoided their identification with any other. As I am now conducting a theosophical, not an anthropological argument, I wish to show that this race exhibits every mark of absolute distinction from the succeeding Belgæ or Celts, the Aryans of the penny papers, whence Europe is supposed to have derived what it is pleased to call its religion and its civilisation. On the other hand, the river-bed type of skull shows no analogy with the apes. Where its true affinity is found is among the flat-headed aborigines of Australia. I refrain from arguing the anatomical question in detail, as I have done so already at great length. But it is this race that may have been the last survivors of the Lemurians in Europe, and have nothing to do with the later types of man.

In these remarks, I have carefully abstained from saying anything about the Cro-magnon or Engis men, that most probably belonged to the Fifth Race.

The questions, therefore, that I have to ask are:

A. Was the Canstadt man a Lemurian?

B. Were the "river-bed" men *ejusdem generis* with the earlier race of Canstadt. Or at least, were some of them so?

By solving these rather difficult anthropological questions you will confer another benefit on contemporary science.

C. Carter Blake, Doct. Sc.
(Late Secretary Anthropological Society of London).

THE "SPIRITUAL BODY."

At the foot of page 97 of the April number of Lucifer it is stated that man is of a fourfold nature, possessing a natural body, a spiritual body, a soul and a spirit. I wish to understand the character, destiny, purpose and relative position of that part which is termed the spiritual body. Is it as permanent as the spirit or merely a temporary habitation for the latter?

Is it that which serves the same purpose during the Devachanic period as does the body during earth-life; *i.e.*, is it the vehicle of communication between the spirit and the external conditions to which it is in relation during Devachan? Is it the death of this body which closes life in Devachan and causes the spirit to gravitate towards terrestrial existence again?

Charles B. Ingham.

REPLY.

In answer to this query, it would seem probable that in the fourfold division of the human being here referred to as that which was adopted by the earliest

* Mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 216. Huxley, Geologist, 1862, p. 204.

† Thurnam, Memoirs Anthropological Society, vol. i., p. 149.

‡ Crania Typica. Work unfortunately not published, but of which the plates are in the library o the Anthropological Institute.

Christians, the "spiritual body" may be identified with the *Karana Sarira*, or "causal body" of Eastern philosophy. It is the inseparable and co-existent vehicle of the Monad during the periods of manifestation, and is best described, as indicated by its name, as that in which inhere all the *Karmic causes* which have been generated by that "monad."

The exact relation of this causal or spiritual body to the Monad in Devachan has never been clearly explained in any Theosophical treatise. It would seem probable, however, that during the Devachanic state this vehicle undergoes a process of *involution*, by which it assimilates all the spiritual essence of the experiences passed through during the previous life.

The spiritual body being co-existent with the Monad cannot die, but it would appear probable that the return to incarnation is caused by the termination of the process of involution just mentioned.

A STRANGE MESMERIC PHENOMENON.

I AM very glad to see that the strange case of my arm has found space in the March number of LUCIFER, as it may lead to explanations which interest me. I am very anxious to know whether my case is singular, or whether others have had the same experience. Meanwhile, I can give you another instance illustrating the same thing and which I have found in my father's diary, written over fifty years ago.

In Astrachan, on the Caspian sea, there was, during our stay there, an apothecary named Ossey (probably his sons are still there). He suffered terribly from toothache, whether neuralgic or otherwise, I do not know. Probably the former, because the extraction of several teeth on that side did not relieve him. Somebody told him that there lived in the town an old retired soldier who "*talked away*" * most effectually the tooth-ache. Ossey found out the soldier-wizard, who *did* talk away his pain in a few minutes, so that it never returned.

Some time after, the apothecary happened to meet the soldier, and asked him whether his pain was ever likely to return; to which the soldier replied as follows: "This depends on which of us survives the other. If you die before me, then the toothache will never return; but if I die before you, the pain will return immediately, and more violent than ever."

For nine years Ossey had no pain and the remembrance of his suffering even had vanished from his thoughts, when, in the tenth year, his neuralgia returned with redoubled violence. He rushed off in search of his soldier-healer, but could nowhere find him, and learnt a few days later that the soldier had died; and thus his forewarning had proved correct.

It seems to me that this "talking away" is just another kind of mesmeric healing. My arm pains me more and more, even interfering with my writing, as the fingers are becoming stiff. For me there is no more doubt that my rheumatism returned in Odessa, on the very day on which Evette died in Paris.

Ossey's story is interesting as a corroboration of my own case.

N. A. FADEEFF.

* This is the literal translation of the popular and mystic term "*Zagovarivayt*," in Russia. For the good men and women in towns and villages who play at local medicine-men (and the people *will* have no others) literally "talk away," by means of some strange words which no one understands but themselves, and by breathing on the water, all kinds of diseases and ailments most effectively.

Reviews.

PROBLEMS OF THE HIDDEN LIFE.

BEING ESSAYS ON THE ETHICS OF SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.*

MANY of our readers will be already familiar with these earnest and suggesstive Essays which now appear in a collected form. They first attracted attention in the *Path*, and served to many as welcome sign-posts on the search after Truth. Their style is marked with a depth of feeling and earnestness which cannot fail to find an echo in the heart of all who have suffered and striven to find a path which shall lead them out of the illusion and barrenness of ordinary life. It is easy to see that the writer has been much influenced by the Bhagavat Gita, and some of its characteristic expressions have left their mark upon his style as well as upon his thought. But he is no mere repeater of words, learned by heart and only half understood. He has entered into the Spirit of the Eastern conception of the true purpose of human life, and renders it again in a form which will be more attractive to many minds than its original garb.

These essays, of course, have no pretension to completeness of treatment or philosophic method. But the reasoning is clear and logical throughout, and their very fragmentariness renders them more suggestive and helpful than a more formal treatise could be.

The hearty thanks of all earnest students of life are therefore due to "Pilgrim," and we wish his work all the success which it undeniably deserves.

PATANJALI'S YOGA APHORISMS†

AN INTERPRETATION.

EVERY theosophist should have this book. It is rendered into plain English according to the thought of Patanjali, and has none of the obscurities or brackets which appeared in the Bombay edition of 1885. There are explanatory notes. An appendix is added containing the text of the Bombay edition, for comparison.

For Sale by "The Path," P. O. Box 2659, New York, and at 7 Duke Street, Adelphi, London W.C.

ESOTERIC STUDIES. UNDER, IN, AND ABOVE THE WORLD.‡

THE author is a Grand Cross of the Order of St. Anne, in Russia; was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Portugal to Russia 1870 to 1876, and like a noble-minded man, places his Fellowship of the Theosophical Society above these dignities. When this work was as he tells us, ready for publication in December last, the "Secret Doctrine" appeared, and a

* By PILGRIM. London: GEORGE REDWAY, 1889.

† By WILLIAM Q. JUDGE. 1 Vol., Price post free, $1.00. or 4 shillings.

‡ By VISCOUNT DE FIGANIÈRE. Oporto, 8vo. 1889 [In Portuguese].

"fresh light" thrown on the subject. The alterations he has made are embodied in a supplementary chapter of 40 pages, which appears to convey a clearer abstract of the Secret Doctrine, and a more systematic review than has yet appeared in Europe. The work, treating as it does of topics which form the ground-work of Theosophical teaching, cannot be reviewed in these pages at the length it probably deserves. A propædeutic work is necessarily didactic in its character, and the author who lays down certain general propositions has given in all cases the sources of his information. The first part is devoted to Evolution in general, comprising metaphysics, ontology, and cosmogony. The second part to human evolution. The genesis of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth race is described. Chapters follow on the Origin of Language, on Kama-loka, Avitchi, and Devachan. The definition and modes of operation of the law of Karma are given in detail. The eighth sphere, the manwantaric manifestations, free-will, the periodic cycles, the sixth and seventh race, the occult hierarchy and the history of the Theosophical Society form each separate chapters. We refrain from offering at this time an analysis of each of these, and content ourselves with saying that the work is copiously illustrated with diagrams, and is one of the most scientific manuals of Theosophical literature that has yet appeared. Portugal may well be proud of so eloquent an expounder of elementary truths in such nervous language, and after our bitter experience of English literature on the subject, it is a relief to read any work written by an exact mind in clear language. We must also notice how this book contrasts with the Spanish spiritist productions, and it will be seen that the learning and elegance of the author have induced him to compile one of the most important contributions to modern Theosophical literature.

THE OLD NEW WORLD.*

A PAMPHLET, originally published in a Boston paper, descriptive of the explorations of Mr. Sylvester Baxter amongst the races of the Zuñi Indians of Arizona. Mr. Baxter has summarised a part of the anthropological details. He has told us somewhat of the race of men which preserved the primitive traditions of the American continent, which continent has, perhaps, carried down the brachycephalic race on the West (near Lemuria) and the dolichocephalic race on the East (near Atlantis) the traditions of a primitive race, which, in all cases, appears to have preserved to us a far closer tradition of the early history of man than is afforded by the accounts of the Stone Age. We see in this work a factor whereon the early traditions of New Mexico, that we only know by the obscure work of Clavigero, and such like him, may be interpreted. We are glad to see in this work a germ of the anthropology of the future. On page 35, he indicates an anthropological discovery of an important nature, on which it would be impolitic (to say the least) to comment until Mr. Ten Kate's memoir is published. We would only here state that the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. ii., p. 289, has hinted that the occasional features which were universal in some ancient men occur now in some species of animals, and may be observed in a few exceptional instances. However, Mr. Baxter is evidently meditating an anthropological surprise. Any elaborate review of this work must be postponed till we have all the information before us. It will certainly be of the greatest value to the anthropologist as an avant courier of future communication. The Hemenway South-Western Archæological Expedition is evidently doing good theosophical and anthropological work.

* By SYLVESTER BAXTER. Salem, Massachusetts, 1888.

THE BIJOU OF ASIA.

We have great pleasure in recommending to such of our readers as are interested in Buddhism, the *Bijou of Asia*, particulars of which we give below. It is an encouraging sign for the future of Buddhism that in Japan it already possesses an organ of its own in English.—[Ed.]

"The *Bijou* is a bi-monthly Buddhist journal, published by the Buddhist Propagation Society; edited by M. Matsuyama. It is established as a means of correspondence, and for the spread of Buddhism in other lands.

Terms:—Single copy, 3 cents; 18 cents for a year, in advance.

"All communications should be addressed to the editor; his full address:—M. Matsuyama, the Buddhist Propagation Society (Senkio-Kwai), Aburanocoji Onmayedori Sagaru, Kioto, Japan. Send the money by postal order, when possible."

"DON'T."*

Don't, when you meet a Buddhist, brag of the "glorious" Western civilization.

Don't call the Hindus Buddhists.

Don't fall into the vulgar error that Nirvana means annihilation.

Don't forget to master Olcott's "Buddhist Catechism."

Don't forget to make yourself familiar with Dàsa's "Swedenborg the Buddhist," and Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism."

Don't forget that Purgatory, Heaven, and Hell have an end; and that Nirvana has no end.

Don't, like the ignorants about you, and contrary to the teachings of Buddhism, lay stress upon an existence of three-score years and ten.

Don't believe that every Chinese and Japanese you meet is a Buddhist.

Don't go to a Christian missionary, or author, to learn the Law of the Buddha.

Don't believe that every member of the Theosophical Society is a Buddhist.

Don't spout Biblical quotations into the ears of a Buddhist.

Don't think that every teaching represented as Buddhistic by Western scholars and members of the Theosophical Society is to be found in the Sacred Scriptures of Buddhism.

Don't take a man who prates about "God" and the "Word" for a Buddhist.

Don't pin your faith to a man who offers to teach you the way to Nirvana for a dollar a lesson.

Don't think that because a Buddhist ignores all gods—Jewish, Christian and Pagan—he ignores the Divine Life.

Don't fancy that the higher teachings of Buddhism can be grasped by an ordinary mind.

Don't call every one who reads Buddhist books a Buddhist.

Don't think that the abbots and monks of Buddhism are priests, and that the Order of Ascetics is a church.

Don't forget that REASON is the primary of Buddhism, and that sacred scriptures, monks, and authorities are secondary.

Don't think that a Buddhist monk ("priest!") or a nun may marry, eat flesh and drink wine.

Don't be ashamed to give a copper (if this is all you can give) toward the spread of the Law of Righteousness.

Don't fancy that because you (or some Buddhist abbot, monk, or nun) have not seen an Arahat (a transcendent Buddhist saint) he does not exist.

Don't call everyone born in a nominally Buddhist land a Buddhist.

Don't offer flesh, alcohol or narcotics to a Buddhist.

Don't ask a Buddhist to accompany you to a prayer-meeting, a slaughter-house, a grogshop, or any other bad place.

Don't think that because a Buddhist listens patiently to your scientific and religious notions he assents to them.

Don't believe in the "Buddhism" of one who does nothing towards the spread of the Buddha's Good Law.

Don't brag of Buddhism, but practise its precepts.

Don't for pity's sake send your children to Christian schools, or to any place where Christian influence prevails.

Don't give your money toward "tamashas" and festivities, but toward the education of your children in the light of the Buddha's Good Law.

Don't call Madame H. P. Blavatsky a Buddhist or a Buddhaist, but a Budhist.

[Don't forget that THE BUDDHIST RAY is the first journal ever published in Christendom devoted to the spread of the Good Law.]

* From the *Buddhist Ray*, of California, republished in the *Bijou of Asia*, Kioto, Japan.

LUCIFER

Vol. IV. LONDON, JUNE 15th, 1889. No. 22.

"IT'S THE CAT!"

(*Dedicated to those Members of the T. S. whom the cap may fit.*)

"Let ignominy brand thy hated name ;
Let modest matrons at thy mention start ;
And blushing virgins when they read our annals
Skip o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend,
And blots the noble work . . . ."

—Shakespeare.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie ; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

—Pope.

"THE woman gave me of the tree, and I did eat," said the first man, the first sneak and coward, thus throwing his own share of the blame upon his helpless mate. This may have been "*worse* than a lie" according to Pope, yet, in truth—it was not one. Lie was not born with the first man or woman either. The Lie is the product of later civilization, the legitimate child of Selfishness—ready to sacrifice to itself the whole of mankind—and of Hypocrisy, often born of fear. The original sin for which, agreeably to the orthodox Sunday School teaching, the whole world was cursed, drowned, and went unforgiven till the year 1 A.D.—is not the *greatest* sin. The descendants of Adam improving upon their grandsire's transgression, invented lie and added to it excuse and prevarication. "It's the cat" is a saying that may have originated with the antediluvians, whenever an *actual sin* had been committed and a scapegoat was needed. But it required the post-diluvians to father on the "cat" even that which had never been committed at all ; that which was an invention of the fertile brain of the slanderers, who never hesitate to lie most outrageously whenever they feel inclined to ventilate a grudge against a brother or neighbour. Fruits of atonement, Children of redemption, we lie and sin the more readily for that. No "shame on us," but :

"*Hail* to the policy that first began
To temper with the heart to hide its thoughts,"

is the world's motto. Is not the World one gigantic lie? Is there anything under the sun that offers such rich variety and almost countless degrees and shades as lying does? Lying is the policy of our century, from Society lying, as a necessity imposed upon us by culture and good breeding, up to individual lying, *i.e.*, uttering a good, square unmitigated lie, in the shape of false witness, or as the Russian proverb has it:—"shifting off a sin from a diseased on to a healthy head." Oh *lie*—legion is thy name! Fibs and lies are now the cryptogamic excrescences on the soil of our moral and daily lives as toadstools are those of forest swamps, and their respective orders are as large. Both are fungi; plants which delight in shadowy nooks, and form mildew, mold and smut on both the soil of moral life and that of physical nature. Oh, for that righteous tongue:—

"That will not sell its honesty, or tell a lie!"

As said, there are fibs and fibs, conscious and unconscious, hoaxes and impostures, deceptions and calumnies—the latter often followed by moral and physical ruin—mild perversions of truth or evasion, and deliberate duplicity. But there are also catchpenny lies, in the shape of newspaper chaff, and innocent misrepresentations, due simply to ignorance. To the latter order belong most of the newspaper statements regarding the Theosophical Society, and its official *scape-goat*—H. P. Blavatsky.

It has become a matter of frequent occurrence of late, to find in serious articles upon scientific subjects the name of "Esoteric Buddhism" mentioned, and oftener still that of "Mme. Blavatsky" taken in vain. The latter circumstance is really very, *very* considerate, and—in one sense at any rate—*overwhelmingly* flattering!

To find one's humble name collated with those of Sir Monier-Monier-Williams K.C.I.E. and Professor Bastian is an honour, indeed. When, for instance, the *great* Oxford lecturer chooses to make a few big and bold slashes into fact and truth—no doubt to please his pious audience—and says that Buddhism has never had any occult or esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from the multitudes,—what happens? Forthwith, "Esoteric Buddhism" receives, metaphorically speaking, a black eye; the Theosophical Society, a kick or two; and finally, the gates of the journalistic poultry-yard being flung wide open, a vehement *sortie* against "Blavatsky" & Co. is effected by a flock of irritated geese sallying therefrom to hiss and peck at the theosophical heels. "Our Ancestors, have saved Rome!" they cackle, "let us save the British Empire from these *pretenders* to Buddhist knowledge!" Again: a lucky "correspondent" gets admittance into the sanctum of Professor Bastian. The German ethnologist, "dressed like an alchemist of the middle ages" and smiling at "questions concerning the *trances* of famous Fakirs," proceeds to inform the interviewer that such trances never last more than "from five to six hours." This—the alchemist-like dress, we

suppose, helping to bring about a happy association of ideas—leads *presto*, in the American "Sabbath-breaking paper," to a stern rebuke to our address. We read on the following day:—

"The famous Fakirs . . . . however they may have imposed on other travellers, certainly did not do so on this quiet little German philosopher, Madame Blavatsky to the contrary notwithstanding."

Very well. And yet Professor Bastian, all the "correspondents" to the contrary notwithstanding, lays himself widely open to a most damaging criticism from the standpoint of *fact* and *truth*. Furthermore, we doubt whether Professor Bastian, a learned ethnologist, would ever refer to Hindu Yogis as *Fakirs* — the latter appellation being strictly limited and belonging only to *Mussulman* devotees. We doubt, still more, whether Professor Bastian, an accurate German, would deny the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon that Yogis and these same "Fakirs," remain in deep, death-like trance for days, and sometimes for weeks; or even that the former have been occasionally buried for forty consecutive days, and recalled to life again at the end of that period, as witnessed by Sir Claude Wade and others.

But all this is too ancient and too well authenticated history, to need substantiation. When "correspondents" will have learned the meaning, as well as the spelling of the term *dhyana*—which the said "correspondent" writes *diana*—we may talk with them of Yogis and Fakirs, pointing out to them the great difference between the two. Meanwhile, we may kindly leave them to their own hazy ideas: they are the "Innocents Abroad" in the realm of the far Orient, the blind led by the blind, and theosophical charity extends even to critics and hereditary foes.

But there are certain other things which we cannot leave uncontradicted. While week after week, and day after day, the "Innocents" lost in the theosophical labyrinths, publish their own harmless fibs—"slight expansions of truth" somebody called them—they also often supplement them by the wicked and malicious falsehoods of casual correspondents—ex-members of the T. S. and their friends generally. These falsehoods generated in, and evolved from the depths of the inner consciousness of our relentless enemies, cannot be so easily disregarded. Although, since they hang like Mahommed's coffin in the emptiness of rootless space, and so are a *denial* in themselves, yet they are so maliciously interspersed with hideous lies built on *popular* and already strongly-rooted prejudices that, if left uncontradicted, they would work the most terrible mischief. Lies are ever more readily accepted than truth, and are given up with more difficulty. They darken the horizons of theosophical centres, and prevent unprejudiced people from learning the exact truth about theosophy and its herald, the Theosophical Society. How terribly malicious and revengeful some of these enemies are, is evidenced by the fact that certain of them do not hesitate to perform a moral *hari-kari* upon themselves; to slay their own reputations for truthfulness for the pleasure of hitting hard

—or *trying*, at all events, to hit—those whom they hate. Why this hatred? Simply because a calumny, a wicked, groundless slander is often forgiven, and even forgotten; a *truth* told—never! Prevented from disproving that truth, for good reasons, their hatred is kindled—for we hate only what *we fear*. Thus they will *invent a lie*, cunningly grafting it on some utterly false, but nevertheless popular accusation, and raise anew the cry, "It's the cat, the ca-a-t, the ca-a-at!" . . .

Success in such a policy depends, you see, on temperament and—*impudence*. We have a friend, who will never go to the trouble of persuading anyone to believe him on his "aye" or his "nay." But, whenever he remarks that his words are doubted, he will say, in the quietest and most innocent way possible, "You know well *I am too impudent* to lie!" There is a great psychological truth hidden under this seeming paradox. Impudence often originates from two entirely opposite feelings: fearlessness and cowardice. A brave man will never lie; a coward lies to cover the fact of his being one, and a liar into the bargain. Such a character will never confess himself at fault no more than a vain man will; hence, whatever mischance happens to either, they will always try to lay it at the door of somebody else. It requires a great nobility of character, or a firm sense of one's duty, to confess one's mistakes and faults. Therefore, a scapegoat is generally chosen, upon whose head the sins of the guilty are placed by the transgressors. This scapegoat becomes gradually "the cat."

Now the Theosophical Society has its own special, so to speak, its "family cat," on which are heaped all the past, present and future iniquities of its Fellows. Whether an F. T. S. quarrels with his mother-in-law, lets his hair grow, forgets to pay his debts, or falls off from grace and theosophical association, owing to personal or family reasons, wounded vanity, or what not: *presto* comes the cry—whether in Europe, Asia, America or elsewhere—*It's the cat*. Look at this F. T. S.; he is writhing in the pangs of balked ambition. His desire to reign supreme over his fellow members is frustrated; and finding himself disappointed—it is on the "cat" that he is now venting his wrath. "The grapes are sour," he declares, because "the cat" would not cut them for him, nor would she mew in tune to his fiddle. Hence, the Vine has "worn itself *too thin*." Behold that other "star" of Theosophy, smarting under another kind of grievance—unnamed, because unnamable. Hatred—"till one be lost for ever"—rages in this *brotherly* heart. Pouncing like a bird of prey upon its chosen victim—which it would carry far, far up into the clouds to kill it with the more certainty when it lets it drop—the would-be avenger of his own imaginary wrongs remains utterly blind to the fact, that by raising his chosen victim so high he only elevates it the more above all men. You cannot kill that which you hate, O blind hater, whatever the height you dash it down from; the "cat" has nine lives, good friend, and will ever fall on to its feet.

There are a few articles of belief among the best theosophists, the bare mention of which produces upon certain persons and classes of society the effect of a red rag or an infuriated bull. One of these is our belief—very harmless and innocent *per se*—in the existence of very wise and holy personages, whom some call their MASTERS, while others refer to them as "Mahatmas."

Now, these may or may not actually exist—(we say they do); they may or may not be as wise, or possess altogether the wonderful powers ascribed to, and claimed for them. All this is a question of *personal knowledge*—or, in some cases, faith. Yet, there are the 350,000,000 of India alone who believe since time immemorial in their great Yogis and Mahatmas, and who feel as certain of their existence in every age, from countless centuries back down to the present day, as they feel sure of their own lives. Are they to be treated for this as superstitious, self-deceived fools? Are they more entitled to this epithet than the Christians of every church who believe respectively in past and present Apostles, in Saints, Sages, Patriarchs and Prophets?

Let that be as it will; the reader must realize that the present writer entertains no desire to force such a belief on any one unwilling to accept it, let him be a layman or a theosophist. The attempt was foolishly made a few years back in all truth and sincerity, and—it has failed. More than this, the revered names were, from the first, so desecrated by friend and foe, that the once almost irresistible desire to bring the actual truth home to some who needed *living ideals* the most, has gradually weakened since then. It is now replaced by a passionate regret for having ever exhumed them from the twilight of legendary lore, into that of broad daylight.

The wise warning:—

> "Give not that which is holy to the dogs,
> Neither cast ye your pearls before swine—"

is now impressed in letters of fire on the heart of those guilty of having made of the "Masters" public property. Thus the wisdom of the Hindo-Buddhist allegorical teaching which says, "There can be no Mahatmas, no Arhats, during the *Kali yuga*," is vindicated. That *which is not believed in, does not exist.* Arhats and Mahatmas having been declared by the majority of Western people as non-existent, as a *fabrication*—do not exist for the unbelievers.

"The Great Pan is dead!" wailed the mysterious voice over the Ionian Sea, and forthwith plunged Tiberius and the pagan world into despair. The nascent Nazarenes rejoiced and attributed that death to the new "God." Fools, both, who little suspected that *Pan*—the "All Nature"—could not die. That that which *had* died was only their fiction, the horned monster with the legs of a goat, the "god" of shepherds and of priests who lived upon the popular superstition, and made profit of the PAN of *their own making*. TRUTH can never die.

We greatly rejoice in thinking that the "Mahatmas" of those who sought to build their own ephemeral reputation upon them and tried to stick them as a peacock's feather in their hats—are also dead. The "adepts" of wild hallucinations, and too wide-awake, ambitious purposes; the Hindu sages 1,000 years old; the "mysterious strangers," and the *tutti quanti* transformed into convenient pegs whereon to hang—one, "orders" inspired by his own nauseous vices; another, his own selfish purposes; a third, a mocking image from the astral light—are now as dead as the "god Pan," or the proverbial door-nail. They have vanished into thin air as all *un*clean "hoaxes" must. Those who invented the "Mahatmas" 1,000 years old, seeing the *hoax* will not pay, may well say they "have recovered from the fascination and taken their proper stand." And these are *welcome* and *sure* "*to* come out and turn upon all *their dupes* the vials of *their* sarcasm," though *it will never be the last act of their* "life's drama." For the *true*, the *genuine* "Masters," whose real names have, fortunately, never been given out, cannot be created and killed at the beck and call of the sweet will of any "opportunist," whether inside or outside of the T. S. It is only the *Pans* of the modern nymphs and the *Luperci*, the greedy priests of the Arcadian god, who are, let us hope—dead and buried.

This cry, "it is the cat!" will end by making the Theosophical Society's "scape-goat" quite proud. It has already ceased to worry the victim, and now it is even becoming welcome and is certainly a very hopeful sign for the cause. Censure is hard when deserved; whenever unmerited it only shows that there is in the persecuted party something more than in the persecutors. It is the number of enemies and the degree of their fierceness, that generally decide on the merits and value of those they would brush off the face of the earth if they could. And, therefore, we close with this quotation from old Addison:

"*Censure, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.*"

Dear, kind enemies of the "Tartarian termagant" how hard you do work to add to her eminence and greatness, to be sure!

PRACTICAL WORK FOR THEOSOPHISTS.

EVERY person who enters the Theosophical Society is bound to accept its first principle, the assertion of the Universal Brotherhood of Man; but it is to be feared that with large numbers of the Fellows the profession remains an empty phrase, too like the "dearly beloved brethren" of the Churches, without bearing on life or effect on conduct. No antithesis can be discovered which is sharper than that between the principle of Brotherhood and the Class-and-Mammon-worship of modern society; no links of true fraternity bind together the dwellers in palaces and the dwellers in slums, no golden bands of sympathy unite the wealthy and the poor. Yet Altruism remains only a name so long as it is severed from personal service of Humanity, and Theosophy is merely a new form of glorified selfishness for those who "take it up" from curiosity, or from the desire to know, merely that the knowledge may be a personal possession and powers be attained for the sake of wielding them. At the great gate of the Temple of Knowledge stands the Guardian, and if to his question: "Why dost thou desire to know and to achieve?" there comes any answer but: "That I may the better serve Humanity," the candidate for admission should be sent back to his spelling book, until he has learned the alphabet of Altruism.

Let us suppose that all the latent powers of the Human Intellect and Will could suddenly be developed in the men and the women around us as by the touch of a magician's wand, and that they could step forth into the world clothed with supersensual knowledge and power: what would it avail, save to make this world a worse hell of contending passions than it is to-day, in which would rage Titanic contests of selfishness and greed, rendered the more horrible by the mightier powers of those engaged in the fratricidal struggle? Not until the brute in us is starved out of life; not until the lower self is slain and only the voice of the Higher Self is heard; not until personal desire has been lost in the desire for humanity; not until all ambition is dead, save the ambition to serve; not until this point is reached can power be safely trusted in human hands. Those who lightly enter the Theosophical Society, imagining that thereby they will at once spring into the exercise of the higher human capabilities, have to learn that the capacity to lead the Higher Life must precede the capacity to wield the higher powers. Hence the long probation insisted on for every candidate; the deep study which ensures that knowledge shall precede Power; the tests which bar the way towards the higher planes of being. And since character grows out of habits, and habits out of acts often repeated, there is no better school for forming habits of unselfishness, no surer way of moulding the

selfless character, than by doing personal acts of service to our brothers and sisters struggling in the sad environment made for them by our modern civilization.

First must come the real honest feeling of equality, not the verbal profession but the inner conviction. Unless this exists, all work among the poor tends to become demoralising both to helper and to helped, breeding self-complacency in the one and subserviency in the other. Every act must spring spontaneously from the brotherly relationship ; so that aid, comfort, counsel, whenever given, shall be the free and loving gift of brother to brother, so that respect of the highest in the lowest shall breed self-respect, and charity, in rebecoming Love, shall purify and raise and not degrade. But, I repeat, the feeling of equality must be *real*, all social castes merging into the human brotherhood, so that there is no consciousness of difference whether speaking to prince or pauper, the man and the woman becoming everything and the rank nothing.

Then comes the cleansing of one's own life in its relations to those by whose labour we are fed and clothed and housed. Every article that we use embodies so much human labour, and if we use it we are bound to render back for it due equivalent of our own labour. If this be not done, we are robbing instead of exchanging, soiling our lives by theft. And here I speak to Theosophists belonging to the "middle" and "upper" classes, for the poor, already crushed by labour, are forced to buy what they need for subsistence at the lowest rate at which they can obtain it. This is not so among the richer, and they are bound to see that they do not vicariously sweat the workers by their purchases of "cheap goods." In this matter women are the worst sinners, buying gowns and other articles of clothing at prices which they know cannot cover the cost of material and a fair wage to the needlewoman. If they would personally employ the needlewoman instead of buying her work from the shop, they would not dare to pay her the starvation wage which they pay her through the hands of the middlemen ; and they would not then be wearing garments soiled perhaps by the harlotry which has been fled to for a piece of bread. If they cannot manage this personal employment, they can easily ascertain who are fair and who are unfair employers by writing for information to Miss Clementina Black, 198 High Holborn, London, W.C., who has exerted herself to form a Consumers' League of persons ashamed to live by sweating their neighbours. It is hardly necessary to add that the personal life of the Theosophist should be frugal, simple, and free from luxury, both for the sake of his own inner development, and in order that he may live honestly, not taking more than he gives.

The personal life thus purified, there remains the active service due to our fellows. Each must here judge his own capacities and opportunities, but there are two or three lines of work in which painstaking and cultured men and women are much wanted at the present time

For instance, some might serve as managers of our Board Schools, attending to the remission of fees, supervising the tone and method of instruction, noting if the children are properly fed, organizing free meals for those in need, and giving to the teachers the sympathy and friendliness which they so sorely lack in their arduous and responsible labour. There are openings for useful and far-reaching service in this line of work second, perhaps, to none, bearing as it does on the training of the citizens of the future as well as on lightening the burdens that press so heavily to-day.

Women, with leisure on their hands, can find a way of using that leisure in the service of others by writing to Allen D. Graham, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand. Mr. Graham, some time ago, finding that invalided children were constantly being sent from the hospitals to poor, overcrowded, and often dirty homes, suggested that kind-hearted folk might each take charge of two or three of such children, visiting them, playing with them, taking them out, and, in fact, generally "mothering" them. These little ones, ailing and feeble, suffer terribly in this rough hurrying world, and much pain might be saved, much pleasure given, by a little sacrifice of time and trouble.

Another form of service, open to the wealthier, is buying shares in companies whose servants are notoriously overworked, and then attending the shareholders' meetings and insisting on shorter hours, higher wages, and better treatment all round. The dividends from the shares can be paid into the Union fund of the employees where a Trade Union exists; where there is no Trade Union, no more useful work can be done than urging the men or women to unite and aiding them in the first uphill steps of organization.

These suggestions may serve as examples of the kind of service which is crying aloud to be done, of practical profession of the Brotherhood of Man. I am not putting them forward as remedies for the evils inseparable from the present order of Society. As a Socialist, I know but too well that all such work as this can only act as palliative, not as cure; none the less will it lighten some of the darkness around us, and, in the absence of the sun, farthing dips are better than unbroken Cimmerian gloom.

It is obvious that, in addition to such duteous Service of Man as I have been glancing at, there are other duties incumbent on every member of the T. S. Those who can use their pens should answer objections or expose slanders made in the columns of our ordinary press; most editors will put in a tersely-written clear reply to attacks made in their papers. And all should study theosophical teachings, both for their own culture and for the assistance of others. It is not enough to set our own feet on the Path; as soon as we are able we should guide thitherward the feet of others; and in order that we may be competent for the task, we must study, study, study. The subtle metaphysics of Theosophy will

attract but the few; few again are likely to feel the call to climb the rugged path to those heights on which the Masters sit serene. Neither its philosophy nor its possibilities of growth will avail much to recommend it to the superficial thinkers or to the luxurious livers of our day. But the sight of noble lives, strenuously and selflessly working for human good, battling against poverty and sorrow, the twin-daughters of Ignorance, these will justify Theosophy in the eyes of the world, proving that self-devotion can exist apart from superstition, that clear-eyed Intellect can walk hand-in-hand with the Love that saves.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

AANROO.

(*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. ii., p. 374.)

THE time for toil has past, and night has come;
  The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labour, long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, we Reapers hasten home
  Each laden with his sheaves.

Lord of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,
  Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain
As with the weariness of heart and brain,
  "Master, behold my sheaves!"

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
  Bramble and flowers, dry stalks, and wither'd leaves,
Wherefore I blush and sigh, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat
  "Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light, and worthless, yet their trifling weight
  Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
For long I struggled with my hapless fate
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
  Yet these are all my sheaves.

And yet, I gathered strength and hope anew,
  For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
  Thou wilt accept my sheaves . . . .

W. B.

THEOSOPHY AND DOGMA.

THEOSOPHY has many aspects, and derives its inspiration not from one source only, not from one teacher merely, or from one set of sacred writings, but from all.

This is a fact which it appears most difficult to impress upon the world at large, and upon the opponents of Theosophy in particular. Men are so accustomed to regulate their opinions by some particular creed or dogma, which they suppose to rest upon some *authority* beyond which there is no appeal, that they cannot grasp the wider aspect of human duty and human destiny which Theosophy presents.

If we examine any of those exclusive and contradictory religious systems on which, in some form or another, men blindly rely, we find at once a broad distinction drawn between believers and unbelievers, between those who are within and those who are without the favour of God, between the lost and the saved. But Theosophy knows no such distinctions as these, neither any difference of race, colour, or creed.

The spiritual sun shines alike on the good and on the evil, and the water of life descends both on the just and on the unjust. It rests with each individual to make the proper use of those spiritual forces which are ever emanating from the Divine source of our being.

We must do this first by faith, and secondly by knowledge. If we have no faith in the divine spark that burns within us, we shall make no efforts to let that spark illumine and guide our life; and on the other hand if we have faith without knowledge, we shall still be groping in the dark, and will surely mistake the false light of some earth-born system of religion, for the divine light that burns only in the innermost sanctuary of our own hearts.

We must use the spiritual forces in nature in the same way that we make use of physical forces. If a man do not work in harmony with the laws of nature, he will find opposition instead of help; if he sow not in accordance with nature's law, he will reap naught but disappointment and pain. We need faith in the first place, faith in the unity and continuity of natural laws, and faith in our own divine nature, but no amount of faith will enable us to produce the desired result if we do not add to faith knowledge. Theosophy carries this principle right up to the highest spiritual plane, and does not recognise at any point the intervention of an arbitrary personal will, which can make a man other than that which he himself chooses. All are subject to the law of Karma, but Karma is that which each individual makes for himself, it is the law of cause and effect in relation to his own free will.

The will of man is as free as the will of God, and becomes, indeed, that will itself when the man has realised his divine nature, and by crucifying his lower principles has effected the at-one-ment.

It is the most common misconception, then, and the hardest to eradicate, that Theosophy consists in a belief in certain doctrines; that it is in fact nothing more or less than a religious creed.

What then we shall be asked are those doctrines which Theosophists everywhere profess to hold, and which they appear most anxious to teach the world? What is Esoteric Buddhism and the Secret Doctrine, or Reincarnation and Karma, if not a body of doctrines which are intended to supplant other religious creeds and dogmas?

The answer to this is, that these doctrines are the embodiment of certain broad generalizations concerning the history and evolution of humanity; that they are the key which enables us to harmonize certain facts which would otherwise appear isolated and antagonistic. They are in no way analogous to the dogmas and creeds of the religious sects, but answer more nearly to such generalizations of science as the laws of gravity or the conservation of energy. It is not claimed for them that they are necessary articles of belief, neither that they are in their present form accurately and literally true. They are stepping-stones to a higher knowledge of the divine element in human nature, and of the laws physical, psychical, and spiritual by which we are conditioned. If we ask a scientific man what gravity or energy are, he cannot tell us, but no one will deny that the laws which have been formulated respecting their action or manifestation have been most powerful aids in scientific investigations. Now it is precisely thus with the doctrines of Theosophy. Once these doctrines are understood they give a man an immensely wider view of humanity, and raise him above those narrow and limited conceptions of God and his dealings with individuals, of which so many contradictory assertions are made by various religions, and the innumerable sects into which they are split up.

What practical relation then has Theosophy to our every-day life? We reply that practical Theosophy is identical with practical religion. It comes from the heart and not from the head. It is the spontaneous love for one's fellow creatures, which—taking possession of a man, leads to noble acts of self-sacrifice; to right action done simply because it is right, and without any reference to the merit of the act, or any thought of recognition or reward.

Theosophy aims at nothing short of perfection of character; but character as expressed in outward acts is the result of an inward condition. The root of action lies deep down in the inner consciousness. It is the man's thoughts, desires, and innermost convictions which give rise to action. Act does not produce character, is not even a true indication of it, for a right action may be done from a wrong motive. Act is the result of character.

Right action must be based upon right thought, right motive, and right knowledge, and it is just here that the study of the doctrines of Theosophy is of such value to those who are seeking for firm ground to stand upon amid all the conflicting dogmas and controversies of the age, for it provides a basis which is independent of any religious system, and yet includes them all in their inner or esoteric meaning. There is not much difficulty in distinguishing between a right and a wrong action *per se*, but there is a great difference between the man who is merely moral through habit or temperament, and one who is actively beneficent because of the love for humanity which animates him. Moreover there will be a great difference in the actions of a man who believes in the doctrine of original sin and the atonement, and one who believes in re-incarnation and Karma.

Theosophy therefore, as a system, seeks to influence men by giving them a right basis of thought. It seeks to counteract on the one hand, the materialistic and atheistic teachings of modern science, and on the other hand, the narrow exclusive and demoralizing teachings of dogmatic and formal religion.

But Theosophy as a system is something more even than this. Theosophy does not seek merely to destroy superstition, but it seeks to build up a new edifice constructed of those very materials which have been so perverted in their uses by centuries of priestcraft and ecclesiasticism. Theosophy is based upon a deeper wisdom, a more interior meaning of those sacred books of all nations, which form the foundation of so many religious systems.

Each one must verify the doctrines of Theosophy for himself, and in doing so will probably find new light and fresh inspiration in those particular records which he has been accustomed to regard as the basis of his faith; and he will also be able to recognise the same meaning in the sacred books of other faiths, which hitherto he may have been accustomed to regard as "heathen," and as being contradictory and opposed to his own.

Theosophy, then, has two main aspects, the theoretical and the practical. These two must harmonize: practice must be based upon theory, and if the theory has been rightly understood, the practice can hardly fail to be in accord with it. Theosophy offers a motive and a moral stimulus free from fear, superstition, or lip worship, but full of divine love. It is practice that makes a Theosophist, and not profession. The Theosophical Society as a body and an organization seeks to teach the theory, while each individual member must practise so much of the theory as he has been able to assimilate, in his every-day life, in his relations with his fellow men, and in his inmost thoughts and desires.

Standing free from fear or superstition, let each one make obeisance only to the dim star that burns within. "Steadily, as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger. Then you may know you have

found the beginning of the way. And when you have found the end its light will suddenly become the infinite light."

WILLIAM KINGSLAND,
President of the "Blavatsky Lodge, T. S."

"IN MANUS TUAS!"

Alone on the cliff of a rock-bound shore,
In the chant of the solemn sea,
In the sigh of the sea-breeze, o'er and o'er,
There came the refrain to me,
"In Manus Tuas, Domine!"

"ALONE in midmost ocean lies my bark,
Nigh unto foundering; star-veiling cloud
Is overhead, and sea-fog thick and dark
Is wrapped around me like a clammy shroud.
Strained beyond measure, through the gaping seams
Death creeps by inches, and I bide my doom,
And think of all the hopes and all the dreams
That go down with me to a nameless tomb.
Life ebbs away, and, face to face with Death,
Upon my brow Azrael's icy breath,
I let it go, and fold my arms, and wait,
Deeming Love lies behind the mask of Fate.
Into Thy Hands, O Lord!*

"I know not, and I do not seek to know,
What will come next, when the cold waters close
Above my head, nor whither I may go;
Content to know death-pangs are but the throes
Of life-birth, and that good must grow to best.
Somewhere, somehow, sometime on other seas
I shall pursue my voyage, after rest,
To the far-off, divine Hesperides.
Where, how, and when, concern me not; the start,
The course, the end I leave unguessed; a part
Of the great whole, that which is good for all
Is good for me, and quietly I fall
Into Thy Hands, O Lord!

* The term "Lord" is used here in a symbolical sense, as referring to the divine spark shining in every man.—[E. H.]

"Hero nor saint am I; weak, passionate,
To siren voices I have list, and stayed
Dallying in Circean harbours, and too late
Mourn wasted time, spent strength, and course delayed;
From chart-marked line to left hand or to right
I oft have sailed astray, impelled by greed,
Or shirking toil, nor always as I might
Have succoured brother-mariners in their need.
And that which I have done must bear its fruit,
Bitter or sweet; I ask no favours; mute
I bow the head, knowing that Law is Love,
And put myself, here, there, below, above,
Into Thy Hands, O Lord!

"Into Thy Hands!—yet of Thee know I nought!
I cannot, dare not name—can only say
That Thou art THAT WHICH IS, beyond all thought,
Beyond all speech—the Mote names not the Ray
In which it floats! And I can only feel,
Dumbly and vaguely, that the All of Things
Thrills with a Nameless Life, to Perfect weal
Working, the Fountain whence all Being springs,
Where ends. This is enough.—The waters rise;
The last swift plunge is near; the night-wind sighs
My requiem; one brief life is all but past,
And ends with this my first prayer and my last,
Into Thy Hands, O Lord!

Alone on the cliff of a rock-bound shore,
In the chant of the solemn sea,
In the sigh of the sea-breeze, o'er and o'er,
There came the refrain to me,
"In Manus Tuas, Domine!"

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F.T.S.

11th January, 1889.

EASTERN PROVERBS.

Death is a black camel that kneels at everybody's door.
Let us open our eyes, or they will be opened for us.
A little hill in a low place thinks itself a great mountain.
A thousand sorrows do not pay a debt.
Fallen flowers do not return to their branches.

AN EXPERIENCE.

THE line of separation between dreams, astral visions, astral flights and kindred phenomena is often confused, broken or incomplete, making it difficult to know positively to which class certain subjective phenomena or experiences belong, and therefore much must be left to conjecture.

Whether the recital that follows be an account of an astral visit or a dream must be determined by the readers each for himself.

In the latter part of June, 1886, about one year after I became interested in the study of the moral philosophies of the Orient, particularly Buddhism, at the close of a busy day I cast myself upon the sofa in the library and tried to recall what of practical value I had learned from these same studies.

The day had been almost as perfect as even June can produce. A light easterly wind came from off the bosom of the lake, and, as the rim of the red-orbed sun was fast disappearing below the horizon, moved by the varied influences of an atmosphere which seemed dense with winged thoughts, I made a slight effort at concentration.

Though at first futile, as the last streaks of golden light vanished like the faint strains of a closing anthem, I seemed to feel myself as it were carried away upon a beam of light. Fainter and fainter became the confused hum of earth sounds until at last I grew unconscious of all physical surroundings and became cognizant of the fact that I was upon a strange planet, with which I felt sure I had had no previous acquaintance. It was unlike the earth, except in form, and bore a resemblance to the mental picture I had formed of the moon, yet I felt instinctively it was not the moon.

I stood alone and upon a rocky height, or, more properly speaking, knoll, and was able, somehow, to see the entire surface of this mysterious planet. I seemed not in the least surprised at my peculiar and expanded visual powers by means of which I could, from one point of observation upon a large globe, view all the rest of it, and so did not try to analyse the sensation. Distinctly realizing my personality—that I was I—and also that I was absent from my former home—the earth, I began to wonder why I was in such an unknown—to me—and strange place, and asked myself the question, "What could be the nature of the revelation I instinctively felt was to come? what one or more of the many knotty problems, puzzling my soul, would be solved?"

I looked away into space. Naught could I see but blue-black nothingness. No sun, no moon, no stars. It seemed as though in all that

universe—if such it might be called—there was but the globe or earth upon which I stood and myself. And the planet itself was, to all appearances, dead. No verdure, animals or birds; no conscious or unconscious life outside the mineral kingdom. No water upon its surface, no moisture around, no clouds, no air, no sky. Mystical Silence masterful held the reins and was supreme.

Strange to say I experienced no fear. I had, in fact, no realization of any pleasant or unpleasant sensations in consequence of being so entirely isolated. One idea possessed my being to the exclusion of all else, and that was that somehow and for some good reason or purpose I was here to be taught; and I had no anxiety as to the manner or the time in which the lesson and its purport were to be revealed. I was simply in a condition of impartial passivity.

In some undefinable manner I received the impression that it was eventide; although what made the distinction between night and day I could not determine or discover. Again I looked away from this weird and apparently lifeless earth, when suddenly a point of light, like a star of the fourth or fifth magnitude, in the far distance, arrested my attention. Slowly it approached, growing gradually larger and brighter in proportion as it neared the planet, until when within respectable range of vision it resolved into form, that of a medium-sized horseshoe incandescent. Nearer and nearer it came, with slow, undulating motion, moving as it seemed at its own free will regardless of the law of gravity. As it approached I began to wonder if it would touch the earth near where I stood, and for one moment glancing around me, I observed a deep, though rather small, crevice or cavern in the ground directly to my left, and at about ten feet from where I stood. With sinuous, graceful movement the little object approached the mouth of the cavern and disappeared within.

What this phenomenon? I queried, and what does it mean? then turning round in an endeavour to find some clue to the explanation, I for the first time perceived that I was not alone, but that there were strange beings, though human, inhabiting this globe. They resembled our race in form and feature, and stood erect; they were, however, somewhat below the medium in stature, and I am impressed that different shades of greyish-brown would describe, as to colour, their complexion, hair, eyes and dress.

They looked a part of the dull grey earth upon which they lived. They were busy at some kind of work, though what its nature I could not perceive.

Accepting their sudden appearance upon the scene, or rather my recognition of it as a part of the unsolved riddle, I questioned them in regard to the recent phenomenon, and although they spake not, neither gesticulated, they nevertheless made me understand, and that without any effort on my part, that what I had just witnessed was of daily

occurrence, and that on the following evening at the same hour, in the same place, I could see a repetition of the scene. I asked them what it was and what it meant to them, to both of which questions they betrayed the profoundest ignorance, merely giving me to understand that it had always been and would always be ; accepting the fact verified from time immemorial as the poor and ignorant day-labourer does that phenomenon of the sunrise. The sun apparently rises in the morning and sets at night, which means for him but the beginning and ending of a day's work, that is all. Having little time for investigations of the marvels revealed by mother nature, he has *less* inclination.

Scarcely content with the information obtained from this strange people, I resolved to be on hand the following night, and I do not clearly remember further until I found myself watching for the reappearance of the little horse-shoe. It came, and this time I observed more closely and was surprised and mystified at the evident purity and harmlessness of the little object, for it seemed to be the vehicle of a sacred mystery, and within me was conceived the burning desire to know that mystery, to solve this cosmic problem.

A second time, with the same sinuous motion, at one instant nearer me and the next a little farther away, it entered the cavern. Nothing I had ever seen in earth-life appealed to me as so pure and beautiful as did this little horse-shoe shaped object, and the more I thought of it the more ardently I longed for closer inspection. Just as it entered the cavern a little child approached so near the edge, trying to follow its course with childish eyes of wonder, as to cause me instinctively to put forth my hand and draw the little one back lest harm should befal, and as I did so, I vowed to myself that with the utter fearlessness of the little child, I would attempt to solve this problem which so puzzled me.

No sooner had I formed this mental resolution, than I seemed to be divided within myself and two opposing voices made themselves distinctly heard to my consciousness. One whispered that it was right that I should investigate this matter, while the other reiterated, "Wait!"

Each was freighted with equally good arguments and I mentally swayed between them for some time. However, the third night found me at my post unwavering in my first resolution ; consequently a third time I saw the little luminous body come forth from the depths of space, and watched its approach in worshipful silence, deeming that when it was just about to enter the cavern I could, by standing upon the very edge and reaching far out, catch it in my hands. I did not question if I had any right to pursue my investigations in my own way, regardless of the inconvenience to which I might put the object in question, nor had I any fear as to possible consequences. I was stimulated by the thought that for ages the inhabitants of this weird, uncanny little earth had looked with indifferent eyes upon this peculiar daily occurrence without making any effort to find the reason therefor. They were in-

different, I argued because they had not dared to investigate, and now I was on the eve of a seemingly successful solution.

Now, as the little object poised for an instant over the mouth of the cavern, I exultingly seized it in both my hands, upon which act occurred a double phenomenon; for no sooner had my hands come into contact with the apparently inoffensive little horse-shoe than it seemed to become a thing of conscious energic life.

It writhed and twisted, struggled and fought, steamed and hissed, emitting sparks of fire in all directions, until at last I was compelled to let go of it; whereupon, instead of entering the cave as it had previously done, it flew back into the heavens with the velocity of a cannon ball; leaving a long train of fire in its wake. On it went until completely out of sight; but ere I had time to resolve my chaotic emotions or comprehend in any degree what had transpired, back it came with the same velocity, moving this time in a straight line in direct antithesis to its previously sinuous course, still seething and emitting sparks as if it would burn away for ever my contaminating touch; while with the noise of thunder it entered the cave with force as to shake the entire planet and cause it to tremble and waver in its position in space.

At the unusual and unexpected sound and motion upon this silent earth, the inhabitants, with faces white with fear, came running to where I stood, and when they understood what I had done, intense horror overspread each countenance at my desecration of a sacred mystery. And now for the second phenomenon which, it will appear, was purely subjective. No sooner had I obtained physical contact with the luminous horse-shoe than a most humiliating sense of shame possessed me to the occlusion of all other sensations, and I could have wished at that moment to have been washed out of existence, to have become nonentity; but I distinctly remember assuming an air of bravado before the natives, saying, as I exhibited my hands, "Well, I do not care; I have some tacks as a remembrance of my self-imposed adventure!" and, indeed, lightly imbedded in the flesh of my hands were several shoe-tacks, which, now separated from their luminous source, presented but an appearance of cold, unsympathetic iron.

What happened immediately after my arrogant speech I know not. I was next conscious of climbing a somewhat steep and rocky hill accompanied by a native, and readily understood that I was to be punished for my daring.

Arriving at the top of the hill we descended a short distance upon the other side, where, for the first time since my advent into this strange world, I saw buildings, small and much resembling the small frame houses we see upon the outskirts of a city and in the country.

These I noticed had been but recently built, as the wood was not in the least discoloured. To one of these little buildings I was led, and when within, I was made to stand against the wall opposite the door

through which we entered while my pseudo-guide proceeded to bind me with small wire in this wise.

Holding a large coil of wire in one hand, he with the other threw the wire over me, lasso fashion, letting each subsequent coil fall a trifle lower upon my person, until I was literally enwrapped in wire from my head to my feet.

While my silent companion was as silently manipulating the wire, through the door which closed immediately upon our entrance, and through the adjoining wall came flaming swords without any apparent damage to the wood through which they passed, and pitted their points in the wall behind me. By scores they came and formed a line of demarcation around my head, my torso and my limbs; so that if by any chance I could have extricated myself from the wire, I could not have moved one eighth of an inch in any direction without incurring danger to my person from this sword-fence. I may here state, however, that I had not the least desire to free myself, even could I have done so. In fact I was overjoyed at the prospect of my terrible punishment, being imbued with the idea that in proper time I should evolve forth purified and qualified to investigate cosmic mysteries as much as I desired. . . .

I turned upon my pillow. The sweet gentle lake-breeze still fanned my brow and waved the curtains back and forth with gentle rustling sound, but Erebus had driven the light forth and was sole sovereign.

I rose as refreshed as if I had taken a bath with Aphrodite, struck a light and looked at the clock, wondering how many hours I had lain so undisturbed, when to my great surprise, I found I had compassed the experience of a goodly lifetime in one short half-hour, and this thought performed a series of revolutions in my brain. "Remember, O Disciple, thou must have clean hands ere thou canst anatomize the mysteries of Siva."

LOUISE JEWELL MANNING, F.T.S.

NOTICE.

THE attention of members of the Theosophical Society is particularly drawn to a notice in LUCIFER of May, regarding the formation of a staff of volunteer lecturers. Few names of those willing to take part in this work have been received, and it is earnestly desired that before the winter, so important a means of educating those ignorant of Theosophy may be got into working order. Those who have any suggestion to offer, or who will lecture or read papers, where opportunity offers, are requested to communicate with Mr. HERBERT CORYN, 7, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, STRAND.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.*

HAVE you heard of this question the doctors among,
Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung?
This has lately been said, and it now shall be sung,
Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
It required a few millions the change to complete,
But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great-great-grandsire,
To little or nothing at first did aspire,
But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
Which nobody can deny.

This Monad becoming a father or mother,
By budding or bursting, produced such another,
And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer applies to them well,
They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell;
But which of the two, doctors only can tell,
Which nobody can deny.

These beings increasing, grew buoyant with life,
And each to itself was both husband and wife,
And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,
Which nobody can deny.

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
And they thought a division of labour would do;
So their sexual system was parted in two,
Which nobody can deny.

Thus Plato supposes that, severed by fate,
Human halves run about, each in search of his mate,
Never pleased till they gain their original state,
Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot;
Some put out a finger, some put out a foot;
Some set up a mouth, and some sent down a root,
Which nobody can deny.

* From "*Blackwood's Magazine*, by permission."

Some wishing to walk, manufactured a limb ;
Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim ;
Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small,
As nature sent food for the few or for all ;
And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
By stretching, and stretching, became a giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig, with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes ;
And he then by the name of an elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a whale,
Held its hind-legs so close that they grew to a tail,
Which it uses for threshing the sea like a flail,
Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, tumblers, and fantails are from the same source ;
The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse ;
So Men were developed from Monkeys, of course,
Which nobody can deny.

An Ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
A relapse to low life may our prospects impair ;
So of beastly propensities let us beware,
Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,
And, reduced to all fours, must then narrow their views ;
Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,
When they'd sink to an oyster, or insect, some day,
Or the pitiful part of a polypus play.
Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,
And descending through varying stages of shame,
They'd return to the Monad, from which we all came,
Which nobody can deny.

NOTES ON CARLYLE'S SARTOR RESARTUS.

"TRUTH!" I cried, "though the Heavens crush me for following her; no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy."

Such is the keynote of one of the most remarkable literary efforts of the century. "Wondrous, indeed," as the author says, "is a true book . . . . talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men." The writer of the present paper had, years ago, as many others, read the life and opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh, with some weariness and little understanding, and cast it aside. With the larger interest of a student, he has now, with infinite pleasure, read it again and hastens to place his notes in the hands of fellow students who may not yet have given it their attention.

Not only is the book itself replete with the One Science, hints of which start out in every page, but in its very treatment is a valuable lesson in practical occultism. Like the Comte de Gabalis of the Abbé de Villars, it leaves the public to waver between two opinions, in doubt whether the writer is in sober earnest or merely endeavouring a *jeu d'esprit.* A supposed editor writes a commentary on the opinions of Teufelsdröckh, and wards off the sledge hammer blows of the philosopher from the too feeble public by means of supposed practical objections, yet so as finally to leave the earnest-souled reader on the side of the Professor of Things in General of the University of Know-not-where; all the more as he is not wholly a destructive and negative iconoclast, but from the Everlasting No through the Centre of Indifference evolves the Everlasting Yea in no uncertain manner, bidding Herr von Voltaire "since he hath only a torch for burning, no hammer for building, to take his thanks and—himself away."

Many of the utterances of the philosopher are enigmatical and transcendently mystical, as indeed the commentator takes pains to show, though often himself in language but slightly less obscure. In many places, too, we have hints of the highest metaphysics and occult science; when, for instance, he speaks of "the rest of infinite motion," or exclaims, "could I unfold the influence of Names . . . . I were a second greater Trismegistus"; or, "Among nations as among individuals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect . . . . regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible," a sentence, truly, which gives the very marrow of Occultism.

Students of the Universal Doctrine and its assertion of the "absolute Universality of the Law of Periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow," will read with pleasure the intuitional aphorism of Saint Simon, which Teufelsdröckh quotes, "*L'âge d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans le passé, est devant nous;*" and although they may smile at the sop to Cerberus, *l'aveugle tradition*, still welcome the heralding of the new Satya Yug; for, as Teufelsdröckh says, "if our era is the Era of Unbelief, why murmur under it; is there not a better coming—nay, come? As in long-drawn systole and diastole, must the period of Faith alternate with the period of Denial; must the vernal growth, the summer luxuriance of all opinions, Spiritual Representations and Creations, be followed by, and again follow, the autumnal decay, the winter dissolution"; in which, indeed, the working of the Great Breath in manifestation is clearly recognizable, and the law of Pralaya and Manvantara shadowed forth. Not that clearer reference to cyclic law is wanting and a rent made in the mysterious veil of causation, whereby the light of truth streams brightly forth, though disguised as usual into a query, in the passage, "The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us: but who knows what deeper courses these depend on: what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on?"

Students again of the Law of the Equilibrium of Contraries, so familiar to us by the pages of Eliphes Lévi, will understand the relief that the Clothes Philosopher finds to the strange contradictions within him in the discovery, "that spiritual music can spring only from discords set in harmony; that but for evil there were no good, as victory is only possible by battle." While those who have read with understanding of the potency of sound and the mysteries of the *Verbum*, *Logos* and *Vach*, and who have also heard of the methods and theories of John Worrell Keely in respect to inter-etheric force, and so perceived a demonstration of that which the unaided logic of metaphysics had previously demanded, will see the same thought in the words "strangely in this so solid-seeming world, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that *sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all things. The *Word* is well said to be omnipotent in this world; man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*."

Of omnipresence and the power of the mind he says, "is not the Distant, the Dead while I love it and long for it, and mourn for it. Here in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on?" And shortly afterwards breaks out into a magnificent passage breathing the spirit of universality and pantheism. "Has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the where and when, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER. Have not

all nations conceived their God as omnipresent and eternal, as existing in a universal HERE, an everlasting NOW? Think well, thou too wilt find that space is but a mode of our human sense, so likewise Time; there is no space, no time. WE are—we know not what; light-sparkles floating in the æther of Deity!"

One of the fundamental propositions of the Clothes Philosopher as of occultism, is the oneness of the Universe. "Detached, separated! I say that there is no such separation, nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all, is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order, else how could it *rot?* . . . Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant: all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself." In another place (students of the Kabbalah will understand the hint) he speaks of Nature and Life as but one garment, "a 'living garment," worn and ever awearing in the 'loom of time,'" and again of this same oneness in Man, by which "all things the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing," while those who have enquired into the mysteries of Hirany-agharba, will understand the thought in the mysterious sentence, "To breed a fresh soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg?"

Hear next what he says on Symbols: "for is not a symbol ever to him who has eyes for it some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike!" Masterly, indeed, is the introduction to this important chapter, wherein the true reason of the concealment of the mysteries is set forth. "Silence," he says, "is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. . . Speech is silvern, silence is golden: or as I might rather express it, speech is of Time, silence is of Eternity." Was ever the familiar adage so mysteriously interpreted? Its inner spirit seems to start forth into light, and our soul to be stirred by an echo of things unseen. What reollection, too, of the great philosophic and religious systems of the past. The Hindu, Egyptian, and the Greek, pre-eminently, of Pythagoras and the mysterious *Sige* (silence), sweeps over the mind!

"Of kin," he continues, "to the so incalculable influences of Concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of Symbols. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation; here, therefore by Silence and by Speech acting together, comes a double significance. . . .

In the symbol proper . . . . there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is

made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were attainable there. By symbols accordingly is man guided and commanded made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised: the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God; is not all that he does symbolical; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given force that is in him. What a masterly mind is this! How filled with divine intuition, whereby the whole of nature becomes an open book in understandable language! No writer of an elementary text book or specialist is he; but a master of the Science with mind and heart large enough to embrace the whole world and humanity. Such being the bent of our philosopher's thought, so occult its tendency, it would indeed be surprising if the mysterious doctrine of Mâyâ found no place in his system. Truly Oriental and Platonic are the many passages which, in powerful metaphor and simile, set forth this fundamental belief. Of such passages perhaps the most striking are the following. "Creation, says one, "lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! . . . .

"O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each future Ghost within him; but are in very deed, Ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passsion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow system gathered round our Me; wherein through some moments of years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in Flesh." In all of which, if one but read carefully, more will appear than at first sight; and indeed the question ever rises to the lips, "Did this man know?" Or what again can be more clear than the following? "All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth."

Of Natural Supernaturalism and the significance of miracles, he writes, "'But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?' ask several, whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me, perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of the Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into and by Spiritual Force even as the rest have all been brought to bear on us with its Material Force." Of which passage the whole art rests on the word "perhaps." And here we may well show the attitude of Teufelsdröckh to modern science, or as he calls it, "mechanical manipulation fasely named Science." Of orthodoxy he enquires, "what those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute Book of Nature, may possibly be?"

"'They stand written in our Works of Science,' say you; 'in the accumulated records of Man's Experience'? Was man with his Experience present at the Creation, then to see how it all went on?" Where mark well the words "with his Experience." "But indeed man is, and was always a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel and digest than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose; thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy or noticeable. . . . Wonder is the basis of Worship." We therefore find that, "That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh." And again, "Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre work and Demonology, we have now named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us. What is Madness, what are Nerves? Ever as before does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair painted vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real." Thus marvellously, in one short sentence, does he sum up the whole controversy between professional orthodoxy and occultism. From all of which considerations we can the better understand the following striking passage in which the Lower Man, and especially the average man of the white sub-race, is masterfully depicted. There stands he, his Universe one huge manger, filled with hay and thistles to be weighed against each other; and looks long-eared enough. Alas, poor devil! spectres are appointed to haunt him, one age he is hag-ridden, bewitched; the next, priest-ridden, befooled; in all ages, bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism smothers him worse than any Nightmare did, till the Soul is nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive, Mechanical life remains."

Such being the views of our Clothes Philosopher on the Universe, it would indeed be strange if he had not discovered that the Macrocosm was reflected in Man, the microcosm. "Truly," he says, "if Nature is one, and a living, indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not." And again, in a still more marvellous passage, "To the eye of vulgar Logic, what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round this mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and DIVISION; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as

it were, swathed in, and inextricably over-shrouded. Yet it is sky-woven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has beeen given him to know, to believe; nay, does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, 'the true SHEKINAH is Man.' Where else is the GOD'S-PRESENCE manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?" Here, indeed, we have the very key to Occultism and true Religion.

But "who am I? What is this ME? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance; some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind?" Thus we are arrived at the most momentous problem of the Clothes philosophy, as, indeed, of all philosophies; the key to which is the master-key of all mysteries.

Here, as always, Teufelsdröckh is enigmatical, for, "How paint to the sensual eye," he asks, "what passes in the Holy of Holies of Man's Soul? In what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off of the unspeakable?" Yet the story of how Teufelsdröckh passed from the Everlasting No through the Centre of Indifference to the Everlasting Yea, has been, is and will be, read with eager interest and sympathy by all true-hearted pilgrims, and, perhaps, especially by students of occultism, who will recognise the milestones of the journey with only too painful distinctness.

"The painfullest feeling," writes he, "is that of your own Feebleness." How miserably true! Who of us has not experienced the terrible longing to be up and doing something, anything, to rend the veil and hear a voice in the silence, and the following and still more terrible feeling of inability. "Our works," continues the philosopher, "are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, *know thyself*, till it be translated into this partially possible one, *know what thou canst work at.* And later, "O, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere.' couldst thou only see!" Ay, but that "only"! Yet in another passage he shows that this doing is not to be interpreted in its literal sense, for "the Man is the spirit he worked in; not what he did, but what he became." Truly the key to the right judgment of effort, which, if practised, would speedily transform the present standard of worth!

One thing alone during this terrible struggle, the labour pains of the Spirit within, remained as a rock of salvation, the dim intuition or feeling of Duty. "Thus, in spite of all motive-grinders," he writes, "and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present with me." The circumstances of trial and frame of mind

which preceded what he called his spiritual new-birth, are worthy of the closest study. "Having no hope," he writes, "neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man or Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in continual indefinite, pining fear . . . . when, all at once, there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, 'What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death, and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, do, or can say against thee! Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be? and, as a child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then, I will meet and defy it!'"

Those who have read the Gnostic legend of Lucifer will understand the force of this passage. And yet in this Freedom there was to be no licence, for elsewhere he says, "he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable." Truly is our only Freedom in the One Law!

"Thus," he concludes, "had the Everlasting No pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. . . . It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth or Baphometic Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man."

Not yet, however, had the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Well-doing*, shone out, beyond all cavil in his heart; "Pshaw!" he writes, "what is this paltry little Dog-cage of an earth; what art thou that sittest whining there? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody: true; but who, then, is Somebody, Something? For thee the Family of Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou art wholly as a dissevered limb: so be it, perhaps it is better so! . . .This was the Centre of Indifference that I had reached; through which whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass."

Of what religion, then, was this Teufelsdröckh, some may well ask. Can such an one remain within the narrow arms of orthodoxy? And if he have so ably solved the mysteries of highest philosophy, how does he reconcile the contradictions of received Christianity? How does he, for instance, understand the crucial dogma of the divinity of the Nazarene? How else, indeed, than as all the followers of Divine Wisdom believe: for he writes, "To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the

Tempter do grimmest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called." Thus at length does the professor recognize his whereabouts in the ocean of trial in which he has so long been tossed rudderless, and "gets his eye on the knot that has been strangling him," not but what he still halts in the Centre of Indifference crying "fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant." When suddenly the great truth streams upon him in all its splendour; "What is Nature?" he cries. "Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? art thou not the 'Living Garment of God?' O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me? . . . like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike and my Father's!

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. . . . O my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes! . . . the poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother." Thus the chord of brotherhood being struck within him, a plan and a purpose began swiftly to shape itself, and Teufelsdröckh discovers that, "there is in a man a HIGHER than the Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness!" But before such a consummation can be attained, he adds, "the Self in thee," needs "be annihilated."

Having thus arrived at the sign-post of the Path of Blessedness, our philosopher proceeds, with masterly touch, to sketch the present state of so-called civilized society, with its demoniacal competition and assertive individualism. "To me, in this our life," says the professor, "which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a contention with thy brother, I advise thee think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom it is simply this: 'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share; which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay, I will fight thee, rather.' . . . Can we not, in all such cases, rather say, 'Take it, thou too ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share which I reckoned

mine, but which thou so wantest; take it with a blessing; would to Heaven I had enough for thee!' "

And later, referring to that same idea of Duty which had previously been his only beacon in the Cimmerean mists of unbelief, he bids us, "'*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee*,' which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will have already become clearer." Truly, a hint that those who have cried so loudly for practical instruction would do well to lay to heart. Here, indeed, we have the gate to the Path of Divine Self-Sacrifice, the first lesson to be learned by students of the Science of Life and, of a truth, the lowest rung of that ladder which reaches to Divinity itself.

A Socialist, too, was Teufelsdröckh, but not of the mouthing agitator stamp. "Hardly-entreated Brother!" he cries, "for us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." Such, indeed, is the spirit of true socialism, which is truly naught else but the practice of Humanity's One Religion, the manifestation of that Brotherhood which binds all men together (religare).

It is in this belief that Teufelsdröckh exclaims, "If the poor and humble toil that we may have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth." And again, "It is not because of his toils, that I lament for the poor; we must all toil . . . . . But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly, knowledge should visit him. . . . That there should be one Man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge; this I call a tragedy."

In such burning words does Carlyle proclaim the honourableness of labour and enunciate the duty of the so-called "upper classes," proving beyond all question that this religion of Teufelsdröckh is indeed the Evangel for which Humanity now moans, the only basis on which to rest the solution of such crying evils as the labour question, alcoholic poisoning, the social evil, and a myriad other abuses which have not yet been distinctly formulated.

S. G.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER X.

REVELATIONS.

THE days of the anniversary celebration came to an end; the blue elephants had entirely lost their shape, the native musicians were dismissed, the Hierophant rested on his laurels and the guests returned one after another to their homes.

Pancho remained at Urur. His adventure with the Talking Image had strongly impressed his mind, and he desired to receive some more revelations. He wanted to know what is that "self" which one must know before it can be renounced and which we cannot possess as long as we are ourselves possessed by it; that *Self*, to which man clings with the grip of despair and which no one wishes to lose. "What," he thought, "would become of a man who should give up his Self; what would be left of him, if his self is all that is in him?" Then it was that he felt the foreboding of something like a superior state in which there is all knowledge but no conception of limitation and narrowness; a condition in which the soul is superior to all that concerns the battle of shadows taking place on the material plane; but that state seemed to him still far away; far more distant and unapproachable than the sun, resting tranquilly in its own self-luminous light, while his rays plays with the phantoms and shadows which they produce upon the material world. Was the rosy light that was absorbed by the Image an emanation of a superior light, in which life and consciousness and knowledge exist? Was the ethereal form which he imagined he saw one of the Mysterious Brotherhood, or was it the soul of the Image itself? Pancho remembered to have read in Plutarch that every man has a soul and that it does not commingle with the body in all men alike. That in some bodies it gets absorbed fully, and then the whole frame is corrupted by appetites and passions; while it penetrates into others only partially, the purer part remaining outside.

It was said that only the vulgar think that the whole of their soul is within them; just as they believe the image reflected from a mirror to be in the glass: but the more intelligent know it to be without.

He asked Captain Bumpkins about it, and the Hierophant surmised that it must have been either Krashibashi or Rataraborumatchi, adding that he would investigate the matter.

"Do not trouble yourself about such questions," he said. "Wait until my new Wisdom-Catechism is published and you will then know all about it."

"A Wisdom-Catechism?" asked Pancho, astonished.

"Yes," answered Captain Bumpkins, "a catechism about Divine Wisdom; giving the correct explanations of all the mysteries of the universe; a catechism that will make those who read it divinely wise."

"But," said Pancho, "how will those who read know whether or not its contents are true?"

"There can be no doubt about its veracity," said the Hierophant; "because Krashibashi has promised to attest it with his own seal."

Indeed it seemed as if a new era of light was dawning upon the world. A great deal of information on subjects heretofore considered occult was given to the world by some intelligence that spoke through the Talking Image of Urur. Whether the information thus given came from Krashibashi or from Ratara-morubatchi is not positively known; but it is certain that the new doctrines astonished the world and gratified the curiosity of many; but whether those who were thus better informed, grew any wiser from it, our historian has not been able to ascertain. The new and nevertheless very old doctrines embraced the process of the evolution of the visible and invisible realms of nature, explaining not merely the origin of all gross material and visible forms, but also the cause of the existence and the manner of development of all beings in the universe, from that semi-spiritual monad "or centre of vibration," called "atom," up to a planetary spirit whose body is as large as the sphere of the planet to which it belongs. It proved logically to the mind many things that are open to the perception of the illuminated Seer alone, showing that all forms in the universe are the products of the Universal Will acting upon the ideation of the Universal Mind; while both these were merely functions of one eternal and self-existing principle, having its origin in the Absolute.

Captain Bumpkins corroborated these statements, and amplified them from the storehouse of his own experience. "It's all done by magnetism," he said. "I have seen a fakir make a mango tree grow out of a kernel merely by magnetizing it. The more he magnetized it the more it grew until it was thirty-six feet and two inches high."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Green.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

The revelations brought out by the Image showed, in a manner comprehensible even to the rationalistic mind, that there could be no such thing as "dead matter" in the universe; but that the whole world was a manifestation of Life and that this Life principle was one and indivisible, while it was merely the forms of its manifestations which differed from each other according to the nature of the bodies in which they took place.

"Life," said the voice that spoke through the Image, "is not a product of the form in which it is observed, no more than the air which a person inhales is the product of his lungs; but it is a manifestation of an universible and universal power of Life, which produces all forms and without which no form could come into existence or continue to exist."

"Life," added the Hierophant, "is produced by magnetism. I have seen with my own eyes a fakir buried for forty days, twenty feet under the ground in a hole. I have carefully examined it. There was not even as much as a gas pipe through which he could have breathed. Anyone who saw it done would have betted ten dollars that the man was stone-dead. But when he was taken up, he recovered and ate a hearty breakfast. It is all done by magnetism."

"I have heard of a similar case that happened at Edwardsville," said Mr. Green. "A woman died at that town and two respectable doctors gave their

certificates that she was quite dead; but when they carried her to the churchyard, the coffin struck against the overhanging branch of a tree, and dropped to the ground; the woman then awoke and was alive as ever. It nearly frightened her husband to death."

"Such a coming back to life," said Captain Bumpkins, "can only occur with persons in possession of abnormal powers and a strong magnetic constitution."

"The husband of that woman," went on Mr. Green, "was so much convinced of his wife's abnormal powers of coming to life again, that when, a year afterwards, she again died, he made the funeral procession go by another road, to avoid the repetition of such an accident."

"I have read the story of an ancient philosopher, who was in the habit of magnetizing himself and going out in his astral form," remarked the Hierophant, "on such occasions his physical body being as dead as a door-nail. One day his wife had his body burned to ashes. You should have seen the surprise of the philosopher when he returned and found that his body was gone. It annoyed him very much."

By a series of arguments, at once logical and comprehensive, the Image proved that the divine spirit of Man is not a product of the animal form or organization; but that it has existed in all eternity and will never cease to *be;* that forms *are not*, but that they merely *exist*, and that the spirit must overshadow and exist in a form to obtain the perfect consciousness and knowledge that belongs to such forms. It also showed that divine self-knowledge could not possibly be obtained within one short span of life: but that an almost endless chain of reincarnations or *re-expressions* in form would be necessary before it could gain all the experience necessary to attain the knowledge of good and evil and gradually grow into that higher consciousness which forms the basis of true self-knowledge. It said that those whose whole attention was absorbed by the external illusions produced by the senses, or by intellectual research into things that belonged merely to the phenomenal aspect of nature, could not attain that knowledge of the spirit which constitutes the knowledge of self; but that to realize the eternal Reality it was necessary to fix one's thoughts and aspirations upon that which is eternal and real.

"This is perfectly true," said the Hierophant. "I once knew a *yogi* who spent several hours every day in magnetizing himself and looking at a fly-speck upon the wall. In seven years time he became so much developed that he could not tell the difference between a man and a spirit. He used to run against people in the street, supposing them to be spirits, and talked with real spirits, imagining them to be living people. He was ultimately locked up in an insane asylum."

"I wish he were here," remarked Mrs. Honeycomb, "to help us catch these black Magicians."

"The yoga-philosophy," saith the Image, "teaches the suppression of the functions of the thinking principle; that means to say the suppression of that manner of thinking which is not in exact harmony with the perception of the truth by spiritual contemplation. There is nothing to hinder the mind from penetrating into the deepest mysteries of nature except the perception of the productions of its own imagination, which, like the vapours forming clouds within the terrestrial atmosphere that hinder a person from seeing the sun, fill

the mental sphere with illusions and prevent the light of truth from entering the soul. The perverted will of man creates perverted desires, and these call into existence the illusive images of things which have no real existence, causing him to see the truth, not as it is, but merely as a distorted reflection."

"Never think," explained the Hierophant. "The worst thing a Chela can do is to think. Think of nothing! The less a man thinks, the more he knows."

"That is very easy," acquiesced Mr. Green. "I must have been a yogi all my life, I see."

"The internal perception and understanding of truth," continued the Image, "constitutes true meditation, by which the union of the soul of man with his own real divine Self may be accomplished. The practice of *yoga* has for its object to obtain control over one's thoughts and emotions, and to penetrate by the power of interior thought, deep down into the sanctuary of the temple, where, upon the innermost altar, slumbers the divine spark which each human being has received from the power that called him into existence. Not the ntellectual speculation of man, only the divine spirit within the soul can penetrate into those depths and reveal to man the mysteries of divine being. Who can know these divine secrets but he who has himself experienced the divine state? Who can form an intellectual conception of that which is inconceivable to the imagination? If anyone desires to know the truth, let him rise above that which is earthly. Let him fix his whole consciousness in the mirror of that which is eternal; let him fix his soul in the sublimity of the divine Ideal; let him fix his will in the supreme Power within and by the exercise of divine Love transform his entire being into the image of his divine Self. He will then be able to see and to hear and to feel that which can only be perceived by those who, in this world of errors, can rise above its illusions and live in that heaven of truth."

"Can you give us the astronomical direction in which the heaven is located?" asked Captain Bumpkins. "Please state the exact number of miles in regard to its distance from Urur, and how long it takes an average spirit to reach it?"

"Alas!" replied the Image, "you are too far from the truth even to conceive of the distance."

"Is it Krashibashi who is now talking?" inquired the Hierophant.

No response followed.

"I think he is gone," said the Hierophant.

"He must be an awful nice gentleman," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I could listen to him for hours, if one could only understand what he means."

"The trouble is that one is not always sure who of them is talking," continued the Hierophant. "Sometimes it is Krashibashi, at other times it is Rataramorubatchi, and then again it may only be one of the inferior Chelas. I have therefore made some arrangements with Krashibashi so that there will be no mistake. I make him give me a sign with the thumb of the Image, so that I should always know whether it is he."

"Did he give you the sign?" asked Mr. Green.

"Not this time," replied the Hierophant, "and I have my doubts as to whether it really was Krashibashi, because he spoke such incomprehensible gibberish. Who ever saw a divine spirit? What does he mean by that spirit

revealing to man all sorts of things? I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, what we want is facts and not speculations. I am a scientist. If anyone wants to make me believe that he is an Adept, let him levitate himself; let him write an occult letter or make himself invisible. We do not want to be preached at. We want something tangible."

"But then," said Mrs. Honeycomb, "he spoke so nicely about love and how it transforms one's whole being. I had some experience of that. When I was married I was an entirely different person."

Mr. Green heaved a sigh.

Such and similar conversations took place frequently at Urur, and while Pancho was astonished at the profundity of the thoughts uttered by the Image, he was equally surprised at the way in which they were received by the Hierophant and his followers. The most exalted ideas were rendered ridiculous by being misinterpreted and misapplied. The Talking Image spoke of things of which the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom could form no conception. Moreover, they had never agreed about a definition of terms, and applied the same words to things which were very different from each other. Thus the story of the building of the Tower of Babel was repeated again, and will always be repeated as long as men do not possess a true conception of the things they are talking about; for whenever they seek to build a system of thought concerned with those transcendental regions where the material perception ceases and the true ideal begins, their conceptions differ, and a "confusion of tongues" takes place.

If the doctrines of the talking Image were misunderstood even by its own immediate followers, it is not surprising that when they reached the general public they were still more misrepresented and their meaning distorted. Especially its utterances against the abuses of so-called religion, and against the wiles of priestcraft, were looked upon by many as attacks upon the spirit of religion; its denial of the existence of a mutable and entra-cosmic God was misconstrued into a denial of Deity, that universal divine Power, pure and self-existent, which causes the attractions by which all forms are created.

There were many who saw in the Image nothing but a destroyer of their own cherished opinions, and they were not slow in denouncing doctrines which they were incapable of comprehending.

Truth is welcome to everyone so long as it does not come into conflict with one's adopted opinions or with one's own personal interests; but when it appears in the shape of an enemy seeking to destroy beloved hobbies and prejudices, which are parts of our very selves, grown into our flesh, it becomes hateful and is driven away. Thus the truths pronounced by the Image were now persecuted by the intellectual but unspiritual scribes and pharisees, distorted and crucified, as in times of old, and The Image itself was denounced by the clergy as being the instrument of the devil.

The jealousy of the African scientists became awakened, for their knowledge was to a great extent a mere belief on accepted authority. How could an Image dare to know things about which respectable bookmakers and University professors knew nothing? Such effrontery could not be tolerated. The point of view from which these scientific critics looked upon transcendental matters was far lower than that of the unknown intelligence that spoke through the Image.

They were used to stick to externalities and small details. They were not able to conceive of the Unity of the All and to follow the Image into the higher regions of abstract ideas, where form ceases to exist. Hence they soon joined the clergy in their vilifications and persecutions of the Talking Image of Urur, and spoke and wrote a great deal against it.

While the enemies of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom thus did their very best to make its name known all over the world, those who belonged to it spent all the power at their command to ruin still more effectually its reputation. There were many who, like Pancho, Mr. Green and Mrs. Honeycomb, had not the faintest conception of what self-knowledge means, and who, nevertheless, imagined it to be their duty to enlighten the world about things which were entirely unknown to themselves. They mistook "wisdom" for a belief in certain statements supposed to come from the Mysterious Brotherhood; and the rubbish published by them was often sufficiently intolerable to frighten away for ever any honest investigator. In fact the S. D. W. assumed an entirely sectarian character, and differed from other sects only in so far as it advocated more superstitions than the rest.

Mr. Green became the obedient servant of Madame Corneille according to directions received from Krashibashi. Meeting her in the garden he apologized to her for his rudeness, and begged her to become his *guru* and guide.

"I will consider the matter," said Madame Corneille, "but you will have to submit to some tests to try your obedience."

"I shall do all you command me to;" urged Mr. Green, "because I want to become a real and accepted Chela, as soon as I can."

"Very well," she said, "bring me a stick."

Mr. Green went, and soon returned from the woodshed with a stick of dry wood, and handed it to the housekeeper.

"And now I shall throw this stick as far as I can," said Madame Corneille, "and you will pick and bring it back to me."

"But, Madame Corneille! . . ." groaned Mr. Green.

"Just as you please," she interrupted. "If you do not obey, you can leave it alone. The consequences will fall upon yourself."

"Oh, but I will! I will! . . . Certainly!" stuttered Mr. Green.

On flew the stick. "Now, *apporte!*" she ordered in French.

Mr. Green proceeded to move gravely in the direction of the stick.

"Hurry on!" she commanded.

He quickened his steps as much as his dignity would permit him, but Madame Corneille was not satisfied. She ordered him to run, and Mr. Green had to run, and to bring the stick back to her. She then threw it in another direction and made him run for it again, and she repeated her "test" several times to the great amusement of the servants who were watching the spectacle.

"Now, Mr. Green," said Madame Corneille, after he had become fully exhausted and was panting for breath, "you will have to report to me every day the exact state of your feelings. You know that Krashibashi can read all your thoughts. If you should keep any of them secret from me, he would become extremely displeased. Take good care not to forget anything in your confessions."

Mr. Green promised to obey, and henceforward he confessed his thoughts

every evening to Madame Corneille. He told her about a sweetheart whom he had left behind, in the old country, and whose name was Minnie. He had promised to marry her; but that was before he had known anything about the Mysterious Brotherhood. When he saw opening before him the bright prospect of being selected for Chelaship, with all the rights and privileges attached to such a position, he had abandoned his Minnie. He now confessed that he was still thinking of her a great deal, and would be pleased to have her as a co-partner in chelaship; but he had been told that this could not be done.

As Mr. Green advanced in his chelaship, he became conscious of being beset by temptations of various kinds. Some of these were as terrible as the trials through which the Hierophant himself had passed unscathed. For instance, there were a number of mango trees in the park of Urur, and as the fruits began to ripen, a negro woman of advanced age was set to watch over them lest they should be pilfered by the boys. The natural charms of that negro woman attracted Mr. Green's attention. Ignorant of the reason why she walked daily up and down in the vicinity of the small house in which he resided, and which was situated in the garden, he persuaded himseif that she had been sent by the Mysterious Brotherhood as a *temptation* to test his moral character. But Mr. Green was not so easily caught in the snares as that. He could see through it all; nor did he wish to evade the temptation. So taking his chair out on the porch, he sat on it for long hours, watching the woman, and setting his teeth—he resisted the temptation to the bitter end.

Pancho's temptations were of a different kind. He thought a great deal of Conchita and it seemed as if some invisible powers were continually trying to drag him back to his home. Still, he did not wish to return. For what little he had heard from the Talking Image seemed to him of far greater importance than everything else in life. Sometimes he feared he was not doing his duty in remaining so far away from his wife, and that the latter might be in need of him. He was, therefore, very glad when, about a month after his arrival, he received a letter from Conchita in answer to the one he had written to her from Hong Kong, and found it full of affectionate words. Among other things it contained the following passage:

"Do you know, my beloved one, how delicious it is to give oneself up entirely and without reserve to the being we love; to be absolutely in his power, to belong to him fully, body and soul? Surely such a love, to which one gives up one's whole being to be absorbed by him whom we love, cannot be sinful or selfish. Such is my love. My body is here, but my soul is with you. There are a thousand invisible threads which seem to drag it out of me, so that it may fly away and be united with your soul. Our spiritual seances have been discontinued, but in the place of it I am making psychic experiments. Juana has brought a man who is said to be a good mesmeriser, and who can put people into a trance so that they become clairvoyant. By his aid I hope to loosen the links which hold my soul to this helpless body, so that it may follow you across the sea and become cognizant of your presence.

"As to your returning, I will only say: Do not return before you have completed your investigations. When you return I want you to belong to me as fully as I belong to you. I am longing to see you, and waiting to welcome you back to my heart; but I have no other will than yours. Stay as long as you

consider it necessary, and whatever you may decide will always have my entire consent."

Pancho did not exactly like the idea of Conchita having a man to magnetize her, but on further reflection he thought that, if it amused her, it might, perhaps, help to divert her mind. He felt a great relief at having received Conchita's consent to his staying as long as he wished, and in return, he was as perfectly willing to give her his permission to continue her psychic experiments if she could derive any satisfaction from them.

"How strange it is," he thought, "that we cannot love two objects at one and the same time with the same intensity of power! If we love one, the other is sure to be neglected. If I love Krashibashi with all my heart, Conchita has to have less of my love. If I love Conchita, Krashibashi will not be attracted to me as he is, and will not give me his secrets. What shall I do?"

"Simpleton!" murmured an interior voice. "Will you never be satisfied that Krashibashi exists nowhere outside of your own imagination?"

"Let his name be what it may," argued Pancho, "I know that there is some power, and a high intelligence external to myself. I have seen the rosy light absorbed in the head of the Image. Why could not the same rosy light enter my head? Why could not the Master communicate with me? There is some mystery in this, and it will be of no use for me to return to my wife before I have found it out."

By special permission of Madame Corneille, who was the chief and supreme keeper of the Shrine, hoping to clear his doubts still further, he obtained another interview with the Image. This was an extraordinary favour, for the Image was not accessible to all persons at all times, but only to Madame Corneille and to Messrs. Malaban and Ram, who were real and accepted probationary Chelas, while the rest were only titulary ones (save Mr. Green, who was now a real titulary and probationary one). Nor was it customary to permit anyone to see the Image alone, without being accompanied by one of the Chelas, to carry out the prescribed fumigations to keep evil spirits away.

On this occasion, however, Pancho received little satisfaction from the Image, which seemed to give forth merely a reflection of his own thoughts. It repeated in substance the same sentences that were contained in the letter which Pancho had received through Mr. Puffer, and in which it was said that "he who desires to devote his services to the Mysterious Brotherhood must do so with his whole heart, his whole mind, implicitly and without any reserve," etc.

"Why is it that the occultist is not permitted to have a wife?" asked Pancho. "Did not King Solomon have 700 wives and 300 concubines, and was he not the wisest of men?"

"It is not so much the external associations of the body as the associations of the mind, which hinder the seeker after truth to find his own divine self," replied the Image. "Let him who desires to unite himself with truth beware of forming adulterous connections with false opinions and unholy feelings. He who embraces the views of another person and imagines that he has thereby come into possession of self-knowledge is deluded. Matter is not superior to Spirit, nor Form to Principle. External conditions alone cannot prevent Spirit from rising above Matter, if it really desires to rise above it, or to obtain the knowledge of truth."

"Where can we find truth?" asked Pancho.

"He who knows the *One*," replied the Image, "knows All. He who knows the many, knows nothing."

"But who is the One?" asked Pancho. "And where will I find it?"

"The One is everywhere, and the fruit upon the tree of Knowledge does not ripen by its own efforts. Everything will be accomplished in the fulness of its own time."

"But if I can accomplish nothing by my own efforts," said Pancho, "what is the use of trying to work at all?"

"No one can give to himself that which he does not possess," replied the Image. "He can do nothing more than throw away that which is an impediment to his unfoldment. All light comes from the interior sun."

"But when will that light appear?" still went on Pancho, and the answer came:

"Blessed are those who can live in time as if they were in eternity, and in eternity as if they were in time."

"What does this mean?" he asked.

No answer followed, and no further response could be elicited from the Image.

Pancho desired very much to know who the ONE was, whom one should know to know everything. He asked the Hierophant about it.

"Can't you see," answered Captain Bumpkins, "that it is Krashibashi? If you once get acquainted with Krashibashi, he will tell you everything."

CHAPTER XI.

INTRIGUES.

WHILE Pancho is staying in Africa seeking for Light, it is our duty to see what Conchita is doing.

For a couple of weeks after Pancho's departure, a deep melancholy took possession of her mind. Even her spiritualistic séances ceased to interest her, for, however wise were the sayings of "Purity," they consisted in generalities regarding morals and religion which contained nothing new to Conchita; they did not give her any satisfactory information as to what her husband was doing and when he would return.

If she could have risen up to the clouds, and followed with clairvoyant vision the ship that carried her truant lover away, she would have been happy. She would have given worlds to have her inner sight opened even for one short moment of time, and to see Pancho's thoughts. She knew that such things could be done, there was abundant proof in the history of spiritualism, and in the annals of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, to show that persons at the moment of death had appeared to their friends in distant countries. Why could not she do the same? Why could not she die for a moment and go to see Pancho and then live again?

The idea of becoming a clairvoyant took entire possession of Conchita's mind, and began to envelop her reason. Juana had already told her of a

man who had extraordinary powers of developing mediumship and clairvoyance in others and she made up her mind to ask Juana to introduce him to her.

"Mr. Smith," answered Juana, "will be ready at any time to attend to your orders."

Mr. "Smith," who in reality was nobody else but Mr. Hagard, came, and at his first visit Conchita felt an indescribable repugnance to him. Something—was it her own clairvoyance, or intuition?—seemed to tell her that this person was dangerous. Nevertheless her curiosity overcame her repugnance; she concluded to try the experiment and "Purity" predicted that it would be successful.

Mr. Hagard was not entirely without psychological powers. He knew how to influence weaker minds by the power of his superior will, or to use a modern phrase, to "hypnotize" them without their knowledge and he often made use of this power in making bargains. Once, merely for the purpose of testing his power, he had willed three of his friends, young men of good character to go to certain place and get drunk; he watched them as they left, one after another, and before midnight, he had the pleasure of seeing that they were so beastly drunk that they had to be carried off by the police, and moreover two of these three young persons, who heretofore had not been addicted to the use of spiritual liquors, now took to drinking without any further hypnotization and were now drunken sots, unfit for business of any kind.

Conchita submitted to be "magnetized" by "Mr. Smith." Every evening Mr. Hagard would come, and putting his hands upon Conchita's head, who at first shrunk back at his touch, he would pour streams of vile and gross material thought, impregnated with evil will into her mind. In this work he was assisted by the wily Juana who acted upon Conchita's imagination by giving real or pretended "spirit-communications" and "Purity" gave her blessing to the work of destructlon. Gradually thoughts and feelings which had heretofore been unknown to her began to grow within Conchita's mind, to fill her soul with desires whose nature astonished her and to load her imagination with pictures of a repugnant character. Whether or not any other means were taken to poison Conchita's will and imagination, we are unable to say; it is only stated that, incredible as it may appear, the image of Pancho became gradually less prominent in her mind, and was displaced by an inexplicable affection for Mr. Hagard. At first Conchita was astonished at this change and laughed at its absurdity; but the link was now formed and grew stronger every day until it was too strong to be broken.

Some poet says that vice, seen too often and becoming familiar, is first endured, and at last embraced, and one of the greatest modern occultists says that any inordinate desire or thought having once taken root within the mind may become developed and take form, gaining power over all other desires, thoughts and actions, clouding and enveloping the understanding and at last destroying the supremacy of divine Reason.

Conchita perceived that she was losing her own self, and that another "spirit" was taking possession of her, but it was now too late to reject the intruder. Her thoughts and her manners became changed; she began to feel pleasure in things which she had formerly abhorred, she laughed at Mr. Hagard's frivolous jokes and wept afterwards because she had been so foolish as to find

them amusing. She accepted Mr. Hagard's invitation to visit places of public amusement with him, and, to make a long story short, she became strongly attracted to Mr. Hagard, while somehow she hated him from the bottom of her heart.

Once, in the beginning of this strange infatuation and some six weeks after Pancho's departure, she received a letter from her husband, which he had written from Hong Kong and she answered it as we have seen in an affectionate manner; but after this, Juana took good care that no more letters from Africa were received by Conchita, while the communications received from the "spirits" went to corroborate her suspicion that Pancho had found another charmer in Africa. In Conchita's mind, the image of Pancho faded away in spite of her efforts to hold it and Mr. Hagard's will took possession of her heart.

At last she was attacked by a severe spell of sickness for which the doctors could find no appropriate name in their books on Pathology; but which they classified as "Hysteria." For a long time she seemed to be at the point of dying, and when at last her physical health returned, she was very much changed. But we will not run ahead of the regular course of events.

While this drama was being enacted in San Francisco and Conchita's ruin accomplished, intrigues of a different kind took place at Urur.

The Hierophant had made great friends with Mrs. Honeycomb, and Madame Corneille's authority was on the wane. She was an intelligent woman and of keen perceptions, and could easily foresee that the time was coming when Mrs. Honeycomb would oust her from her position as high priestess of the Shrine. She was cordially hated and feared by all the Chelas except Mr. Green, who in obedience to the orders received from Krashibashi was now the accepted disciple of Madame Corneille, confessing to her all his little secrets and sins and obeying her orders in all things. Thereby he expected to obtain the favour of the Mysterious Brotherhood and to have the time of his probation shortened.

Of the existence of Krashibashi he had no doubt. Not that he had any other proofs of his existence except the letter found at the foot of the Image, but was this not enough? Moreover, his existence was believed in by many respectable persons, and to doubt it would have been undeniably a grave offence, which Krashibashi would have resented. Therefore, Mr. Green did not dare to disbelieve in him. Most of the time he sat in his room, thinking of this Adept, and gradually the latter took form in his imagination. A dark-looking face appeared to him in his dreams, and was preparing to speak. Knocks and raps were heard in Mr. Green's bedstead, at which he was at first very much frightened. But one night he took courage, and asked, as loud raps were heard:

"Who is there?"

Then a faint voice, as if coming from a great distance, spoke and said:

"It is—me—Bro—brother,—Kra—shi—ba—shi."

It nearly frightened Mr. Green to death, and he hid himself under the bedclothes. But in the morning his courage returned, and since then he became convinced that he was rapidly progressing towards adeptship.

But to return to Madame Corneille, we may also see what she is doing.

Let the reader take some of the magic salve which we herewith present to him and anoint his eyes. He will then see what is taking place in the room of Monsieur and Madame Corneille and listen to their conversation.

Monsieur Corneille is sitting on a sofa, smoking his pipe, while Madame stands near the window, watching the clouds.

"*Fermez la porte, ma chère!*" said Monsieur, "and tell me a leetal vat you know."

Madame Corneille went out upon the verandah, and examined carefully to see whether anybody was listening. Having satisfied herself that no one was near, she returned and locked the door.

"This Mr. Green," she said, moving a chair to the sofa, and seating herself by the side of her consort, "has told me that Bumpkins promised Mrs. Honeycomb to give the Image into her charge. I tell you, our position here is no longer secure."

"*Mais*," replied Monsieur Corneille, "you can write a letter and send away Monsieur Bumpkin."

"True," answered Madame Corneille; but that would only delay the crisis, for he will return again. I am seriously thinking of accepting the proposal of the Rev. Mr. Sniff, who offered to pay me a good round sum if we will only deliver the Image to him."

"'Ow much will Monsieur Sniff pay?"

"Mr. Sniff," said Madame Corneille, "has no money; but he acts in the name of the bishop, and what Mr. Sniff promises is just as good as if the bishop had promised it himself."

"*Nevare!*" exclaimed Monsieur Corneille. "I do not believe in ze promises of Monsieur le bishop, nor in ze promises of Monsieur Sniff. I prefer to 'ave ze money in my pocket."

"I will go and see him," said Madame Corneille, "I think he will pay well if we destroy the Image."

"*Eh bien!*" answered Monsieur Corneille; "you may try a leetal."

Madame Corneille prepared herself to drive to the city, and M. Corneille went to see the coachman to order the carriage.

Mrs. Honeycomb's time was very much taken up with preparations to fight the Black Magicians. She had placed vessels with oil of vitriol not only in her own chamber, but in nearly all the rooms of the house. She had attempted to see the Black Magicians in the magic crystal which Captain Bumpkins still had in his possession, but she had seen nothing. She therefore made up her mind to buy a large looking-glass and to prepare it herself according to certain rules and incantations prescribed in an old book dealing with sorcery. She was walking across the compound, when she saw Madame Corneille coming out of her rooms fully dressed.

"Are you going to drive to the city, dear?" asked Mrs. Honeycomb.

"Yes, dear," replied Madame Corneille. "I am going to make some purchases Can I do anything for you?"

"I think I will go with you," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I have not yet had a good look at the city, and I want to select a good mirror."

Madame Corneille did not care for company on her errand, and so she said that it was quite impossible for her to take anyone. "The day is hot and it will be too hard for the poor old horse to carry a third person besides myself and the driver," she added.

"I will wait then until to-morrow," answered Mrs. Honeycomb. "To-morrow I will go out shopping, and you can remain at home."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Madame Corneille, "but it is my business to attend to the shopping, and I would never dare to trust my horse to a stranger."

"I thought," replied Mrs. Honeycomb, "that the horse belonged to Captain Bumpkins, and that I had as much right to it as yourself?"

"It has been put into my charge," snapped Madame Corneille, "and I shall see that my animals are not ill-treated."

"Do you mean to insinuate," asked indignantly Mrs. Honeycomb, "that I am in the habit of ill-treating animals?"

"You are a stranger to me," replied Madame Corneille, "and I know from yourself the way you treated your husband."

"I must confess," cried the other, "that I am not accustomed to such language. It seems that in Africa one can learn all sorts of things. When I was at Saratoga, my friend the Countess Carnivalli. . . ."

"Do not trouble yourself to give me lessons in etiquette; they are not appreciated."

"Nevertheless it seems that you need them very much," retorted Mrs. Honeycomb.

"All I have to say," replied Madame Corneille, "is, that if the looking-glasses at Urur are not large enough to show off your beautiful figure, you will have to go to the city to buy another mirror at your own expense."

"People living in glass-houses should not throw stones," hissed Mrs. Honeycomb. "I heard Captain Bumpkins say that you had goggle eyes and a crooked nose."

"My face is good enough for my husband," answered Madame Corneille; "but I doubt whether you will ever catch a man again, in spite of all the arts you may practise before your looking-glass."

"Perhaps I had a more intelligent husband than you seem to have," was the snub.

"And perhaps many more than I had," sarcastically grinned Madame Corneille.

Pale with rage Mrs. Honeycomb turned and walked away, and Madame Corneille entering the carriage ordered the coachman to drive to the city. We will follow her there.

We see her alight in front of a shop where she makes some purchases. She then motions the coachman to wait for her return and walks on foot through several streets and narrow lanes until she arrives at a stone wall enclosing a garden. There she stops at a door over which is a cross hewn in the stone. She rings the bell, and presently a Hottentot opens the door. He seems to know her, for he nods as if in answer to a question. Madame Corneille enters the house and walks directly to the Rev. Sniff's room.

Rev. Sniff is a serious looking gentleman in clerical clothes. His narrow forehead is crowned with thin blonde hair. A large mouth with thin lips, the upper of which is very protruding, seems to divide his smooth shaven face into two halves from ear to ear, while his sharply pointed nose and his projecting chin seem to be attracted towards each other, giving him the appearance of a nut-

cracker. Nor is this comparison entirely out of place; for Mr. Sniff had cracked many a hard nut in the interest of his church, and by his eloquence and the unctuosity of his manners he had caused many an inheritance to slip away from it lawful heirs, for the benefit of his congregation.

When Madame Corneille entered the hall, he was reading a novel, but for some as yet unexplained reason no sooner did he heard a step than he hid the book under a sofa pillow and took up a ponderous bible. When he saw Madame Corneille he smiled and rubbed his hands.

"Welcome, my daughter," he said. "I am always glad to see a faithful member of our blessed church. May I ask you what brings you here this morning?"

"I just dropped in to see how you were doing," she replied.

"Thanks to the Lord," said Rev. Sniff, "my health is very good. But how are things at Urur? Are the devils there still having it their own way? Is there no sign of repentance or change of heart?"

"Some more devils have come," rudely replied Madame Corneille, "and they will soon begin tormenting you unless we put an end to their game."

"You are right, my daugther, and I see that you are in a good Christian mood. When you were here last, you seemed to have some doubts with regard to the propriety of destroying the devil's tool. I rejoice to see that the Lord has at last opened your eyes; and hope that you have not forgotten the sacred teaching of your childhood, when at your holy confirmation you were made to promise allegiance to our blessed church. Let us destroy this framework of falsehood which the father of lies has invented the better to blind the eyes of those whose souls he would lead to eternal predition."

"We have to make a living, Mr. Sniff," coolly observed Madame Corneille. "If we work for the church, we expect to get paid by the church."

"My dear Madame Corneille," was the soft reply. "He who serves the altar is entitled to get his living from the altar, says the Bible: will you help us to do away with the Image?"

"That," said Madame Corneille, "depends on the conditions we are offered. If we can agree. . . . How much are you willing to pay?"

"The servants of the Lord are poor," replied the Rev. gentleman. "Why should you care for silver and gold which rusts and is destroyed by the moth? What are all the joys of the earth compared with the blessings which you will receive when you appear before the Eternal; when you receive your heavenly reward in Paradise for having been a successful co-labourer in the sacred cause of religion and gained a victory over the devil!"

"You may as well spare your breath, Mr. Sniff," said Madame Corneille. "I am not so easily discarded with fine talk. For all the jewels which pave the streets of your heavenly city I could not buy a mess of baked potatoes. It's quite right that christianity should gain a victory; but how much are you willing to give for it?"

"O, Madame Corneille!" exclaimed Rev. Sniff. "I actually believe that the poison which these wicked heretics—whom may the Lord destroy—have poured into your ears, has not yet been eliminated from your system. But let me tell you that an influential friend of the church has put a thousand dollars at my disposal, which I may use as I see proper, to advance the cause of religion."

"A thousand dollars!" contemptuously chuckled Madame Corneille. "Why Captain Bumpkins or Mr. Green would give me twice that amount, if I would only betray the plot to them. Say ten thousand, and then we may begin talking."

"Oh, my sister!" groaned Mr. Sniff. "How would you expect to find ten thousand dollars among those who have forsaken the vanities of this world? The missionary funds are almost exhausted, and there has been no famine this year. If I do all in my power, I may perhaps bring up the subscription to two thousand."

"I shall come some other time, when you are better disposed," said Madame Corneille, turning to go.

"Stay!" cried the Rev. Sniff, "Suppose I should collect three thousand; what guarantee can you give that we shall succeed in confounding this work of the devil?"

"I will destroy the Image," she replied.

"This is not enough," said Rev. Sniff. "Above all it is necessary that you should destroy its reputation; show that all that it has done, has been accomplished by tricks, ventriloquism, and slight of hand."

"All this is easy enough."

"Then you will have to show that all its messages are the work of the devil," he continued.

"How can they be the work of the devil if they are done by ventriloquism?" inquired Madame Corneille. "The two statements are incompatible."

"That does not make any difference," said Sniff. "People do not reason so deeply. The more theories the better. Each one may then select the explanation that suits him best. Those who do not believe in the devil may choose ventriloquism, and those who do not belive in ventriloquism may go to the devil."

"I will attend to all that, but not for three thousand dollars."

"I could not give a cent more; we could not afford it, times are too bad. Doubt and irreligion are on the increase, and the number of infidels are growing at a fearful rate. Scepticism is rampant. It has ceased to be looked upon as a crime, and the authority of the church is openly disregarded. The churches are empty and contributions scarce. If we get a heathen converted, he costs us a great deal more than he is worth. There are numbers of these rascals whom I have baptized a dozen times over, whose faces I know, but who come to me each time under another name so as to get their fee. See the money they cost us. It is only by casting our bread upon the waters that we can expect to get a return.

"I will consult my husband about it," she said.

"Let me know your decision to-morrow. And now, farewell, my daughter: and may the blessing of the Lord be upon you, so that you may succeed in your undertaking."

So saying, the Rev. Mr. Sniff gave his blessing to her, and Madame Corneille went away rejoicing over the money which she expected to get. Mr. Sniff watched her through the window, and as he saw her pass out through the door, a malicious grin crept over his face, and he whispered, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." He then snapped his fingers, and took from under the pillow the novel which he had hidden away

Had Pancho bought the magic mirror, recommended to him by the Hierophant, he would undoubtedly have been able to see that there were some disorganizing elements within the folds of the S. D. W. He would have perceived the devils of vanity, conceit, envy and avarice enter within the sacred precincts of the temple, in spite of Mrs. Honeycomb's vessels with vitriol; and that they had all one common leader—a great Black Master Magician, an expert in creating illusions, whose name was "SELFISHNESS." Even the magnetism which the Chelas had accumulated by letting their hair and nails grow to an enormous size did not prove strong enough to serve them as armour, and protect them against the attacks of these unseen enemies. Messrs. Malaban and Ram disliked all non-Africans, and especially those Europeans who were presumptuous enough to aspire to Chelaship in the Mysterious Brotherhood. This was a right which they believed to belong to Africans alone, as the Brothers themselves were said to be of the African race. Neither Mr. Malaban nor Mr. Ram had ever been outside of Africa, nor did they know the least thing about European civilization and science. As a benighted inhabitant of China looks upon all foreigners as barbarians, so these African *Chelas* considered all Europeans as inferior beings.* Mr. Malaban was a descendant of a noble family of Hottentots, while in the veins of Mr. Ram ran the blood of the Caffirs. Both of these gentlemen were co-editors of the "Light from the Shrine," a journal which expounded the views of the leaders of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. Mr. Malaban's writing's were very much in demand, on account of the self-assurance with which he wrote about things of which he knew absolutely nothing. Mr. Ram wrote little, but talked a great deal. Once the flow of his eloquence had started there was no means of knowing when it would stop.

If we enter the editorial room we find Malaban and Ram holding friendly converse. Both are squatting on the floor, and smoking their pipes. Mr. Malaban had just finished writing an article for the "Light from the Shrine," and reads it to Mr. Ram. It is as follows:

"WESTERN SCIENCE AND ITS ABSURDITIES.

"Some Western 'scientists' have again dished up the absurd statement that the moon could not be inhabited, because, as they say, there is neither water nor air in it. One of our 'esteemed correspondents'—of course, a European—is innocent enough to ask us whether we believe in that statement. We will not waste our time in entering upon a lengthy examination of the question how these so-called 'scientists' can know that there is neither water nor air in the Moon, as they have never been there themselves. All we wish to say is that it has been stated over and over again and repeated in the pages of the 'Light from the Shrine,' that there are beings that can live without water and air; and we are, moreover, informed by a higher authority than ourselves, that there is a very ancient book called 'Gulliver's Travels,' which gives an exact description of the inhabitants of the Moon. The time, however, for such revelations to be given out to the world has not yet arrived; nor are we, ourselves, permitted to give out any detailed accounts in regard to the nature of the lunar inhabitants, as such mysteries are not to be divulged to the vulgar. But we

* And had they known anything they would have felt the more justified, since they would have found Europeans treating publicly as "niggers" Aryan Parsis, and the highest of our very Christian land, talking of the Aryan Hindus as an *inferior* race.—[ED.]

warn our readers that they should pay more attention to what we write. If they cannot remember what we have already said, let them search the back numbers of our journal, as our time is too precious to be wasted in answering questions which have already been answered, and plainly enough to be understood by anyone gifted with common sense. Even if the bright side of the Moon were without water and air, there is no reason why the dark side of it should not have as much of it as is desirable, if not more."

"Hit them right!" exclaimed Mr. Ram. "Unless you talk plain English with these fellows, they will have no respect for you. The style of the article is vigorous. They will think it has been dictated by the Talking Image itself. But do you know anything about the inhabitants of the Moon?"

"Not I," replied Malaban; "but I heard Madame Corneille say to her husband that he looked like the man in the Moon. So of course there must be men in it."

"These stupid Europeans," said Mr. Ram, "seem to think that Krashibashi has nothing to do but to answer their foolish questions! Here is a letter from a woman calling herself the Countess of Carnivalli, with a request to submit it to the Mysterious Brotherhood. Listen:

'My Dear Sir.—I cry to you from the depths of despair. I perceive with horror that I am getting older and uglier with every day. I have read your article on the *Elixir of Life*, showing how youth and beauty could be restored. I entreat you, for pity's sake, to send me a bottle of that Elixir, with directions how to use it. Send it C. O. D. All charges will be paid. Yours with the greatest reverence,

'The Countess Carnivalli.'

"Here is another letter from London," continued Mr. Ram.

'*Office of David Solomon Hirsch.*

'Mr. Krashibashi Esq., Urur.—Dear Sir.—"Light from the Shrine" received and contents duly noted. Please forward, by return mail, price list of Philosopher's Stones and samples. We hope to dispose of several gross among Members of Parliament, City and Club men. How much is the amount of commission?—Respectfully,

'D. S. Hirsch.'"

"How can we send him a Philosopher's Stone?" remarked Malaban. "I have never seen one myself."

"Here is also an application for Chelaship," continued Mr. Ram.

'Dear Sir.—The undersigned longs to be admitted to Chelaship, and hereby promises the strictest obedience to any and all orders coming from unknown Superiors. Yours very truly,

'A. Singleton.'"

"He is a suitable person," saith Malaban. "He must be accepted."

"Here is another from Madagascar," said Mr. Ram.

'Captain Bumpkins.—Dear Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that I have been appointed by the "Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences,"

to go to Urur and investigate the claims of the Mysterious Brotherhood. If they prove to be satisfactory, the Brothers may be certain of the warmest support of our Society. I am here on this island for the purpose of obtaining a specimen of the Unicorn, in the interest of science; but I have not yet been successful. There would certainly be no better occasion for the Mysterious Brothers to prove their wonderful powers than by assisting me in securing a Unicorn. If they grant my request, please ask them also to let me have a specimen of the *Phœnix* for our ornithological collection. One that has already been reborn from its ashes preferred.—Yours very sincerely,

'H. BOTTLER.'"

"We will have to submit this letter to the Talking Image," said Ram.

"There is no need of bothering Krashibashi about it," replied Malaban, "I am his Chela, and if I answer it in his name it is just as good as if Krashibashi had written the answer himself."

"Malaban!" sounded a shrill voice from the top story of the temple. Malaban turned pale, and hurried upstairs to the room where the Image stood. It showed no signs of life, but from its interior sounded a voice, saying:

"Fool! Do not let me hear you say again that a letter written by you is just as good as one written by Krashibashi."

"I did not know," stammered Malaban, "that you were listening. I wanted to save Krashibashi the trouble."

"Begone," commanded the voice, "and do not plagiarize so much. It all falls back on me."

"How about the Unicorn?" asked Malaban.

"Tell the Bottler to come," said the Image. "Avaunt!"

Malaban retired with a reverential bow, but before he had fully descended the stairs, he heard himself called again. Once more he hurried upstairs.

"What are your orders?" he asked the Image.

"Nothing," it replied. "I wanted to say something, but I have changed my mind."

F. HARTMANN.

(To be continued.)

"A VOICE FROM OVER THE SEAS."

A QUESTION has reached the Head of the Esoteric section of the Theosophical Society, regarding the alleged representation of that Section in America. This question is accompanied by a cutting from the *Press* of April 21st, 1889, which reads as follows:—

"Dr. Elliot Coues, the Founder of the Gnostic Theosophical Society of Washington, is also *perpetual* President of the Esoteric Theosophical Society of America."

In reply, I most emphatically state that I am entirely ignorant of the origin or career of the above named "Esoteric Theosophical Society" of which Dr. Coues is said to be the "perpetual President," and that this gentleman is in no way connected with the Esoteric Section of the T. S. of which I am the sole Head; nor can I help thinking that the said *Esoteric* "Theosophical Society" is a *printer's mistake.* The only Esoteric Society which has any LEGAL right to the name "Theosophical" is that which Col. Olcott founded and chartered in London in October, 1888, for the proofs of which see LUCIFER of that month.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

A SOCIALIST'S STORY.

(MARY MERIVALE.)

THEN turned she to some shelter, but I paced
All night the shore, while eddying fancies chased
Their wraith-lights thro' my brain, and I could see
My life set picture-wise in front of me:
I saw the ill-built cottage damp and small,
Where scarcely room to lie might be for all;
I saw myself again a sickly child
Whose weary sleepless hours some thought beguiled
Watching the trickle of the freezing rain
That found my limbs thro' the worn counterpane,
And heard the weary sigh our mother gave
As still she stitched . . . . and then I saw a grave
And she lay in it, and my sister said
"The old disease has killed her, lack of bread!"
And then I saw myself grown tall and thin
Straining each nerve amid the hellish din
Of the vast mill, where myriad iron hands
Were always twisting myriad threads and strands
And where my task was to be at the call
Of each and everyone, a butt for all
When things ran smooth to tease and jeer at will,
But when they tangled it was harder still;
'Twas always "Damn the boy!" "The lazy lout!"
And kicks and cuffs and curses flew about
Till truly I grew dazed, the constant strain
Of listening 'mid that whirl had dulled my brain,
And scarce I heeded if they spoke to me,
The mill's hoarse raving seemed an angry sea
That roared and clamoured, stifling soul and sense,
Until one day an agony intense
Pierced thro' my lethargy, and I was fain
To wake to life 'mid bitter racking pain;
Bearing some load beyond my strength I fell
Into those iron fingers twisting well
Their daily dole of thread, and I could see
The bleeding wreck borne forth in agony,
Then all grew dark . . . . but slowly I was 'ware
Of gentle hands and eyes, and tender care,
And waking from the hideous dream at last

Wherein fresh pain marked each fresh day that passed,
I saw a clear pale face above my bed
Whose grave eyes held glad sunshine, as he said,
"Good morrow, brother! You have suffered long,
"But now your pain is over!" . . . . Like a song
Of home in some far distant land, so fell
His simple words, and I remember well
His very look, the least curve of dark hair,
That drooped o'er the worn forehead bending there!
The pain had gone, but still the weakness stayed;
I cursed it then, I bless it now; it made
My life a flower else had been a weed,
For swift he learned my story and my need,
And while his deft hands made my body whole
His words were balm that healed my wounded soul.
All loved the doctor! . . . Every anguished face
Would brighten at his coming, and the place
Seemed full of light and bloom and sweet fresh air
When his kind eyes had brought the sunshine there:
His life was like a sunbeam, tho' that he
Dwelt in the shadow every eye could see;
And slowly as my strength waxed he would teach
My mind with it to climb, till I could reach
From simple facts to causes high and dim
And peer clear-eyed beyond the foaming brim
Of one life into many, and be taught
The myriad changes that the ages wrought,
Now burying truth, now bringing her to light,
Now cursing wrong, now crowning it as right;
And still deep down below these shifting things
He showed how truth lived with those folded wings
One day she would unfurl, and soar on high;
Stronger than man is man's grand destiny! . . .
And then I saw myself, with pen that flew
To bear the knowledge, marvellous and new.
My spirit daily won, for now we twain
Held converse, as of friends, with heart and brain,
Seeking what good these later days might hold.
And he his science, I my journal's fold,
Bent straining to that search, and as we strove
He preached his gospel with untiring love,
And stress of brain and hand, and then there came
A rumour, faint and vague, of Mary's name,
And I strode forth, a Socialist, to spread
The mighty tidings, for the doctor said:

" See if a perfect life needs not the twain,
" Woman and man ; go, Christ shall come again
" In woman's form, the lessons that he taught
" Fall from her lips, sweetened by her sweet thought
" That sees instinctive what our science shows ;
" Stronger is love than hate, and whoso throws
" All personal aims on the world's intense fire,
" Shall find each flame a step to lift him higher,
" And as he rises thro' the sharp fresh air
" Of conquered sense, mightier to do and dare
" Shall wax the race ; no personal crown we see
" In the grand future of humanity !
" Hath not our science, with its heart of gold,
" Shown myriad changes, marvellous, manifold,
" Wrought by some shadowy vapour or faint gas,
" Or half-invisible powder, whose strength has
" Shattered the mountains, shaken down the hill,
" And strewn the ocean with gaunt wreckage, till
" We marvel what strong demon lay within
" The innocent azure ; and shall selfish sin
" Be mightier than the hills and rocks that frown
" From off the height of æons proudly down ?
" No ! science is truth and love, and shall prevail !
" Honour to all who strive, yea, tho' they fail,
" More honour still, so they deny not truth
" And in old age betray the dreams of youth !
" Perchance this Mary Merivale may be
" Light-bringer to our darkened century ;
" Perchance her very weakness in our sight
" Is as the hidden strength of dynamite
" To blast all selfishness and sloth and sin,
" And let the glory of the future in ! "
And so I left him and went forth to her ;
Yet sought her not at once, but 'mid the stir
Of cities, or the silence of the hills
I studied and I dreamed ; since he fulfils
His labour best who best has learned to know
Its danger and its pain . . . while high and low,
Whatever soul came nigh me, I would hail
With " have you heard of Mary Merivale ? "
Till folk named me " the seeker," and some few
Followed and hearkened seeking for her too,
And still wherever Socialists we met,
We spake her name and mission, and we set
As 'twere a body-guard around her way,

And then at last as we grew sad that day,
She stood amidst us, and my soul was fain
To follow her till death. . . .
All this gleamed plain
Before mine eyes, as pacing dreamily
I watched the night out by the quiet sea ;
And then I pondered o'er her words, and then
Thought of that watcher blessed above all men
Who waited for her in some small sweet home
Where, tho' she yearned to, she might never come ;
And marvelled at his blindness who could stay
When she who loved him had been borne away
By her great-hearted love for all the race!
Ah how the fierce blood tingled in my face,
"Would God some fate had set *me* by her side
"Perchance even now" . . . I strode on haggard-eyed,
But ere the thought was ended, lo there came
A faint rose-light, and sweet morn's oriflamme
Flushed all the waking east, and I was 'ware
Another day had dawned, and here and there
The little birds awoke, and sudden sprang
A-singing with light hearts, and as they sang
I saw her coming, grave and fresh, and fair,
The invisible crown set on her yellow hair,
And in her eyes such childlike purity
As slew the devil in the heart of me.
"Good morrow, brother," said she, and her face
Had made it good e'en in hell's torture place!
Then fared we on together, and we spake
Of those deep-hearted things that swiftly make
Or life-friends clinging closelier day by day,
Or mere acquaintance drifting swift away ;
Since all may be mere surface friends who know
Naught of the secrets hidden close below
The rippling stream of life, but once they reach
The depths that hold the jewels, on the beach
Of usual talk, the daily common-place
No more with shallow speech their souls can pace,
But wholly friends in hopes, beliefs, and aims,
Or wholly aliens they, while life remains! . . . .

EVELYN PYNE.

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann.)

(Continued from the April Number.)

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"THOU mayest be at ease," said Euphemie, "about all that has thrown thee into such doubt and fear; in fact, I am glad that things have happened as they have with regard to Hermogen, for now I both can and must speak with thee about several matters on which I have so long kept silence. Thou must admit that I have succeeded in conquering an exceptional mental mastery over everything that surrounds me in life, and this, I believe, is easier for a woman than for you. True, it demands nothing less than that, in addition to the nameless, irresistible charm of appearance, which Nature can bestow on a woman, there shall dwell in her that higher principle which fuses that charm into one with her intellectual power, and then rules it as she chooses. It is that peculiar, wonderful stepping outside of oneself, which enables one to look at one's 'Self' from an external standpoint, as an instrument serving the higher will to attain that end, which it has set for itself as the highest which can be achieved in life. Can there be anything loftier than to rule life in life, to bind, as with a mighty spell, all its appearances, all its rich pleasures, and force them to obey the absolute will of the ruler? Thou, Victorin, wast always one of the few who thoroughly understood me; thou too hadst set thy standpoint above thy Self, and therefore I did not disdain to raise thee as my royal consort to my throne in the higher empire. Secresy added to the charm of our alliance, and our seeming separation served only to give scope to our fantastic humour, which, as though for our amusement, played with the trivial circumstances of every-day life. Is not our being together now the boldest piece of daring which, thought of from our loftier mental plane, laughs at the powerlessness of conventional narrowness? Even in thy present strange shape and being, which thy garb alone does not produce, it seems to me as though the subtler elements in thee bowed before the higher ruling and determining principle, working marvellously outwards, changing even shape and form of the physical, so that it appears quite to accord with what was fixed for it. Now with this view of things springing up from deep in my being, thou knowest how thoroughly I despise all conventional narrowness. The Baron is to me a machine, grown disgusting to utter weariness, which, worn out in serving my purpose, now lies there dead, like clockwork that has run down. Reinhold is too narrow brained for me to pay heed to him, Aurelie, a good child, so we have only to deal with Hermogen—I have confessed to thee already, that Hermogen, the first time I saw him, made a marvellous impression upon me. I held him capable of entering the higher life, which I wished to open to him, and—was mistaken for the first time. There was in him something hostile to me, something which revolted against me in constant

active opposition, so that even the charm which enmeshed others against their will, repelled him. He remained cold, gloomy, unexpansive, and by resisting me with a strange, wonderful strength, he excited my longing to begin the struggle in which he should be conquered. I had already resolved on this struggle, when the Baron told me how he had proposed to Hermogen a union with me, but that the latter had declined it on any terms. At that moment, there shone through me, like a god-like flash, the thought of marrying the Baron himself, and so of clearing away at a blow all the little conventional considerations which often cramped me most unpleasantly: but I talked often enough over that marriage with thee, Victorin; I disposed of thy doubts by action, for in a few days I succeeded in making the old man into the most stupid and tender of lovers, so that he was forced to consider what *I* had willed, as the fulfilment of his own most cherished desire, a desire he had hardly dared to express. But deep in the background, there still lay in me the thought of revenge on Hermogen, a revenge that should now be easier and more satisfying. The blow was deferred, so as to strike truer and heavier. Did I know thy inner nature less well, did I not know that thou are able to rise to the height of my views, I would hesitate to tell thee more of the matter, now that it is over and done with.

"I set myself the task of understanding Hermogen in his inner being; I appeared in the capital, gloomy, absorbed in myself, and so formed a contrast to Hermogen, who lived, cheerful and merry, in the active occupations of his military service. His uncle's illness forbade all brilliant receptions, and I managed to avoid even the visits of my immediate surroundings. Hermogen came to me, perhaps only to fulfil the duty he owed his step-mother; he found me lost in gloomy thought, and as, surprised at the marked change in me, he enquired pressingly into its cause, I confessed to him, with tears, that the Baron's bad health, which he only concealed with difficulty, made me fear to lose him soon, a thought which was terrible, nay, unbearable to me. He was deeply moved, and as I then went on to describe, with an expression of the deepest feeling, the happiness of my married life with the Baron; as I tenderly and vividly entered into the minutest details of our life in the country; as I unfolded more and more in its full glory the Baron's splendid character, his whole being, so that it became more and more clearly evident how boundlessly I honoured him, nay, how completely I lived in him; as I did this, Hermogen's astonishment and surprise seemed to increase more and more. He struggled visibly with himself, but the power, which now like my very self had penetrated his inner being, conquered the hostile principle, which heretofore had resisted me; I was certain of my triumph, when he came again on the next day.

"He found me alone, still gloomier, still more uneasy than the day before. I spoke of the Baron and of my inexpressible longing to see him again. Soon Hermogen was no longer the same man; he hung on my glances and their dangerous fire fell blazing into his heart. When my hand rested in his, his often trembled convulsively and deep sighs escaped his breast. I had calculated rightly the highest summit of this unconscious exaltation. The evening on which he was to fall, I did not disdain even those arts, which are so much abused, yet ever repeated with so much effect. It succeeded! The results were more terrible than I had pictured to myself, and yet they only heightened

my triumph, by exhibiting my power in the most striking manner. The power, wherewith I had battled against the hostile principle which heretofore had expressed itself in strange presentiments, broke his spirit, he went mad, as thou knowest, though till now thou couldst not know its real cause. It is strange that the insane, as though they stood in some closer relation to the spiritual, and responded, so to say, internally, more readily though unconsciously to the spiritual principle in others, often perceive what lies hidden in us and express it in strange echoes, so that the gruesome voice of a second "I" seizes on us with an eerie shudder. Thus it may well be, especially in the peculiar relation in which thou, Hermogen and I stand, that he, in some mysterious way, sees through, and thus is hostile to, thee; but in that there lies not the smallest danger for us. Consider, even if he broke out openly with his enmity to thee, if he said: Trust not the disguised priest; who would take it for anything but an idea bred of madness, especially since Reinhold was so kind as to recognize in thee Father Medardus? However, it is certain that thou canst no longer work on Hermogen as I had willed and planned. My revenge is full, and Hermogen is now as useless to me as a toy thrown aside, and the more burdensome since he most likely holds it for a penance to see me, and therefore pursues me with his fixed, dead-alive looks. He must disappear, and I had thought of using thee to strengthen him in the idea of entering a cloister, and at the same time to render the Baron as well as friend Reinhold, the adviser, more inclined to yield to his desire, by making them the most pressing representations that the health of Hermogen's soul required once for all the cloister. In fact Hermogen is distasteful to me in the highest degree, the sight of him often gives me a shock; he must go! The only person, to whom he appears quite otherwise, is Aurelie, the pious, childish child; only through her canst thou act on Hermogen, and I will take care that thou comest into closer relations with her. If thou findest a suitable combination of external circumstances, thou canst also reveal to Reinhold, or to the Baron, how Hermogen has confessed to thee a terrible crime, on which naturally, according to thy duty, thou must keep silence—But more of this hereafter!—Now thou knowest all, Victorin, act and remain mine. Rule with me over this idiotic world of puppets that revolves about us. Life must yield us its most glorious pleasures, without cramping us in its narrowness!" We saw the Baron in the distance, and went to meet him as though engaged in pious conversation.

Perchance it needed only Euphemie's declaration of her life's tendency, to cause me to feel the superior power which, like the emanation of higher principles, inspired my inner nature. Something superhuman had entered my being, which suddenly lifted me to a standpoint from which everything appeared to me in another shape, in another colour than heretofore. The strength of mind, the power over life, of which Euphemie boasted, was to me worthy only of the bitterest scorn. In the very moment when the miserable creature fancied herself playing her loose and thoughtless game with the most dangerous entanglements of life, she had fallen a prey to the chance or the evil fate which guided my hand. It was *my* might alone which, fired by mysterious powers, could force her in her madness to mistake for a friend and ally one, who, only wearing for her destruction the casual outer appearance of that friend, held her like the very power of the enemy, so that no further freedom could be possible.

Euphemie seemed despicable to me in her vain, selfish madness, and my relationship to her the more hateful as Aurelie lived in my heart, and she alone was the cause of the sins I had committed, if I had still held as sin what now seemed to me the highest summit of all earthly pleasure. I resolved to make the fullest use of the power dwelling in me, and thus to grasp myself the enchanted wand and draw the circles in which all the appearances around me should move for my pleasure.

CHAPTER XII.

The Baron and Reinhold vied with one another in making my life in the castle as pleasant as possible: not the faintest suspicion of my relation to Euphemie awoke in them; on the contrary the Baron often said, as if in an involuntary outpouring of his heart, that only through me had Euphemie been quite restored to him; and this seemed to me clearly to indicate the correctness of Reinhold's suggestion, that some chance or other must have revealed to the Baron the traces of Euphemie's secret doings. Hermogen I seldom saw, he avoided me with visible fear and embarrassment, which the Baron and Reinhold ascribed to his shrinking from my holy and pious nature and from my spiritual power, which saw through his distracted mind. Aurelie too seemed purposely to shun my gaze, she avoided me, and when I spoke to her, she was shy and embarrassed like Hermogen. I felt almost certain that the insane Hermogen had expressed to Aurelie those fearful presentiments which made me shudder, but still it appeared possible to combat the bad impression. Probably at the Baroness' suggestion, who wished to bring me into closer relations with Aurelie so as to work upon Hermogen through her, the Baron begged me to instruct Aurelie in the higher mysteries of religion. Thus did Euphemie herself provide me with the means of attaining what was most glorious, in the thousand luscious pictures that my glowing imagination had painted for me. What else was that vision in the church, but the promise of the higher power acting upon me, to give *her* to me from whose possession alone the calming of the storm could be hoped, which, raging within me, flung me hither and thither on its tossing waves.—To see Aurelie, to be near her, even to touch her dress, set me on fire. I could feel the burning blood-stream mount to the mysterious workshop of thought, and thus I spoke of the wonderful mysteries of religion in fiery pictures, whose deeper meaning was the lustful madness of the most burning, craving love. Thus the fire of my discourse, like electric shocks, should penetrate Aurelie's interior, in spite of her resistance.—Unconsciously to herself, the pictures I had cast into her soul should unfold themselves wonderfully, and appear more glowing and fiery in their deeper meaning, which then should fill her breast with foretastes of unknown pleasure, till, tortured and rent with nameless longing, she should throw herself into my arms. I carefully prepared myself for the so-called lessons with Aurelie, I made my discourse more expressive; attentively, with folded hands and lowered eyes, the pious child listened, but no movement, not even a low sigh betrayed any deeper action of my words.—My efforts brought me no further; instead of kindling in Aurelie the destroying fire which should lay her open to seduction, the conflagration in myself only grew fiercer and more agonising.—Mad with pain and lust, I brooded over plans for Aurelie's destruction, and while

I feigned bliss and delight with Euphemie, there sprouted in my soul a burning hatred, that, in strange contradiction, gave to my bearing towards the Baroness a something wild, terrible, before which she herself trembled.—Far from her was every trace of the secret, that lay hid in my breast, and, involuntarily, I was forced to give play to the domination which I was ever more and more assuming over her.

It often crossed my mind to end my pain by a well-calculated act of violence, to which Aurelie should succumb; but when I saw her, it seemed to me as though an angel stood beside her, shielding, and protecting, and defying the might of the enemy. A shudder then quivered through my limbs, and my evil purpose grew cold. At last I hit on the idea of praying with her; for in prayer the glow of meditation streams out more fiercely, and the most secret stirrings awaken and lift their heads as upon roaring waters, they stretch out their polyp-like arms to seize on that unknown, which shall still the nameless longing wherewith the breast is torn. Then may the earthly, proclaiming itself as the heavenly, boldly present itself before the excited feelings, and in the highest pleasure here below promise the fulfilment of the infinite longing; the unconscious passion is deceived, and the striving after the holy, the unearthly, is broken in the nameless, never known charm of earthly desires.—Even in the fact that she was to repeat after me prayers I myself had composed, I thought I detected an advantage for my treacherous intentions. So it was!—For kneeling beside me, repeating my prayers with heaven-turned gaze, her cheeks took a higher colour and her bosom rose and fell.—I took her hands as though in the ardour of prayer, and pressed them to my breast, I was so near to her that I felt the warmth of her body, her loosened locks hung over my shoulder; I was beside myself with maddening longing, I threw my arms around her in wild desire, already my kisses burnt upon her lips, on her bosom, when, with a piercing cry, she freed herself from my arms. I had not the strength to hold her, it was as if a flash of lightning streamed down, shattering me!—She fled rapidly into the neighbouring room! the door opened and Hermogen showed himself on the threshold, he stood still regarding me with the fearful, horrible gaze of the wildest insanity. Then, summoning all my strength. I advanced boldly towards him, and cried in a tone of defiant command: "What seekest thou here? Begone, thou madman!" But Hermogen stretched out his right hand towards me, and spoke in a dull and shuddering tone: "I desired to fight with thee, but I have no sword, and thou art Murder, for drops of blood stream from thy eyes and hang in thy beard!

He disappeared shutting the door violently, and left me alone, grinding my teeth for rage at myself, for having allowed the power of the moment to sweep me away, so that now a betrayal threatened me with destruction. There was no one to be seen; I had time enough to regain my manhood; and the spirit that dwelt within me soon showed me the means of avoiding all evil consequences from this bad beginning.

As soon as it was possible, I hurried to Euphemie, and with daring rashness recounted to her all that had happened with Aurelie. Euphemie seemed not to take the matter as lightly as I should have wished, and I could understand that, notwithstanding her boasted strength of mind and lofty view of things, yet

petty jealousy could find room within her. Moreover she might well fear that Aurelie would complain of me, and so the nimbus of my holiness be dimmed, and our secret endangered. From a feeling of shrinking that I cannot explain even to myself, I concealed Hermogen's appearance on the scene and his terrible piercing words.

Euphemie was silent for a few minutes, and stared at me strangely, seemingly lost in deep thought.

"Doest thou not guess, Victorin?" she said at length, "what glorious thoughts, worthy of my mind, are now streaming through me?—But thou canst not yet unfold thy wings to follow the daring flight I am ready to begin. That thou, thou who shouldst sweep with full mastery above all life's appearances, canst not kneel near a passably pretty girl without embracing and kissing her, surprises me, little as I grudge thee the desire that sprang up within thee. As I know Aurelie, she will be full of shame and silent over what has happened, and at the outside withdraw herself under some pretext from thy too passionate teaching. Therefore, I do not in the least fear those annoying consequences which thy light-mindedness, thy uncontrolled lust might have produced.—I hate her not, this Aurelie, but her simplicity, her quiet piety, behind which lurks an unbearable pride, irritate me. Never, although I did not disdain to play with her, never have I been able to win her confidence; she remained shy and unexpansive. This disinclination to cling to me, nay this proud avoiding of me, awakens in me the most unpleasant feelings. It is a sublime idea to see the flower broken and fading away, which now so prides itself on the wealth of its gleaming colours! I grant thee the carrying out of this sublime idea, and means shall not be wanting to reach the end easily and certainly. The guilt shall fall on Hermogen's head and crush him utterly!" Euphemie spoke further about her plan, becoming with every word more hateful to me; for I saw in her only the common criminal woman, and much as I thirsted for Aurelie's destruction, since only through it could I hope to escape from the boundless agony of insane love which tore my breast, yet Euphemie's co-operation seemed to me despicable. I therefore, to her no small astonishment, refused her proposal, for inwardly I was firmly resolved to carry out through my own strength the project in which Euphemie wished to force her assistance upon me.

As the Baroness had conjectured, Aurelie remained in her room, excusing herself with an indisposition, thus withdrawing herself from my teaching for the next few days. Hermogen, contrary to his custom, was now much in the company of Reinhold and the Baron, he seemed less withdrawn into himself, but wilder, more violent. He was often heard speaking loudly and emphatically, and I noticed that he regarded me with looks of suppressed rage, whenever chance brought me in his way: also the bearing of Reinhold and the Baron changed in a few days in quite a strange manner. Without in the least diminishing the attention and respect they had previously shown me, it seemed as if, oppressed by a wonderful premonitory feeling, they could not find that hearty, friendly tone which had hitherto enlivened our conversation. All that they said to me was so forced, so frosty, that, tormented as I was by all kinds of conjectures, I had to make a real effort to appear natural.

Euphemie's glances, which I could always interpret aright, told me that some-

thing or other had happened, which had specially disturbed her, but all day long it was impossible for us to converse unobserved.—

In the depth of the night, when all in the castle had long been asleep, a tapestried door opened in my room, which I myself had not noticed, and Euphemie entered in a state of excitement such as I had as never yet seen in her.

"Victorin," she said, "treason threatens us; it is Hermogen, the insane Hermogen, who, put on the track by strange premonitions, has discovered our secret. By all kinds of allusions, sounding like the gruesome, terrible oracles of some dark power which rules over us, he has inspired in the Baron a suspicion which, without being clearly expressed, yet pursues and tortures me. Who thou art, that under this holy garb Graf Victorin is hidden: this seems entirely concealed from Hermogen; on the other hand, he maintains that all the treachery, all the deceit, all the destruction which will burst upon us, lies with thee, nay that, like the evil one himself, the monk has entered the house, and inspired by some devilish power, broods some damnable treachery. It cannot go on like this; I am weary of the restraint that the childish old Baron puts upon me, who, as it seems, in morbid jealousy will anxiously watch my every step. I will cast aside this toy, that has now become wearisome, and thou, Victorin, wilt the more readily bow to my wishes, as thus thou escapest at once the danger of being at last detected and so of seeing the lofty relationship that our genius has created, sink down into a vulgar, commonplace disguise! The tiresome old man must be removed, so let us consult how this can best be done, but first hear my opinion. Thou knowest that every morning, while Reinhold is occupied, the Baron goes out alone into the mountains, to solace himself in his own way with nature. Slip out before him and try to meet him at the gate of the park. Not far from here there is a wild, gruesome mass of rocks; when the wanderer has climbed them, there yawns before him on the one side a black bottomless abyss, there, jutting upwards over the abyss, is the so-called Devil's Seat. The legend goes that poisonous gases rise from the abyss, which stupefy and drag down to certain death the rash mortal who dares to peer down into the depths, to discover what is hidden below. The Baron, who laughs to scorn the legend, has often stood upon that rock over the abyss, to enjoy the view which there opens before one. It will be easy to induce him of his own accord to lead thee to the dangerous spot; once he stands there, staring at the view, one powerful blow of thy fist releases us for ever from this feeble fool."—"No, never," I cried angrily: "I know the frightful abyss, I know the Devil's Seat, never! Away with thee and with the crime that thou wouldst have me do!" Euphemie sprang up, a wild light flamed in her look, her face was distorted with the raging passion that stormed in her. "Miserable weakling," she cried; "thou darest in dull cowardice to oppose what I have resolved on? Thou wilt rather bend to the shameful yoke, than reign with me? But thou art in my power, vainly dost thou writhe against the might that holds thee chained at my feet! Thou shalt execute my behest, to-morrow he, whose sight galls me, must have ceased to live!"

As Euphemie spoke these words, the profoundest contempt for her poor and feeble boasting came over me, and in bitter irony I laughed shrilly in her face, so that she trembled, and the deathly pallor of fear and deep dread overspread her face.

"Mad woman," I cried, "thou who dreamest of ruling over life, of playing with its events, have a care, lest this toy turn in thy hand to a sharp weapon and slay thee! Know, miserable woman, that I, whom in thy feeble madness thou thinkest to rule, that I hold thee like very fate fast chained and in my power; thy sinful play is but the convulsive writhing of the fettered and caged wild beast! Know, miserable creature, that thy lover lies dashed to pieces in that very abyss, and that in his stead thou hast embraced the very spirit of vengeance! Begone and despair!"

Euphemie staggered; she was on the point of sinking to the ground in convulsive trembling, I seized her and forced her through the secret door down the passage. The thought rose within me to kill her, I abstained without knowing it, for in the first moment after I shut the secret door I believed I had accomplished the deed! I heard a piercing shriek and the banging of doors.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY.

THERE has long been a pressing need for a book which shall contain 1. a clear statement of the fundamental truths upon which the system of thought known as Theosophy is based, free as far as possible from technicality, and uncomplicated by the details of the evolution of men and worlds, which belong properly to a more advanced study of Theosophy. 2. A plain and frank outline of the relation of Theosophy to Religion in general, and to various modern movements. 3. The truth in regard to some of the misconceptions and calumnies which are laid to the charge of the Theosophical Society.

These objects H. P. Blavatsky has endeavoured to fulfil in a book bearing the above title, now in the press, which will be published early next month, price Five Shillings.

The work is in dialogue form, and intended as much for the general public as for Theosophists, every effort having been made to render it as clear and complete as possible.

Theosophical Publishing Co. Ld.,
7 Duke Street,
Adelphi, W.C.

N.B.—Subscription Price, payable up to 31st July, 3/6.

Theosophical Activities.

"Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.'

—SHAKESPEARE.

"He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one."

—POPE.

"ATTENTION, THEOSOPHISTS!"

GROTESQUE contrasts and paradoxes are the very pith of our age. We might, therefore, permitting ourselves for once to follow suit, publish under the above title certain very *untheosophical activities.* But we prefer to leave the pages of our LUCIFER untainted with the recital of untheosophical backbiting, malicious calumnies and attempts to ruin our character. Those who would learn our answer (and that of trustworthy witnesses) to the slanders that find such a ready hospitality in a spiritual organ of America, are invited to turn to *Light* of June 1st, and June 8th, 1889.

All attacks would have been ignored and never mentioned could they, without danger to the Theosophical Society, but be relegated by us to that common pit of oblivion, in which crawl and hiss, struggling to come to light, all the venomous monsters bred by calumny, envy, hatred and revenge—most of them the progeny, alas, of those who, once upon a time, took pride in calling themselves, *Theosophists* (!!)

The old truism, that they whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad, is once more vindicated. Calumnies are effective only on the condition that they should not be so readily refuted. It is easy enough to bear false witness against one who is unable to establish an undeniable *alibi.* It is as easy, for a traducer to charge a person with having said or done that or the other, at a date when the accused and the accuser were both in the same country, if not in the same town. The credibility and likelihood of such accusations become, however, rather shaky if the accused party can furnish precise dates—awkward things to deal with—corroborated by numbers of persons to the effect that at the date mentioned he was 10,000 miles away, and did not even hold any correspondence with the accusing party. "One lie must be thatched with another, or truth will soon rain through," says a proverb.

The London *Light*, always fair to all, was forced to publish—or rather to *republish* from the Chicago *Religio-Phil. Journal—a very strange letter.* We may even say two letters in one, as the reader will see for himself. We call it "strange" because it is so transparent in its animus, so very *imprudent* and so easily refuted that both the writers—intellectual, and hoary with life-experience as they really are—seem to give themselves entirely away for a mere song, for the pleasure, one would almost say, of inflicting an ugly scratch, whether it reaches the person aimed at, or simply produces a commotion among the

innocent and the credulous ones who believe all they read. So evident are the motives of this joint production—spite and revenge—that, were we certain that no true theosophist would be thereby affected, we would have never gone out of our way to refute the silly invention. It seems almost undignified to even notice it, but truth had to be shown at all costs.

We wonder, when our Theosophists and public will have read, in *Light* of June 8th, our several answers, what will remain of Dr. Coues' denunciation of one who had never at any time been anything else than a true friend and defender of his? The "hoax" with which Dr. Coues charges Mme. B. in his letter thus returns home, part and parcel, to roost with the learned President of the *Gnostic* T. S. of Washington. May it do him good!

An American paper makes a great fuss over the reception made to Dr. Coues in New York by various people, theosophists and others, who in the words of one of the daily papers "united to honour him (Dr. Coues) *as a theosophist and a scientist.*"

As a Scientist, the Society and the public cannot *honour* the Smithsonian Professor too much; but as a THEOSOPHIST—Heaven save the mark!! Dr. Coues is a very eminent, world-known naturalist and ornithologist. But why should he, for all that, behave with his brother theosophists as if the latter were no better than geese, and try to *stuff* them as he does? There is a line of demarcation that has to be drawn somewhere.

And now we have a few more words to say to a *Weekly* in America. For years the R. P. *Journal* assumed the monopoly of denouncing and attacking us in almost every issue, and for years we have ignored it and kept silent. But for once, a month or so ago, we raised a mild protest in LUCIFER, simply remarking that our contemporary of Chicago repeated "unverified cackle." At this, the R. P. J., feeling very indignant, replies: "The JOURNAL does not repeat 'unverified cackle,' and unlike the Tartarian termagant has 'discretion' enough not to juggle.

Don't you "repeat unverified cackle" dear old Journal? And what do you call the lying Billingsgate of W. Emette Coleman, and above all your "Coues-Collins" letter, reprinted in *Light*, and answered in its number of June the 8th of last week? Or perhaps, you think the name "cackle" too mild and would like to replace it with the term "malicious slander"? So be it. As to your having "*discretion* enough not to juggle," no one has ever thought of accusing you of it. But you have constantly charged the same upon the "Tartarian termagant," and this without the slightest shadow of *real* proof. This is neither "*religious*" nor "*philosophical.*"—[ED.]

Esoteric Buddhism is decidedly on the brain of our journalists. This is what we read in the *Times* of the 8th instant. Take out the qualification, and you will have some truth in this:—

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.—Colonel Olcott, whose connection with "Esoteric Buddhism" is well known, is at present making a tour in Japan. He has been well received by the Buddhist priesthood, and is delivering lectures all over the country, advising the people to maintain the principles of the Buddhist faith and not to change for western doctrines of any kind. At a lecture in Tokio on the necessity of a religious basis for education, he began by comparing the free and upright bearing of the Japanese with that of the natives of India, who seemed to have lost the sentiment of nationality. Living in an atmosphere of disregard, if not contempt, for their old traditions and customs, taught to value only foreign systems and philosophies, the Indian spirit of patriotism and

independence had been numbed. Their men had become submissive and cringing. But the Japanese bore themselves as free men, and in congratulating them heartily upon it, Colonel Olcott called upon them not to prostrate themselves at the shrine of foreign civilization. He added that the Theosophical Society had done much in India and Ceylon to direct men's attention to the faith of their forefathers and to the past of their country, and he warned his hearers not to judge Western civilization by its superficial aspects, for beneath these lay enormous misery and distress.

Colonel H. S. Olcott is decidedly a Buddhist of the Southern school, and a very convinced and earnest one; but why should the *Times* make of him a follower of Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* instead of Gautama the Buddha's Dharma? This is a trifle, however, and the above extract does give some faint idea of the really great work which our President has been doing in Japan. Of course a *Times* writer cannot be expected to fully understand what Col. Olcott's real mission has been, and he forgets entirely to mention that the main idea was to weld together the Buddhists of India and Japan by showing them that the true fundamental character underlying all the Buddhist religious schools is the same, and by making Theosophy the connecting link. In a letter just received from Col. Olcott he says that he has delivered 49 lectures, and expects before he leaves to give a dozen more—that his travels have extended over 900 miles of territory, and that his addresses have caused a deep and permanent excitement. The students of the Tokyo Imperial University Higher Schools of the Metropolis have formed a Young Men's Buddhist Association *à la* the Y. M. C. Associations of the West. Several magazines have sprung up, and to his horror, one is called *Olcotti!*

Our President will probably reach England in August, and during September and October he hopes to take a lecturing tour in England and Ireland. The arrangements for this will soon be commenced, and much assistance can be given by Theosophists in various parts of the country, who will kindly send information to Herbert Coryn, Secretary of Theosophical Lecturing Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. as to the opportunities of obtaining halls (with terms, etc.) in towns where audiences are likely to take interest in the subject of Theosophy.

THEOSOPHICAL LEAVEN.

NEARLY two months after date of publication, the February number of LUCIFER has reached me in the out-of-the-way corner of the world where my lot is cast. The whole devoured with customary eagerness, there is one article in particular which has impressed me deeply, and suggested many thoughts. I refer to the second article, by Mrs. J. C. Ver Planck, entitled "Theosophy in Daily Life." I should like to be permitted to express my sense of indebtedness to the writer, and to thank her warmly for the soul-stirring appeal which, as the mouthpiece for the time being of the Cause, she has made to her fellow-members. May the response be swift and abundant! Surely no Theosophist worthy of the name can read Mrs. Ver Planck's glowing words without responsively catching fire, without being roused to do more, and more practical, work for the race he professes to love so well.

The whole spirit and tenour of the paper is so admirable that it would be no easy task to discriminate between part and part in respect of stimulative and energizing value. But if the distinction had to be made, I should feel disposed to give the award to the latter part of the second paragraph on page 451. For the writer there emphasizes that aspect of practical Theosophy which of all is perhaps most frequently forgotten or neglected by the Fellows. To live in the world while not being of it, has in all ages been the task of tasks. How often the ardent aspirant feels as if it would be a comparatively light thing to "leave all, rise up, and follow" the Truth! But to remain amongst low and degrading associations, chained to occupations which involve constant contact with some of the unloveliest aspects of poor humanity, obliged to hear and see much the very hearing and seeing of which deadens and dulls the inner ear and eye—to be thus, without hope of escape, and yet to feel called to a higher and nobler life, is an experience as painful as it is common. And the *crux* lies in the attempt to reconcile the following of the lofty aim with the due discharge of the responsibilities laid upon us by Karma. To steer a straight path between the two extremes of abuse and neglect is the first, and, in some points, the hardest lesson.

As the passage referred to indicates, the true Theosophist is in danger of forgetting, in his aspirations after spiritual development, that he is still a man among men, bound to his fellows in a thousand ways and solemnly called upon to discharge properly the ordinary duties of life. To discharge them *properly*, mark; not perfunctorily, anyhow, so only that they be got rid of with the least possible expenditure of time and energy. It is the failure to apprehend this, a failure springing from a misconception of what constitutes that august reality called DUTY, which is the cause that the charge of iciness, unhumanness and stony-heartedness is so often brought against those who strive to purify themselves, whether they be Theosophists in name or only in spirit. And, as pointed out, it is a terrible mistake, a sorrowful pity. The world wants melting not freezing. For its redemption it needs, it is true, the gods above; but it also needs warm and loving hearts of flesh below, by the side, at the right hand and the left. As I heard it well expressed by a brother-Theosophist lately, the ideal at which we ordinary folks should aim—we, who are not within reach of even the lowest rank of Chelaship by a hundred incarnations or more!—is to be wholesome men and women, taking our part outwardly with willingness and without reserve in the occupations proper to humanity in its present stage of development, good citizens, good business men or housewives, good companions, able to play with the children, to laugh at the innocent jest, to lighten the gloom of life by tiny candle beams of cheerfulness as well as by flashes of revelation; and yet at the same time to strive in the silence of our hearts after enlightenment and purification with all the ardour of which we are capable. Inwardly let the Theosophist be aspirant, student, disciple, ascetic if he will—and wisely may; outwardly let him be cheerful,

bright, natural, human. Otherwise, he will only repel where he longed to attract; do harm where he most wished to do good.

As to the exceptional cases mentioned by Mrs. Ver Planck in the next paragraph but one:—It may perhaps be asked by someone, "How can I be sure that I am not one of those exceptional persons who ought either to withdraw wholly from the world, or at any rate to have nothing to do with it beyond what they must for purposes of obtaining mere sustenance or making direct spiritual effort for its improvement?" Good friend! do not worry, as our American brothers would say. That you can ask the question is proof positive that it is not as you surmise may perhaps be the case. If you were so called, be very sure that the call would be most unmistakably plain. If, studying the workings of Karma in the lines of our life (broadly, without attempting the precise analysis of details which only a very high degree of knowledge could enable to be made with accuracy and profit)—if, so studying, we find that our path lies naturally along the beaten tracks of daily life, from which we can diverge only at the price of duties neglected, hearts wronged, work left undone—then we may be perfectly certain that we are not yet ripe for anything but the ordinary human lot, that we are not yet fit to be .... other than what we are. If dissatisfied with what we are—why! it is open to us to change ourself, in the sure faith that change of environment will follow "as the night the day." But, while thus seeking to change our "specific gravity," do not let us forget that in the meantime we are HERE, and not YONDER; and that the time has not yet come for us to renounce companionship with the "common crowd." We can share their honest work without being worldly, their innocent pleasures without being frivolous.

So cordially do I endorse the spirit and most of the letter of Mrs. Ver Planck's article that it is with some hesitation I venture to express doubts as to the wisdom of the suggestions for practical Theosophical work made at the foot of p. 453 and head of p. 454. Hesitation—lest I appear to be lacking in sympathy with her aims; an appearance which would indeed be a delusion, "Maya"! For I am wholly at one with her as to the *end* to be striven for. The difference is merely as to the *means*.

Mrs. Ver Planck urges the formation of such distinctive agencies for social progress as "Branch Sunday Schools," "Branch Free Libraries," and the like. The following extract fairly summarizes her position:—"Not only should we join with outsiders in such good deeds as they have found to do, but we ought to have some distinctively Theosophical work of our own, first as individuals, next as Branches." If she enunciates this as a rule of universal application, I must differ from her.

Putting on one side India, one might count upon one's fingers the number of places where such distinctively Theosophical work could be commenced with any reasonable prospect of success—*i.e.*, of doing good

proportionate to the time, energy and money expended. India, of course, offers special advantages and facilities for such enterprises. Her children are already familiar with most of the foundation truths of Theosophy, The Society's work amongst them is one of revival, of resurrection; whereas amongst Westerns it is but too often a work of construction almost *ab initio*. And India is not honeycombed with already existing organizations of all kinds, as is the case with most European nations and their offspring. So that different standards of judgment must be applied to such dissimilar cases.

Turning from India and the East in general, we see in Europe, America, and elsewhere a few small groups of "True Believers," often separated from each other by long distances, and in only a few places—such as London and New York—so large in numbers and of such influence and resources as to be in a position to start purely Theosophical work on a scale worth the cost. Now, that in *these* places the Branches ought to boldly dare and grandly do is a proposition which is simply axiomatic. And the two centres above named, in producing "Lucifer," "The Theosophical Publishing Co.," and "The Path," have furnished comforting proof that our Fellows are sufficiently hot-hearted to burst into spontaneous flame when civilization rakes together a sufficient number of them. But I must demur to the proposition that the Branches ought one and all thus to "distinguish" themselves, in the literal sense of the word; and to the converse proposition, that the absence of such markedly Theosophical activity is an indication of apathy and indifference. *Dii avertite omen!*

What is the position of nine out of ten of the ex-Asian Branches? They are in cities, where social machinery of every kind—alike for damnation and salvation—abounds even to redundancy; where exist organizations of every conceivable kind for every conceivable purpose, supplied with funds, buildings, and trained workers. Now, would it be wise for a mere handful of men—perhaps some thirty or forty out of a population of as many thousands—to attempt to start new associations of their own, when the scale upon which they could build would of necessity be so limited, so insignificant? Would it not be much better for the Cause that they should throw themselves heartily into the already existing organizations (but only where, of course, they could do so conscientiously) and—without Jesuitry or deceit of any kind—*endeavour to permeate them with the leaven of Theosophical truths?* "The kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and *hid* in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."

. . . . . We should not too readily assume that, because our Branches are not engaged in enterprises which are openly and avowedly Theosophical, therefore the members are lukewarm and indifferent. Though it may be so in some places, it surely is not in all; nor can I believe it is so in most. For the Hidden Wisdom takes hold of a man firmly, if at all; and once penetrated with its influence, external manifestation of that influence in

some mode is surely almost inevitable. But it is a marked characteristic of the benign radiance which springs from the Wisdom of the Ages, that it inspires prudence as well as zeal, discretion as well as enthusiasm, patience that can wait, devotion that can achieve the crowning triumph, and efface itself. In many places the Branch, for a long time to come, can only be the *rendezvous* where members shall meet to encourage themselves and each other; to kindle afresh the fire of aspiration; to learn by teaching, and to teach by learning. But outside the lodge walls their influnce will have to be exercised for the most part gently and imperceptibly, even as the sun softens the hard earth—I trust my brother members not to misunderstand me. Of course I do not say that we are to be afraid to speak out. The man who does not do so when the occasion is suitable, the opportunity fitting, is a coward and a *fainéant*—or worse. But I do say that when members are so circumstanced that overt action would be ineffectual as the dashing of waves upon the rock, it will be better for them to saturate the earth upon which the rock rests and so to undermine it. To the average Philistine certain names act as the red rag to the bull. Then let us humour his amiable little weakness—drop names for the time being—and get him to take medicine out of unlabelled bottles. And . . . do not let us hastily conclude, because we see little, that litttle is being done.

Before we build, we have to lay
Foundations in the stubborn clay,
And spend ourselves for many a day
On work that never shows.

The last page but one of Mrs. Ver Planck's paper remarkably confirms the position I have taken. The "Credit Foncier of Sinaloa" (on learning of which I "thank God and take courage!" for I was a Socialist before I was a Theosophist, and Theosophy has purified but not emasculated my Socialism)—could such an enterprise have been established by Theosophists only for many long years to come? And could a Theosophist do better than fling his life with sublime recklessness into such a glorious undertaking, by whomsoever inaugurated? Better, beyond doubt, to have the Theosophical spirit in a Theosophical body; infinitely better! But when and where that cannot be done, and till that can be done, let us make the best use we can of existing agencies. Let us make modern thought "ferment" with the "leaven" of Theosophy, and in due time all we desire will follow.

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F. T. S.

Correspondence.

"MODERN SPIRITUAL HISTORY" AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.*

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

No doubt many of your readers will be aware that, for some considerable time, there has been published week by week in the *Medium*, what purports to be a "history" of the most imposing personages of Modern Spiritual History; but instead of a clear record, with a general view of both sides of the question being presented, it is only a reiteration—of what might appear on the surface—the most damaging points against the claims, as "Teachers" and "Leaders" of certain expressions of Modern Spiritual Thought. Whether it has succeeded in its object of vilification of the persons concerned, is more than doubtful.†

A careful perusal by your readers of the following correspondence will reveal that the "Editor of the *Medium*," with a generosity and charity characteristic of him, has refused to insert in his Journal a criticism on the conduct and motive for action of the "Author of Modern Spiritual History."

It is somewhat reassuring to learn directly from the "Editor of a Journal," after so much vilification, and so much smoke, that there is *no fire*, and *no accusation* intended against the personages named in "Modern Spiritual History."

It is more gratifying still to find, that the one-sided view of "Modern Spiritual History," as unfolded by William Oxley, had no purpose in view, and no object to serve; in other words, that the collection and presentation of only the assumed most damaging points against the personages figuring in "Modern Spiritual History," was purely a labour of Love on their behalf, and in the cause of Truth. How far any reasonable Being will accept from the "Editor of the *Medium*" such an explanation, it is not for me to say.

After more than twenty years' experience of the Journal in question, it is not strange to me to find such a source or avenue of public expression as in the *Medium*. It is so entirely antagonistic and averse to "Organization," "Personal Unfoldment," and "Personal Expression—in any form whatsoever," that no one, with ordinary powers of perception, who have week by week, and year by year, watched the gradual decay of the various efforts, under various names, made by the "Editor of the *Medium*" to found successfully "a Spiritual Institution" of light and leading, with himself as its despotic "head," (and possibly its "tail"

* We must apologise to our correspondent for the omission of part of his letter, as well as of some passages from the accompanying documents. This correspondence has been awaiting publication since March last, and the great pressure on our space renders its insertion *in extenso* QUITE impossible.—[ED.]

† We can assure our esteemed correspondent that the attempt made has proved a sad failure—in our case, at any rate. For years we have not read a single paragraph in the *Medium and Daybreak*, and feel as indifferent to its abuse or praise as the moon to the nocturnal howling of jackals.—[ED.]

too), can but perceive in these things THE CAUSE for the action it now pursues in such a wholesome manner.

Had the efforts of the assumed "head" of the "Spiritual Institution," been crowned with successful life as an "Organization," and as "a leading power of Spiritual Thought and expression," instead of a gradual decay of power and influence, we should have had no one-sided review, and no vilification of the life and labours of the personages named in "Modern Spiritual History," by William Oxley.*

Truly! How birds of a feather will flock together, and unite in a common cause, will only be too apparent by a careful perusal of the correspondence sent you herewith.

Both "Writer" and "Publisher" of "Modern Spiritual History," have much in common for the basis of their action. And while we cannot but seriously regret the failure of their noble and personal efforts to stamp a record "in history" as "Leaders" and "Teachers" of some kind of "Spiritual Thought," we cannot, in fairness to all parties, *admit their failure*, as a charitable ground of action, to denounce everything and everybody who make bold attempts with better success materially.

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No one can deplore more than ourselves the claim of a "Material Ego" to co-equal rights and powers with the "Godhead," or "Soul"; and while we may seriously regret—according to our unfoldment—such an injudicious claim and expression, we cannot lose sight of the fact, that we all possess in some degree a portion of that "divinity" which called us into Being.

The following letters are commended to the attention of your readers.

Believe me, yours,

A. D. BATHELL.

TO MR. JAMES BURNS.

SIR,— April 24th 1889.

Will you kindly accept the enclosed letter for insertion in the "Medium."

Of course! If you cannot in your judgment see your way to its early publication in your Journal, will you please oblige by returning the MS. to me by next post in the enclosed stamped envelope.

Every person connected with the Theosophical Society, and Mr. Oxley in particular, are undeniably unknown to me in a material sense—by any personal contact whatsoever, so that my letter is purely the outcome of an independent condition; being brought forward entirely in the interests of truth and justice as perceived by myself, and to reveal to the readers of your Journal the cha-

* The petty spite shown to us by Mr. W. Oxley, an *ex*-F.T.S., is very natural. An ardent Theosophist at first, but a still more ardent Spiritualist, this tender-hearted gentleman began by writing letters to one of our Masters, whose neglect to notice him, and his *Angelic Revelations*, hurt his feelings. Moreover, the criticism which *Busiris*, the ancient Aryan "Spirit" and SAGE in his "Philosophy of Spirit" received at the hands of Mr. Subba Row and other Hindus in the *Theosophist* (*Vide* No. of May, 1882 *et seq.*) was not calculated to make the flame of brotherly love burn brighter in Mr. Oxley's bosom. He would be more than an average Spiritualist, verily a sage or an Indian philosopher himself, had he accepted the just criticism in a brotherly spirit and never retaliated. But Mr. Oxley is not a philosopher, still less a sage! hence this laborious though vain attempt at *mud throwing*. We hope he will not catch cold during the operation.—[ED.]

racter of the "Accuser," thereby enabling them to judge for themselves the worth and value of a condition of things in Spiritual matters, which is much to be regretted.

Believe me, &c.
A. D. BATHELL.

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15 Southampton Row.
London April 25th 1889.

TO MR. A. D. BATHELL.

SIR,—

Certainly you are no "thought reader," or you would never have wasted yourself by supposing I could find time to read a childish and malicious rigmarole like enclosed. If I wished to damage the Theosophical Society, I would put forward such an apologist. No *accusation* has been brought against the T.S., or Madame B. in MEDIUM; only a "history" derived from the *public life* of the Society.

Mr. Oxley never put himself forward as a *Messiah.* Nor as the Recorder of a Circle did he take the responsibility of the proceedings. The "Mighty Power" operates through all mankind according to the measure of the man to receive it. Which may account for your scepticism on the point.

Don't bother me with any more of your nonsense. What you have learnt "without personal contact whatever," is only the evolution of your own uncrucified individuality.

Your obedient servant,
J. BURNS.

To the Editor of the "Medium, etc."

April 26th 1889.

SIR,—Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter of yesterday.

You are quite correct in your surmises. Facts are more valuable to-day than mere "thought-readings."

It was the *most distant thought* in my conceptions, to believe, after such a long experience of your Journal, that the "Head of the Spiritual Institution," and the "Editor of the Medium," would condescend to read and comprehend such "childish and malicious rigmaroles" as documentary facts, based upon actual experience. For such things as these are by nature foreign to most selfish influences, who see in themselves only a reflection of "Perfection."

My wish is in no wise to damage the Theosophical Society, or any other Society, but to speak the Truth as far as it is known to me. And at the same time to have something more tangible than mere empty words for a foundation upon which my Thoughts are developed. Such procedures, based upon actual experience, and borne out by documentary facts, need no apology, and fear no recoil.

"No *accusation* has been brought against the Theosophical Society, or Madame Blavatsky in the 'Medium,' only a 'history,' derived from the public life of the Society." Certainly not! It would have been more to the point and consistent with honour, had a direct charge been formulated against, not only the Theosophical Society, but those other noble men and women, who have endeavoured

—perhaps you would say, abnormally—to attract around them influences to unfold their alleged conceptions. Truly! This is a point far wide of the mark. The word "*accusation*" is not used once in the whole of my communication. There is a vast difference, in my opinion, between "a direct accusation" and "a gross vilification."

In matters of "history," it is usual to present a general view of both sides of the question. Whether Mr. Oxley has given a fair comment of matters in his "Modern Spiritual History," is open to grave debate.

How far the "Recorder of Angelic Revelations," *did* take the responsibility and sway of the proceeding of that assumed "Angelic Circle" is a matter of opinion, strongly open to question.

With an utter recklessness, and a total disregard of the commonest rules of moral procedure, YOU AVER, in the face of an undeniable documentary fact to the contrary, "that William Oxley never put himself forward as a 'Messiah,' or 'the Agent, or Actor, of a Mighty Power.'" By what Spiritual or Material Law can *you* answer for a Being apart from yourself? How do *you* know what Mr. Oxley has done? Are *you* the keeper of his Thoughts? Are *you* the governor of his actions? The unerring Guide and Counsellor of his life and Spiritual unfoldment? *If you are all these in reality, your averment* would not in the least efface from my mind those memorable words, written by Mr. Oxley himself, now before me:—

"I also have a work in that direction, as the Agent, or Actor for a Mighty Power, that you may, or may not, reckon with or without, as the case may be." And your wild assumption and vague generalities, that the "Mighty Power" referred to by Mr. Oxley was a "*general power*, operating through all mankind according to the measure of the man to receive it," is flatly contradicted by Mr. Oxley's own words. Otherwise, why does he state "That it is a *power* whom we may, or may not, reckon with or without, as the case may be"? If it were a general and universal power, operating through *all* mankind, it is beside the mark to question its right of action and influence in any degreè whatsoever. Such a universal influence would be paramount and primal in all things. The "Mighty Power" referred to by Mr. Oxley, was NOT a *general power*, but one presumed by himself to be specially in the ascendant to-day, and interested in his unfoldment and his material workings. To wit: The influences claiming to be the Authors of the expressions of "Angelic Revelations."

And with regard to my scepticism on this point of a "governing power," Mr. Oxley will tell you a very different tale. Perhaps it might be as well to aver on my own behalf, that the whole constitution of my Being has perfect confidence in the powers of the "Spirit and Soul, even to unfold a Material World, and to change its ultimate course of action by the mere flash of a single thought.

Beyond this communication, it is not my intention, at present, to "bother" you with any more documentary facts.

Whatever it has fallen to my lot to learn, "without any personal contact whatsoever," fortunately, is verified by hard, cruel facts, which you cannot truthfully gainsay. Hence, having no defence and no case, you deal in vilification instead of *Truth*, in empty words instead of Facts.

Whatever you may mean by saying "whatever you have learnt without personal contact is only the evolution of your own uncrucified individuality" is best

known to yourself. To my unfoldment, such a sentence has neither sense nor meaning. . . . . .

Now let me enlighten you with a few words of Truth.

Although my communication was addressed to the "Editor of the *Medium*," it was neither written nor intended for insertion in your journal, but for publication in another quarter.

Your states were so well known to me, that to attempt to question your despotic judgment — in any form — would be treated with the greatest discourtesy.

It was to obtain a document in your own handwriting, which the world could not gainsay, embodying your refusal to publish both sides of the question at issue.

It was further to prevent Mr. Oxley, and yourself, too, from being in a position to say that my communication was purposely published in a journal in which you could claim no right of reply or explanation.

Many thanks for having fulfilled to the letter both my wishes and the estimate of your character as to the justice and charity which you wisely bestow towards all classes of Thinkers and Writers.

Believe me, Yours most faithfully,

To James Burns. A. D. BATHELL.

To the Editor of the "Medium and Daybreak."

SIR,—

As a reader of the *Medium* since its very first inception—a copy of every issue being in my keeping—it is hoped that you will give me that latitude of public expression which you have so faithfully accorded to others.

My theme is in reference specially to the latest phases of "Modern Spiritual History" as unfolded in the *Medium*, by William Oxley.

It will be as well at the very outset of my remarks, so as to remove all false impressions, to state most distinctly that no more determined opposition, upon every plane of Being, was for years ever offered to some of the modes, expressions, and procedures of Theosophists, than has been offered by myself, and my attracted states. Yet, in deference to this long and continued opposition, there is no doubt now, that a climax has been reached, the limits of fair play and justice trampled under foot. That Society had been outraged, and the true facts of "Modern Spiritual History" somewhat violated, by an assumed "Leader of Spiritual Thought"—a veritable "Messiah," who, in his bitterness of spirit, and his jealousy, has seen fit to denounce in no unmeasured terms, coworkers like unto himself. And what are the facts of the case? Simply these :—

In the year 1873, there was formed in Manchester, a Spiritual circle, best known by the name of the circle of "Angelic Revelations." And many of your readers will remember, that in the year 1875, with a great flourish of trumpets, was published the first volume of those alleged "Angelic Revelations." Subsequent volumes followed until five had been issued. In the meantime, what about this "Circle of Angelic Revelations?" This mighty avenue of expression and Spiritual unfoldment? This generator of a "Male Messiah" in human form? Why! it had collapsed—fatally collapsed. Never more again to meet

in the material world. And what does Mr. Oxley say to me in his letter dated January 11th 1885, with respect to this particular point—this fatal and ignominious collapse. "I know sufficient to cause me to acquiesce in the wisdom and love of the course adopted." It is a grand thing when difficulties beset us and our passions recoil upon us, to acquiesce in the wisdom and love of a power that removes from our path what might develop into a serious rival.

. . . . . .

Were these the whole of the considerations involved, the matter might rest and be left in oblivion; but they are not. There are graver issues, graver considerations, so deep and so damaging to the "Messiahship" of Mr. Oxley, as to demand, in the interests of Truth, that the world should know them, should know the man, and the value of his expressions.

[Mr. Bathell here details the circumstances under which his correspondence with Mr. Oxley began, and points out the discourtesy of the latter's subsequent conduct. He then proceeds]:—

Mr. Oxley in a letter dated January 20th 1885, says:— "Your reference to Madame Blavatsky is quite in accordance with what has been told me, and which is stored up with other documents, referring to *my* association with the Theosophical Society, and what the result is to be."

Now, it is evident from this documentary fact, that in the year 1885, William Oxley was in association with the Theosophical Society. And there is a document in my possession from an official of the Theosophical Society, distinctly stating, "that Mr. Oxley had considerably bothered Mr. Sinnett, and entreated to be taken as a Chela," it being well known that his application had been declined. This was the result that he was waiting for, and to which he refers. How different would have been the issues, had his application been accepted by the Theosophical Society, is more than apparent.

Again! Mr. Oxley being incompetent to deal with my communications himself, wrote me as follows on February 10th 1885. "The present overture is for the purpose of asking Mr. A. D. B. if he would object to have the correspondence continued with another in the place of the writer, and Mr. A. D. B., may possibly know who the third party is."

A most astounding application. A most astounding admission of my being able to read "Thought states" correctly, and this, from a "Leader of Thought," a veritable "Messiah."

. . . . . .

[The gentleman referred to by Mr. Oxley was, says Mr. Bathell, a member of the T. S. and our correspondent complains of the treatment he received from both of them.—Ed.]

From long experience, Mr. Oxley reminds me of a man with a great sorrow; a man who has miserably failed in his own pretentions to "Messiahship." He is so laden with his sorrow, that he can find no better balm for his wounds than attempting to destroy by the most sweeping and unfounded assertions, based upon irrelevant matter, the noble, but somewhat crude attempts of those bold men and women, who, whatever their creed, whatever their unfoldment, have made a deeper imprint on the minds of men than the "Recorder of Angelic Revelations."

It would be as well, in the interests of Truth and justice, while Mr. Oxley is

publicly unfolding matters of "Modern Spiritual History," if he were asked to give a few facts concerning that alleged circle of "Angelic Revelations." What about the birth of a child from the surroundings of that assumed "Angelic Circle" presuming to be the "New Messiah in Male Form," but which, unfortunately, afterwards turned out to be a Female. Such points as this, and the serious and fatal collapse of that assumed "Angelic Circle," &c., &c., would form an interesting episode, a very crowning point for that "Modern Spiritual History," which Mr. Oxley, in his bitterness of spirit, has thought well to hold up to ridicule, and to say nothing of the merits the various "Leaders" may possess for minds less *subtle* than his own.

Verily! who should throw stones? Certainly not the "Recorder of Angelic Revelations."

Where are Mr. Oxley's direct documentary facts for his "Modern Spiritual History?" In his own possession? Certainly not.

What is the basis from which Mr. Oxley draws his assumed facts of "Modern Spiritual History?" From actual experience and contact with the persons concerned? No. Verily! most of them are gleanings from the fields of antagonistic states, mere surface effusions from interests involved in the highest degree. Far be it from my wish to uphold in their entirety any of the injudicious workings of those noble men and women, whose claims the "Recorder of Angelic Revelations" has already publicly considered. But let me be distinctly understood, in the interests of the common cause, to aver in all charity, that he who would cast the first stone at the great impulses and noble attempts—however crude—to unfold the Godhead anew, should at least be prepared with a conception of Thought, and a system of expression, more worthy of emulation than those they seek to destroy.

Madame Blavatsky (in a material sense a complete stranger to me), whatever her faults, whatever her unfoldment, can at least claim to have directed in some degree towards a spiritual shrine some of the greatest intellects of the age. She stands to-day, as she has always stood, the very expression and combination of an unfoldment, unique in its character, almost unfathomable in its process. A great and a mighty contrast to the "Recorder of Angelic Revelation."

Verily, extremes meet. On the one hand we have before us an influence, seeking by all the powers it possesses, both in craft and intellect,* to draw around her, by the most peculiar and subtile metaphysics, a galaxy of minds, to unfold her alleged conceptions of the Godhead. On the other hand, we have before us an influence, "the Agent or Actor of a *Mighty Power*," a "Recorder of certain alleged Angelic Revelations"—which it is more than apparent have utterly failed to attract material states—seeking by all the powers he may possess, with borrowed plumes, and hearsay evidence, to destroy the unfolding thoughts of a co-worker, whom he can never hope to equal, either in Spiritual conception or modes of construction and destruction.

These are the issues before us, and had they come when the flame of the East was high in the ascendant, brilliant in the extreme in its attractiveness and delusiveness, they might have been worthy of consideration; but as they come now, when that Eastern flame has been reduced by long persistent efforts

* Surely such an influence made up of "craft and intellect" must be the devil? We trust it is a *lapsus calami* of our kind defender.—[ED.]

to its proper limits and conceptions, it is only adding insult to injury for any one to seek to gain popular applause—the shouts of the mob for the trumpet of fame—as Mr. Oxley is doing, but attempting to vilify, under the name of "Modern Spiritual History," those bold men and women, who, regardless of the world's sneers, have made a greater mark on the world's record than he has himself been able to imprint upon it.

There is another point to which attention should be directed. Where was this valiant warrior, this "Agent—or Actor—of a Mighty Power," this "Recorder of Angelic Revelations," this assumed noble defender of the unfolding Spiritual Thoughts, when the battle was raging, when the fight was the fiercest, between what is termed "Spiritualism and Theosophy." Why! he was alternating himself in the direction of Theosophy, actually pandering to and in contact with—almost as a brother—a certain Mr. L—— (of Manchester) a prominent member of Theosophical Society, thereby hoping and entreating to gain power and position in that very Society, which he now denounces as a fraud and a delusion. Whether there are in the wide, wide world, such Beings as "Initiates," "Adepts," or "Mahatmas," in Occult and Spiritual Science, or men and women with a deeper knowledge and a greater understanding of the hidden mysteries than falls to the lot of the common humanity, is not in this letter under direct consideration. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Oxley, who claims himself to be the Agent, or Actor, of a "Mighty-Power," believes in the existence of such unfoldments and avenues of superior expression; for it is a fact, proved by documentary evidence, that he repeatedly addressed communications to the "Mahatmas" who have an interest in the Theosophical Society, and to Madame Blavatsky. But, with a wisdom and tact, and a keen sense of perception which the very letters unseen carried with them, and which some of us in the Western world might wisely emulate for the sake of our peace and contentment, they declined to answer him, on the grounds that he was not an influence to be trusted, and had done nothing to entitle him to their special confidence and consideration.

. . . . . .

Such procedures as are detailed in the foregoing, mark the man, and reveal to all honourable and consistent men and women what little value should be attached to such an inconsistent state and expression as the "Recorder of Angelic Revelations."

My communication is in nowise to uphold the procedures of Theosophy to the detriment of the Spiritualistic cause, for each, in their own particular domain, have as much right to live as the other; have purposes to fulfil, and knowledge to unfold, of which the world will do well to take note.

We have had the character of the *accused*, week by week, most freely ventilated in the columns of the "Medium," and as a matter of honour and justice to your readers we claim to present in public form, so far as we know it from actual experience and documentary evidence, the character of the *accuser*.

In conclusion, let me say that, to my mind, the *accuser* has committed as grave an outrage upon the public sympathies as he claims for the *accused*.

When we seek to lead the way, and to redress a wrong, we should at least have clean hands, a pure motive and a noble purpose. Can the accuser claim, in all honesty, one of those sentiments? If documentary evidence is worth

anything at all, the vilifications contained in "Modern Spiritual History," by William Oxley, are mere surface effusions, the reflections of a jealous mind, who, having miserably failed in his own pretensions to "Messiahship," or the "Agent of a Mighty Power" seeks, in the greatness and the bitterness of his fall, to destroy broadcast every other influence with like pretensions.

It is evidently a case—"As I have failed, none others shall succeed."

A. D. BATHELL.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—As we are very little concerned with either the pop-guns shot at us, or those who amuse themselves in shooting them, we at first hesitated to insert the above. Having so many of our own quarrels on hand, we were unwilling to meddle with those of others. We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Bathell personally; but since his letter throws independently such a flood of light on the *true causes* of the animus of some of our *ex*-Fellows—ever the most relentless in slandering the Society—we publish it most willingly.

Personally, we feel very grateful to Mr. Bathell for his considerate defence. As, however, the experience of several years has proved to us that every slander on the T. S. has only led to the increase of its members, and every direct attack against the Founders and lie about the modest editor of this journal, have invariably brought to the front unexpected and devoted friends, we feel rather unwilling to lose our dear and faithful detractors and slanderers. May they prosper and increase, the charitable and *truthful* souls! As the Khalif of the tale, who would not part with a beloved boil, for the latter helped to purify and keep his blood in good order, so we would not part—if it can only be avoided—with our active and amiable calumniators. They are the generous and volunteer scavengers of the Theosophical Society, so to speak, its vernal blue pill and black draught. Every malicious fib of theirs is an additional bar furnished to us *gratis* toward the erection of our Theosophical Eiffel Tower, and the future eminence of its architects. Dearly beloved enemies, pray let yourselves be entreated not to turn your backs upon us!

THE THIRD EYE.

The teachings contained in the second volume of the Secret Doctrine, respecting the Third Eye, throw a light on the problems which have aroused comparative anatomy and zoology, and bring these sciences directly in face of the teaching of the "Masters." If this had been done before, much trouble would have been saved, and the paper on which "Koot Hoomi Unveiled" was printed might have been applied to some more useful purpose. Let us see how modern science has laid down a foundation from which the Higher Teaching may be spread.

We have to consider the important memoir, which Sir Richard Owen published a few years ago.* In it he describes the conario-hypophysial tract, in detail, and traces out the pineal and pituitary bodies from man downwards, until in *Amphioxus*, where the cerebral expansion of the myelencephalon is too

* Aspects of the Body in Vertebrates and Invertebrates. 8vo. London, 1883. I may say that the word "conarium" which has been used by Professor Owen, is in every way more convenient than that of pineal gland. As the object is not a secreting gland, and (except in man) is unlike a pine cone, it is better to return to the old and in every way more elegant terminology.

feebly indicated, the homologue of any part of the tract in question has baffled Sir R. Owen's quest, unless the pore or ciliated canal leading thereto may be in such relation.

In the mammalian series it may be observed that in the lower and smaller members, as the brain loses in relative size and complexity, the "pineal" or conarial and pituitary or hypophysial bodies and connections show a relatively larger size, with a less parenchymatous and a less interrupted tubular structure than in the human brain. In the lower, if not lowest forms of the feathered class, Sir Richard Owen has noticed a groove in the basisphenoid bone, which leads to a foramen opening into the seat of the pituitary body. In Reptiles, however, the proportions of the conario-hypophysial tract to the cerebral hemispheres become greater, and a vascular chord is continued up from the hollow "pineal" part of the tract, beyond the cleft between the pros—and mesencephalon, to a contiguous opening in the bony cranial roof in a proportion of the class, which proportion is greatest* in the extinct members.† This "pineal" production perforates as a rule the parietal bone, but in some species the suture between that bone and the frontal, rarely the frontal bone itself, and then near the suture, always opposite the interval between the fore and mid-brains. Beyond this hole, commonly called *foramen parietale*, but which may preferably be termed *foramen pineala*, the upward continuation of the conario-hypopophysial tract or tube is closed by the scalp or supracranial integument. The characters of the parietal or "pineal" foramen in the genera *Galesaurus*, *Petrophryne*, *Dicynodon*, *Ptychognathus*, *Oudenodon*, *Kistocephalus*, and *Procolophodon* are described by Sir Richard Owen in the below cited work. In some of these genera the hole is unusually large. Similar characters are shown by *Trematosaurus Brauni* and by *Rhinosaurus Jasikovi*.‡ H. P. Blavatsky § gives a reference to a work by Forscheldt on *Labyrinthodon*, in which the "third eye" is stated to have existed. This statement is extremely probable, but I have not seen Forscheldt's work, the original type specimens of *Labyrinthodon* are in Germany, I believe, and the figures by Jaeger are not clear. *Ichthyosaurus longifrons* shows it distinctly, and it might be well expected to exist in *Labyrinthodon.*

Swedenborg, who as a comparative anatomist ranked higher than as a theologian, considered that "the pineal gland, the infundibulum and the pituitary gland elaborated the white or lymphatic blood of the brain." ‖ Henle described the pineal as a lymphatic gland. Meynert regarded it as a ganglion originating the pigmentum cells, which are of two sizes. Magendie concluded its function to be mechanical; that the pineal acted as a kind of a plug, obstructing the communication between the third and fourth ventricles. Balfour ¶ states that no satisfactory suggestions have yet been offered as to the nature of

* Owen, R. Monograph on *Ichthyopterygia* (Palæontographical Society, 4to. p. 94), plate xxiii. fig. 1, f).

† Owen, R. Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Fossil Reptilia from South Africa in the British Museum.

‡ Bronn, Lethæa Geognostica, Stuttgardt, 1855. Atlas, pl. xiii. fig. 12. Atlas, pl. xxv. fig. 1.

§ Secret Doctrine, vol. ii. p. 249.

‖ Swedenborg. The Brain considered Anatomically, Physiologically and Philosophically. By R. L. Tafel.

¶ Balfour. Comparative Embryology, Vol. ii., 257-258.

the pineal gland, but referring to its position external to the skull in Amphibia, he says that it there "forms a mass originally described by Stieda as the cerebral gland."

From a careful examination of the above facts, it may be concluded that the colossal Triassic reptile of South Africa, the great fish lizards of the Mesozoic age, and perhaps the Labyrinthodon, had a "third eye." In some of these animals the foramen through which the pedicle passed that supported the eye, was of large size. An examination of this foramen is sufficient to show that it was not produced by any deficiency in the formation of phosphate of lime in cartilage. It is in no wise comparable to a "fontanelle."

It may be assumed that the third eye of Ichthyosaurus may have been as richly endowed with sclerotic plates as the two other eyes. A restoration of the Third-Eyed Reptile, like those in the Crystal Palace, would give a peculiarly fearful idea of the features of the old saurian, which we could scarcely describe as

"*Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*"

The pencil of a good artist like the late Waterhouse Hawkins or E. W. Cooke, R.A., could have drawn such a Thing. The present generation is as deficient in elementary anatomy as in artistic taste.

Mr. W. H. Spencer's memoir was certainly the most brilliant contribution to the zoology of the subject. His scientific exactitude is beyond all praise, though his paper is certainly injured by the imaginary diagrams, which pledge the author to the evolution theory. He gives a diagram to show the development of the epiphysis from an internally placed eye in the "brain" of an ancestor common to *Tunicata and* higher *Chordata.* Those who from the standpoint of occult or anatomical knowledge, are unable to realise such an ancestor, cannot admire this diagram.*

However, the historical notices alone "endow" Mr. Spencer's paper "with artistic merit." Brandt,† in 1829, seems to have been the first who recognised that an internal modification existed in *Lacerta agilis* corresponding to the special scale. The external modification was also figured in Milne Edwards ‡ and Dugé.§ Forty years after, the Germans halting with tardy steps in the race for discovery, Leydig ‖ described the organ with clearness and described it as *Lacerta agilis, L. muralis, L. vivipara* and *Anguis fragilis.* Rabl Ruckhard, in 1882,¶ considered that the organ was devoted to recognise the presence of heat. The first to suggest that it was a rudimentary eye was ** Ahlborn. Van Wijhe *† contributed important facts on the development of the epiphysis. De Graaf *‡ was the first to show the resemblance between this structure and the invertebrate eye. Mr. Spencer, with praiseworthy exactitude,

* On the Presence and Structure of the Pineal Eye in *Lacertilia.* Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science. 8vo. Lond. 1887, pp. 165—238.

† Medizinisch Zoologie. Bard i., p. 160.

‡ Histoire des Lèzards. Ann. Sci. Nat. xvi., 50.

§ Genre Lacerta. Ann. Sci. Nat. xvi., 337.

‖ Arten der Saurier, 1872, p. 72, pt. 12.

¶ Entwickelung des Gehirns der Knochenfische. Arch. für Nat. & Phys. 1882, p. 111.

** Gehirn der Petromyzon. Zeitschrift für Wissenschaften, 1882, 230.

*† Canalis Neurentericus der Wirbelthiere. Zool. Anz. 1884, 683.

*‡ Epiphyse bei Amphibien & Reptilien. Zool. Anz. 29.

has investigated the history of this organ in twenty-nine (at least) different species of living reptiles.

He comes to the conclusion that "the pineal eye in *Lacertilia* is a rudimentary structure; that at the present time it is not so highly developed as it must have been at some previous period, when fully functional. It is indeed difficult to ascertain whether the structure is now functional at all."

Wiedersheim,* in a paper mentioned by Mr. Spencer, but which I have not yet seen, has argued that in *Varanus*, at least, the organ is functional and not rudimentary. Of Mr. Spencer's diagrams of the eye, I can say nothing but praise. A series of longitudinal vertical sections across the eye, within the parietal foramen and the pineal stalk, have shown that the eye, in whatever condition it exists in reptiles, is a structure that exhibits a true eyeball, a retina and an optic nerve. In a large proportion of lizards this internal structure is associated with the modification of an outward scale, which indicates the position of the third eye in living reptiles. The teacher who has inspired the author of the *Secret Doctrine* has told us of the races in which this third eye was in functional activity. It is indeed significant that it is in existing lizards, and serpent-like forms, that the *nahash* (נחש) should have preserved the traces of the third eye.

Cope has pointed out that in the cast of an extinct reptilian of the Permian, the cavity within the parietal foramen, presumably filled through life by the epiphysis, is of enormous size. In addition to this, Professor Cope points out a large posterior process, leading back towards the optic lobes and roof of the thalamencephalon which, without doubt, as Mr. Spencer indicates, represents the flattened pineal stalk. The conclusions of Mr. Spencer are emphatic. Pointing out the differences which exist between this eye and that of the Tunicates, he shows that there is not sufficient evidence to prove or disprove the existence of the organ within the group *Pisces;* it was present in extinct *Amphibia*, and is found among living forms only in *Lacertilia*. In all forms at present existing it is in a rudimentary state, and though its structure is better developed in some than in others, it is perfectly functional in none. "THE THIRD EYE ACTED NO LONGER." † It was present, most highly developed, in extinct *Amphibia (Labyrinthodonta)* and the large group of extinct forms, as *Ichthyosaurus*, *Plesiosaurus*, *Iguanodon*, some of which may possibly be regarded as ancestors alike of living *Reptilia* and *Aves*. Mr. Spencer's last word breathes the spirit of truth, for he says, "The pineal eye may probably most rightly be considered as peculiarly a semi-organ of pre-Tertiary periods."

Here we are brought at once to consider the light that comparative anatomy and palæontology are beginning to throw on the formation of the Third Eye, and we may carefully investigate whether or not it will be found that this teaching is perfectly on all fours with that of the Occultist. To the student of human nature, who thinks with Mephistopheles that the world does not advance except spirally, and that the great mind-thinkers of the present only reach points that have already been sculptured by their predecessors, the manner in which the "evolutionists" have let themselves down is sufficiently comic. For the appearance of a third eye was sufficiently startling. Had it been at all like that of a

* Spencer loc. cit., p. 216, March 1886.

† Secret Doctrine, vol. ii. 20, 289.

Tunicate, it might have been a satisfactory bit of evidence. But as it differs from a Tunicate eye, it is difficult to know with what care even such evolutionists as Sir John Lubbock * will tackle the ill-fitting and unpleasant subject. For it is quite on the *tapis* that it is the teaching of the Secret Doctrine that may help the teachings of the Zoologist. If we have a *raison d'être* for the existence of a third eye, its modifications have a value.

I therefore respectfully ask the Editor of LUCIFER:

I. What evidence is there of the existence of the Third eye, other than in *Ichthyopterygia*, *Sauropterygia*, *Anomodontia*, *Labyrinthodontia*, but among existing forms?

II. Outside the *Lacertilia* described by Mr. Spencer, is there any other living animal which shows the "Third Eye"? C. CARTER BLAKE, *Doct. Sci.*

EDITOR'S NOTE.—As three-eyed men are no longer extant, what evidence can be expected other than of a circumstantial character? What evidence is there, we may ask in our turn, that men were once upon a time apes with tails, or men with tails, except that of Hæckelian and Darwinian inferences based on the fact that the human spine ends with what seems the stumped root of a tail. The one inference is as good and as *scientific* as the other.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

DOES not the statement about the materialist not having a self-conscious survival after death, in your important article "On the Mysteries of the After Life," require some qualification? There is a difference between the natures of many who are called materialists—and some who call themselves such are not materialists at all, but really agnostics. They are men of great soul—men of the broadest sympathy and love of their fellows, who thus practise in life the first great precept of Theosophy; Universal Brotherhood. Their mental attitude is due to the unfortunate influences that have guided their education; trained under materialistic conditions, their reason has accepted the logic of these conditions, but in reality their heart knows better than their brain, and in talking and associating with such men I have been impressed by the fact that they were indeed unconsciously Theosophists in their fundamental conceptions of life, even though they might laugh if they were told so, not understanding in the least. Are not such men the converse of the many professed Christians, who are content with a verbal adherence to their doctrines, simply telling themselves that they believe, and then thinking no more about it—deeming a spoken or written word of assent all that is essential to their salvation? The latter, of course, are true materialists.

An illustration appears in the brief article in the same number of Lucifer: "Another Automatic Writing." The gentleman is spoken of as "as great a materialist as ever lived," and while to be sure he may be a professed materialist, were he not at heart something quite the reverse of a genuine materialist would he be capable of receiving such psychic influences? S. B.

ANSWER.

THE qualification of the general statement which our correspondent quotes is implied in the article itself. It is there explained that it is the deep and sincere

* Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals. 8vo., London, 1889. p. 126.

conviction in a man's mind that there is no life after death which is the *cause* of his having no such conscious life. It does not matter what a man *calls himself;* the vital question is what he *really believes* in his inmost heart.

The key-note to the whole question of the Devachanic existence is that a man *creates*, in the literal sense of the word, his own future.

EXISTING ATLANTEANS.

THE subjects discussed in the *Secret Doctrine* bring anthropologists face to face with the sources of their scientific knowledge. There is much which, though proceeding from a high source of Eastern intelligence, yet is found, on examination, to accord, in every respect, with the teachings of erudite and careful Western reasoners from purely inductive methods of thought. The extinction of the immediate predecessors of our fifth race, either by sudden or gradual processes, is a fact which tends very closely to the speculation of the more advanced anthropologists of England.

What if the Atlantean race still survives among us? The researches of Professor Rhys * have shown that the Welsh were a divided nation. Professor Rudler † has supported this opinion. Mr. Bonwick, ‡ in his investigations, "Who are the Irish?" has shown that the waves of successive invasion have destroyed all hope of being able to predicate of a given individual, "This is a pure-blooded Irishman, with such and such cranial characters." Dr. Beddoe § has pointed out the problems that we have to solve. He says, "I thing some reason can be shown for suspecting the existence of some Mongoloid race in the modern population of Wales and the West of England." He gives as a proof the "Chinese eye," and other characters. This type seems to be common in Wales, in West Somerset, and especially in Cornwall. No instances of this type have turned up among the heads from the East of England, and very few from Ireland. Dr. Beddoe believes, however, that specimens of it might easily be found in the mountainous parts of Connaught, especially on the borders of Sligo and Roscommon. There is an Irish type, known to Mr. Hector Maclean, and described by him,‖ which Dr. Beddoe derives from the race of Cro-magnon, and that none the less because, like some other Irish types, it is evidently common in Spain. It is said to be pretty common in the Hebrides, but rare in the Highlands. Beddoe has frequently observed it in the West of Ireland, but it is curious, psychologically, that the most exquisite examples of it never would submit to measurement. Though the head is large, the intelligence is low, and there is a great deal of cunning and suspicion. While Ireland is apparently its present centre, most of its lineaments are such as lead us to think of Africa as its possible birth-place; and it may be well, provisionally, to call it Africanoid, applying the name Atlantean, which has been suggested, to the widely-diffused Negro-Berber race type. Though Beddoe believes this Africanoid type to be of very high antiquity, it must be acknowledged that we have no evidence carrying back its presence in the British Isles, beyond the polished stone period.

* Lectures on Welsh Philology. 2nd Edition. 8vo., London, 1879.

† Address to Department Anthropology. Report, British Association, 1880, p. 615.

‡ Who are the Irish? 8vo., London, 1880.

§ The Races of Britain. 8vo. Bristol and London, 1885.

‖ Anthropological Review, vol. iv., p. 218.

Speaking generally of Ireland, we may say that the "index of nigrescence" * oscillates between 14 and 78. A population akin to that of England occurs in the east, while the Western, and more especially the Southern counties are especially dark. Three localities, however, are *ipsis Hiberniis Hibernior.* These are Mallow, county Cork, with an index of nigrescence of 80·6, Castlemaine, county Kerry (I. N. 81·7), and Clifden, county Galway (I. N. 89·5). We have in this an exceptional population existing in the British Isles.

It behoves me, therefore, to ask you:

1. Is it not possible that this race may be the descendants of the old Atlanteans, and, like them, of diverse origin from the populations of the rest of Ireland?

2. On the theory that these people existed at a former time in greater number, may such a fact in any way account for the legends of great magicians having lived in the West of Ireland?

The sources of knowledge possessed by the respondent to these questions is greater than that which modern anthropology can bring to bear. *Davus sum, non Œdipus.*

C. CARTER BLAKE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is a tradition among Occultists in general, and taught as an historical fact in Occult philosophy, that what is now Ireland was once upon a time the abode of the Atlanteans, emigrants from the submerged island mentioned by Plato. Of all the British Isles, Ireland is the most ancient by several thousands of years. Inferences and "working hypotheses" are left to the Ethnologists, Anthropologists and Geologists. The master and keepers of the old science claim to have preserved genuine records, and we Theosophists —*i.e.*, most of us, believe it implicitly. Official Science may deny, but what does it matter? Has not Science begun by denying almost everything it accepts now?

A FEW QUERIES.

As you kindly invite questions relating to Theosophy, I make free to put forward some doubts, which I should feel very thankful if you would solve.

1. How are the *nine* actually known planets to be reconciled with the *seven* of Theosophy? †

2. How may it be possible for any one who has no independent means to subsist upon to enter upon Chela-ship? It seems as if the very first indispensable rules laid down in the April number of LUCIFER, would render it absolutely impossible for any person, who has to earn his bread in any way, save perhaps that of writing books, to mount even the first steps of the ladder. Or does it mean, perchance, that some other human being should always sacrifice himself, should toil and labour many years of his life in order to facilitate the sublime aspirings to Adeptship—of another? One would think, in that case,

* It is, perhaps, necessary to say that this ready means of comparing the colours of two peoples or localities is obtained by subtracting the number of red and fair-haired persons from that of the dark-haired, together with twice the black-haired.

Thus, $D + 2N - R + F =$ Index.

† The reasons are stated in he *Secret Doctrine* in several places.

that the humbler brother or sister (humanly, not kindredly speaking) was on the righter track to perfection according to the precepts of Theosophy.*

3. Has any woman ever attained to Adeptship proper? Will her intellectual and spiritual nature and gifts permit it, even while supposing that her physical nature might endure the hardships therefrom indispensable? It should seem that the ultimate fate of "Fleta,"† in this her incarnation tends to demonstrate the negative answer to this question. But, on the other hand, it would testify of a, least said, curious partiality on the part of the "All-love" and All-wisdom" to have denied woman, that half of humanity which is said to be the counter-type of even that Wisdom—*Love* being the masculine, *Wisdom* the feminine, principle in Deity—the means and possibilities to claim and attain the same high wisdom which is attainable for men.‡

Hoping for an elucidating answer in the pages of LUCIFER.

C. S.

Stockholm.

We copy the following curious advertisement from the *Two Worlds*, a spiritualistic paper.

"Mr. Joseph Blackburn, of Keighley, has taken a course of study in anatomy, physiology, the general principles of pathology, the science of fine forces, including the nature of electricity, magnetism (of various kinds), light, colour, mind, cure, magnetic massage, and other natural forces. Therefore, we, acting under the sanction of a charter granted by the State of New York, do hereby award this diploma, conferring upon the above named person the honourable title of Doctor of Magnetics, abbreviated by D.M., whereby it is signified that he is duly qualified to administer sun-baths, water baths, massage, mental and psychological forces, electricity, suncharges, substances, and other refined natural agencies for upbuilding the system.—Signed, E. D. Babbit, M.D.; F. G. Welch, M.D."—[Advt.]—From the current issue of THE TWO WORLDS.

Modest young students of the mystic who may be tired of standing behind a counter have here a fine opportunity offered to them. To become suddenly, and without any transition, a "Magus" in possession of the universal *panacea*, one has but to apply for a diploma, signed by two well-known "M.D." s of New York, conferring on one "the honourable title of Doctor of Magnetics." But what is a "Doctor of *Magnetics*"? qualified to administer . . . . "*substances*," and what are these "substances"?

In a country where such quack advertisements are possible, and where people peck at them like sparrows at cherries, no one ought to laugh at Theosophists,

* Chelaship has nothing *whatever* to do with means of subsistence or anything of the kind, for a man can isolate his mind entirely from his body and its surroundings. Chelaship is a *state of mind*, rather than a life according to hard and fast rules on the physical plane. This applies especially to the earlier, probationary period, while the rules given in *Lucifer* for April last pertain properly to a later stage, that of actual occult training and the development of occult powers and insight. These rules indicate, however, the mode of life which ought to be followed by all aspirants *so far as practicable*, since it is the most helpful to them in their aspirations.

It should never be forgotten that Occultism is concerned with the *inner man* who must be strengthened and freed from the dominion of the physical body and its surroundings, which must become his servants. Hence the *first* and chief necessity of Chelaship is a spirit of absolute unselfishness and devotion to Truth; then follow self-knowledge and self-mastery. These are all-important; while outward observance of fixed rules of life is a matter of secondary moment.

† Fleta is a picture of a black magician, hence her fate. She is the Queen of Dugpas, selfish to the core and sacrificing all and everything to her desire for power.—[ED].

‡ Woman has as good a chance as any man has to reach high Adeptship. Why she does no succeed in this direction in Europe is simply due to her early education and the social prejudice which causes her to be regarded as inferior to man. This prejudice, amounting to a curse in Christian lands, was mainly derived from the Jewish Bible, and man has profited by it.—[ED.]

who seem the only people, so far, who *thoroughly* see through them. And yet, it is such Doctors "Dulcamara," who are the bitterest enemies and persecutors of Theosophy—*sub rosa*, of course. It is they who bring the true mystic science and philosophy into disrepute. In support of this, we append a queer letter out of two just received from a trustworthy correspondent, which form a suggestive commentary on advertisements of the type of the one quoted above. One is a private letter; therefore all we can say of it is, that the writer calls himself a Brother of "the Dew and Light," and signs "Magus" (? We know several *Maguses*, "which is which?") This one claims acquaintance with many illustrious personages from the "Astral plane," with whom he holds councils; and he snubs the person whom he addresses as one whose presence has never been recorded therein, because, perhaps, as he adds he is "not sufficiently developed to meet in council on the astral plane." Forsooth, an illustrious correspondent this!

The other comes from a *Victim*, apparently. Here it is:—

"THE DEW AND THE LIGHT."

There is a certain bogus occult society known by the name of "Ros. Crux. Fratres," or the Order of the "Dew and the Light," whose headquarters are at Keighley, and which has members in almost every town in England.

The above society is trying to seduce all young students of the occult to become members of their society, and in order to impress them with its importance, the leaders say "Send us your time of birth (and so on) and if found suitable you will be admitted into the Society."

They profess to teach students of the occult the following subjects, viz.:—1st, Alchemy; 2nd, The Philosophy of Life; 3rd, the Divine Art of Astrology; 4th, the Herbs and their value as medicines; and 5th, the Astral influences. But when the student becomes a member, he finds that they are incapable of teaching any of these subjects, and that they have imposed upon him with mysterious words and high-sounding phrases. They profess to be in the possession of much knowledge which they cannot give to the student, until he has attained to their state, and this knowledge is copied from books, which they either possess, or borrow or steal, and when they descend to originality it is simply one mass of error and nonsense. One man who is more learned in Black Magic than the rest, tries to project himself on the astral plane and beget astral children. (? !)

* * * * * * * * *

They also derive their learning from Elementals and Spirit-guides (Francisco, the monk, Mr. Sheldon, and Abdalla Ben Yusef, the latter professing to have been an Arabian Adept, are the names of their three guides).

The members boast that they sacrifice kids and they have already sacrificed two. One of the members keeps a goat that is heavy with kid at the present time, no doubt intended for this use.

When the members meet in Lodge, they transact no business except talking rubbish, if that can be called business. Thus the students, whom they have beguiled, are left famishing for knowledge which they cannot give. They are also untiring in telling how they can raise Elementals, and they are on the point of forming a circle for obtaining information of a forbidden kind.

The Society is composed chiefly of Spiritualists, and bogus Astrologers, who delight in taking money from servant-girls, and there are men in the Society who are blind followers of Hiram Butler of America.

In the beginning of the year 1888, they started a magazine entitled "The Lamp of Thoth," which they issued monthly, price one shilling. It existed for seven months, and then fell through. Nearly all the matter that it contained, was copied from occult books, and that which was said to be original was nothing but Black Magic or nonsense.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN DUPED.

ROSICRUCIAN SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

HAVING been informed of the existence of a body of men in the North of England, styling themselves "Ros. Crux. Fratres" or the "Order of the Dew and the Light," and further that they claim to be the true and only descendants of the mediæval "Fraternitas Rosæ Crucis," I feel it my duty on behalf of the Metropolitan College of the Rosicrucian Society of England to make this public disclaimer of any connection with these pretenders.

The Soc. Ros. in Anglia has four colleges in England, whose head-quarters are in London, York, Lancaster, and Bristol; it is in alliance with other societies of the same stock in Scotland, Australia, and the United States. The "Supreme Magus in the outer" of England is Dr. Wm. R. Woodman; of Scotland the Earl of Kintore; of the United States C. E. Meyer of Philadelphia. The object of these societies is the study of the Occult Sciences according to the Western or Kabbalistic School. The lowest grade of Zelator is alone worked in the *regular* assemblies, at which the fratres meet to read and discuss lectures on mystical subjects; any higher knowledge or occult practice is the privilege of a few earnest and successful Initiates who certainly never publish their rank or attainments. If any person in this country be found trading on the title "Rosicrucian," or using it for gain, he is certainly in no way connected with the Society: and even if he have been admitted to Zelatorship in the United States has *ipso facto* forfeited his membership.

The Theosophical Society is in amity with the Rosicrucian Society of England, and believes in its bonâ fides, although, as representing the Eastern Wisdom, the T. S. naturally differs in some of its views from the Soc. Ros.

The Secretary General of the Society, Dr. Wynn Westcott, Hon°. IX. will be pleased to give further information as to the true status of any claimant to high rank among the Rosicrucians: letters should be sent to the High Council Office, 396, Camden Road, London.

Hoping you will kindly insert this in the pages of LUCIFER,

I have the honour to be, &c.,

S. L. MAC GREGOR-MATHERS, 8°,

Secretary of the Metropolitan College, and Member of the High Council of England.

Our correspondent adds the following :—

The Hermetic Students of the Rosicrucian G. D. in the outer.

THE chiefs of the Second order fearing that the proceedings of certain men in the Northern Counties of England may by exhibition of pretended powers and Rosicrucian dignities lead students away from the Higher Paths of Mysticism, into Goetic practices, desire that all Fratres and Sorores of the G. D. will accordingly warn the unwary and uninitiated that no such persons hold any warrant from us, nor possess our ancient and secret knowledge.

Given forth from the M.·.A.·.
of
Sapiens dominabitur Astris.
Deo duce comite ferro.
Non omnis moriar.
Vincit omnia veritas.

Published by order of the above: Sapere Aude: Cancellarius in Londinense.

IS THE BUD(D)HIST AN ATHEIST?

ON p. 203, May No., your contributor states ". . . Chinese or Japanese Buddhism, for the religion of those Countries is so hopelessly distorted by the intervening of Confuciânism, Taoism and Shintoism—as to present but little interest to the student of the pure doctrine"—this is followed by more that I need not quote as to the Greater and Lesser Vehicles.

The entire paragraph is itself so hopelessly awry that I protest emphatically, though briefly, against its acceptance.

China received Budhism from India; Japan from Corea, China and India direct. The Mahayana (Greater) and Hinayana (Lesser) doctrines are well-known in China and in Japan, as well as the Secret Doctrine, called in Japan, *Ji mitzu*, *Hi mitzz* or *Mitzu*, derived from India—and I venture to assert that nowhere will be found more interesting material by the competent student than in Japan and its Budhistic literature.

I am etc.,

C. PFOUNDES, late of Japan.

Corr. Memb., Geogr. Soc., Japan, etc.

TO THE BRITISH THEOSOPHISTS.

I AM most desirous of obtaining the co-operation of all Fellows of the Theosophical Society in a special branch of work which I have undertaken in connection with the Theosophical movement.

As Theosophy becomes more widely known we find an increasing number of references to it in the daily and other papers. Some of these notices are favourable, others quite the reverse, while many mistakes and mis-statements

are inserted, which it is highly important should not be allowed to pass without protest or correction.

In order to bring influence to bear upon the press generally, and more particularly to correct the erroneous statements which are becoming so frequent, I have undertaken, with the assistance of several Fellows of the Society, a systematic work in connection with the press. By this means it is intended to secure the insertion of articles explanatory of Theosophy generally, in as many journals as possible, and also to correct whatever may be published which is prejudicial to the interests of the movement.

Every Fellow of the Society can give valuable assistance in this matter, if only to the extent of supplying information. Your co-operation is therefore earnestly desired in one or more of the following ways :—

(*a*) By sending me information concerning the names, addresses, etc., of any editors or journalists who are favourably inclined towards Theosophy, and who would be willing to publish articles thereon.

(*b*) By writing short articles explanatory of Theosophy in general, or notices of Theosophical publications, or explanations of any one aspect or point in connection with Theosophy, to be sent to me for insertion in one or more of the journals which I have on my list. Editors are often willing to insert short reviews or notices of a publication or book, even if they will not insert an article specifically connected with Theosophy. I am at present greatly in want of short reviews of the "Secret Doctrine."

(*c*) By sending to me cuttings from any paper you may happen to come across containing any reference to Theosophy. If the reference is one which requires an answer, it would be of great assistance if you were also able to write the reply, and send it to me along with the cutting.

Trusting to receive your assistance in this matter to whatever extent you are able, and that you will bear this in mind whenever an opportunity occurs,

I am,

Yours fraternally,

A. A. M. De Pallandt.

36, Bryanston Street, Hyde Park, W.

A GRAND EVENING CONCERT.

THE PROCEEDS TO BE DEVOTED TO THE SPREADING OF

THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

On Wednesday, June 26th, 1889, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

To Commence at 8.15 O'clock.

LUCIFER

Vol. IV. LONDON, JULY 15th, 1889. No. 23.

FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

"The difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or some discolour'd through our passion shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes."

—Pope.

"IT is, indeed, shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error," says Jerdan.

But who in our age of religions gnashing their teeth at one another, of sects innumerable, of "isms" and "ists" performing a wild *fandango* on the top of each other's heads to the rhythmical accompaniment of tongues, instead of castanets, clappering invectives—who will confess to his error? Nevertheless, all cannot be true. Nor can it be made clear by any method of reasoning, why men should on the one hand hold so tenaciously to opinions which most of them have *adopted*, not *begotten*, while they feel so savagely inimical to other sets of opinions, generated by somebody else!

Of this truth the past history of Theosophy and the Theosophical Society is a striking illustration. It is not that men do not desire novelty, or that progress and growth of thought are not welcomed. Our age is as greedy to set up new idols as it is to overthrow the old gods; as ready to give lavish hospitality to new ideas, as to kick out most unceremoniously theories that now seem to them effete. These new ideas may be as stupid as green cucumbers in a hot milk soup, as unwelcome to the majority as a fly in communion wine. Suffice it, however, that they emanate from a scientific brain, a recognized "authority," for them to be welcomed with open arms by the fanatics of science. In this our century, as all know, every one in society, whether intellectual or scientific, dull

or ignorant, is ceaselessly running after some new thing. More so even, in truth, than the Athenian of Paul's day. Unfortunately, the new crazes men run after, now as then, are not *truths*—much as modern Society prides itself on living in an age of facts—but simply corroborations of men's hobbies, whether religious or scientific. Facts, indeed, are eagerly sought after, by all—from the solemn conclaves of Science who seem to hang the destinies of the human race on the correct definition of the anatomy of a mosquito's *proboscis*, down to half-starved penny-a-liner on the war-path after sensational news. But, it is only *such* facts as serve to pander to one or another of the prejudices and preconceptions, which are the ruling forces in the modern mind that are sure of their welcome.

Anything outside of such facts ; any new or old idea unpopular and distasteful, for some mysterious reason or other, to the prevailing *ism*ical authorities, will very soon be made to feel its unpopularity. Regarded askance, at first, with uplifted eyebrows and in wonderment, it will begin by being solemnly and almost *à priori* tabooed and thence refused *per secula seculorum* even a dispassionate hearing. People will begin to comment upon it—each faction in the light of its own prejudice and special craze. Then, each will proceed to distort it — the mutually inimical factions even clubbing their inventions, so as to slay the intruder with the more certainty, until each and all will be running amuck at it.

Thus act all the religious *isms*, even so all the independent Societies, whether scientific, free-thinking, Agnostic or Secularistic. Not one of these has the faintest correct conception about Theosophy or the Society of this name ; none of them has ever gone to the trouble of even enquiring about either—yet, one and all will sit in Solomon's seat and judge the hateful (perhaps, because dangerous ?) intruder, in the light of their respective misconceptions. We are not likely to stop to argue Theosophy with religious fanatics. Such remarks are beneath contempt, as those in "Word and Work" which, speaking of "the prevalence of Spiritualism and its advance *under the new form of Theosophy*" (?), strikes both with a sledge-hammer tempered in holy water, by first accusing both Spiritualism and Theosophy of "imposture," and then of *having the devil.**—But when in addition to sectarian fanatics, missionaries and foggy retrogrades, in general, we find such clear-headed, cool, intellectual giants as Mr. Bradlaugh falling into the common errors and prejudice—the thing becomes more serious.

It is *so serious*, indeed, that we do not hesitate to enter a respectful yet firm protest in the pages of our *journal*—the only organ that is likely to publish all that we have to say. The task is an easy one. Mr. Brad-

* "Many, however," it adds, "who have had fuller knowledge of spiritualistic pretensions than we have, are convinced that, in some cases, there are real communications from the spirit world. If such there be, we have no doubt whence they come. They are certainly from beneath, not from above." *O Sancta Simplicitas*, which still believes in the *devil*—by perceiving its own face in the mirror, no doubt ?

laugh has just published his views upon Theosophy in half a column of his *National Reformer* (June 30th) in which article—"Some Words of Explanation"—we find some half-a-dozen of the most regrettable misconceptions about the supposed beliefs of Theosophists. We publish it *in extenso* as it speaks for itself and shows the reason of his displeasure. Passages that we mean to controvert are underlined.

SOME WORDS OF EXPLANATION.

The review of Madame Blavatsky's book in the last *National Reformer* and an announcement in the *Sun* have brought me several letters on the subject of Theosophy. I am asked for explanation as to what Theosophy is, and as to my opinions on Theosophy. The word "theosoph" is old, and was used among the Neoplatonists. From the dictionary, its new meaning appears to be, "one who claims to have *a knowledge of God*, or of the laws of nature by means of internal illumination." An Atheist certainly cannot be a Theosophist. A Deist might be a Theosophist *A Monist could not be a Theosophist. Theosophy must at least involve Dualism.* Modern Theosophy, according to Madame Blavatsky, as set out in last week's issue, asserts much that I do not believe, and alleges some things which to me are certainly not true. I have not had the opportunity of reading Madame Blavatsky's two volumes, but I have read during the past ten years many publications from the pen of herself, Colonel Olcott, and other Theosophists. They appear to me to have sought to *rehabilitate a kind of Spiritualism in Eastern phraseology.* I think many of their allegations utterly erroneous, and their reasonings wholly unsound. I very deeply indeed regret that my colleague and co-worker has, with somewhat of suddenness, and without any interchange of ideas with myself, adopted as facts, matters which seem to me *as unreal as it is possible for any fiction to be.* My regret is greater as I know Mrs. Besant's devotion to any course she believes to be true. I know that she will always be earnest in the advocacy of any views she undertakes to defend, and I look to possible developments of her Theosophic opinions with the very gravest misgiving. The editorial policy of this paper is unchanged, and is directly antagonistic to all forms of Theosophy. I would have preferred on this subject to have held my peace, for the publicly disagreeing with Mrs. Besant on her adoption of Socialism has caused pain to both; but on reading her article and taking the public announcement made of her having joined the Theosophical organisation, I owe it to those who look to me for guidance to say this with clearness.

C. BRADLAUGH.

It is of course useless to go out of our way to try and convert Mr. Bradlaugh from his views as a thorough Materialist and Atheist to our Pantheism (for real Theosophy *is that*), nor have we ever sought by word or deed to convert Mrs. Besant. She has joined us entirely of her own free will and accord, though the fact gave all *earnest* Theosophists unbounded satisfaction, and to us personally more pleasure than we have felt for a long time. But we will simply appeal to Mr. Bradlaugh's well-known sense of justice and fairness, and prove to him that he is mis-

taken—at any rate, as to the views of Colonel Olcott and the present writer, and also in the interpretation he gives to the term "Theosophy."

It will be sufficient to say that if Mr. Bradlaugh knew anything of the *Rules* of our Society he would know that if even he, the Head of Secularism, were to become to-day a member of the Theosophical Society, such an action would *not necessitate his giving up one iota of his Secularistic ideas.* We have greater atheists in the T.S. than he ever was or can be, namely, Hindus belonging to certain all-denying sects. Mr. Bradlaugh believes in mesmerism, at all events he has great curative powers himself, and therefore could not well deny the presence in some persons of such mysterious faculties; whereas, if you attempted to speak of mesmerism or even of hypnotism to the said Hindus, they would only shrug their shoulders at you, and laugh. Membership in the Theosophical Society does not expose the "Fellows" to any interference with their religious, irreligious, political, philosophical or scientific views. The Society is not a sectarian nor is it a religious body, but simply a nucleus of men devoted to the search after truth, whencesoever it may come. Mrs. Annie Besant was right when stating, in the same issue of the *National Reformer*, that the three objects of the Theosophical Society are:

"to found a Universal Brotherhood without distinction of race or creed; to forward the study of Aryan literature and philosophy; to investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man. On matters of religious opinion, the members are absolutely free. The founders of the society deny a personal God, and a somewhat subtle form of Pantheism is taught as the Theosophic view of the Universe, though even this is not forced on members of the Society."

To this Mrs. Besant adds, over her own signature, that though she cannot, in the *National Reformer*, state fully her reasons for joining the T. S., yet she has

"no desire to hide the fact that this form of Pantheism appears to promise solution of some problems, especially problems in psychology, which Atheism leaves untouched."

We seriously hope that she will not be disappointed.

The second object of the T. S., *i.e.* the Eastern philosophy interpreted esoterically, has never yet failed to solve many a problem for those who study the subject seriously. It is only those others, who, without being natural mystics, rush heedlessly into the mysteries of the unexplained psychic powers latent in every man (*in Mr. Bradlaugh himself*, as well as in any other) from ambition, curiosity or simple vanity—that generally come to grief and make the T. S. responsible for their own failure.

Now what is there that could prevent even Mr. Bradlaugh from joining the T. S.? We will take up the argument point by point.

Is it because Mr. Bradlaugh is an Individualist, an English Radical of the old school, that he cannot sympathize with such a lofty idea as the

Universal Brotherhood of Man? His well-known kindness of heart, his proven philanthropy, his life-long efforts in the cause of the suffering and the oppressed, would seem to prove the contrary in his practice, whatever his theoretical views on the subject may be. But, if perchance he clings to his theories in the face of his practice, then let us leave aside this, the first object of the T. S. Some members of our Society, unfortunately, sympathize as little as he might with this noble, but perchance (to Mr. Bradlaugh) somewhat Utopian ideal. No member is obliged to feel in *full* sympathy with all three objects; suffice that he should be in sympathy with one of the three, and be willing not to oppose the two others, to render him eligible to membership in the T. S.

Is it because he is an Atheist? To begin with, we dispute "the new meaning" he quotes from the dictionary that "a Theosophist is one who claims to have a knowledge of God." No one can claim *a knowledge* of "God," the absolute and unknowable universal Principle; and in a personal god Eastern Theosophists (therefore Olcott and Blavatsky) do *not* believe. But if Mr. Bradlaugh contends that in that case the name is a misnomer, we shall reply: *theosophia* properly means *not* a knowledge of "God" but of gods, *i.e.*, *divine*, that is superhuman knowledge. Surely Mr. Bradlaugh will not assert that human knowledge exhausts the universe and that no wisdom is possible outside the consciousness of man?

And why cannot a *Monist* be a Theosophist? And why must Theosophy at least involve *dualism?* Theosophy teaches a far stricter and more far-reaching *Monism* than does Secularism. The Monism of the latter may be described as materialistic and summed up in the words, "Blind Force and Blind Matter ultimating in Thought." But this—begging Mr. Bradlaugh's pardon—is *bastard* Monism. The Monism of Theosophy is truly philosophical. We conceive of the universe as one in essence and origin. And though we speak of Spirit and Matter as its two poles, yet we state emphatically that they can only be considered as distinct from the standpoint of human, *mayavic* (*i.e.*, illusionary) consciousness.

We therefore conceive of spirit and matter *as one in essence* and not as separate and distinct antitheses.

What then are the "matters" that seem to Mr. Bradlaugh "as *unreal* as it is possible for any fiction to be"? We hope he is not referring to those physical phenomena, which most unfortunately have been confused in the Western mind with philosophical Theosophy? Real as these manifestations are—inasmuch as they were *not* produced by "conjuring tricks" of any kind—still the best of them are, ever were and ever will be, no better than *psychological illusions*, as the writer herself always called them to the disgust of many of her phenomenally inclined friends. These "unrealities" were all very well as *toys*, during the infancy of Theosophy; but we can assure Mr. Bradlaugh that all his Secularists

might join the T. S. without ever being expected to believe in them—even though he himself produces the same "unreal" but *beneficent* "illusions" in his mesmeric cures, of many of which we heard long ago. And surely the editor of the *National Reformer* will not call "unreal" the ethical and ennobling aspects of Theosophy, the undeniable effects of which are so apparent among the bulk of Theosophists—notwithstanding a back-biting and quarrelling minority? Surely again he will not deny the elevating and strengthening influence of such beliefs as those in Reincarnation and Karma, doctrines which solve undeniably many a social problem that seeks elsewhere in vain for a solution?

The Secularists are fond of speaking of Science as "the Saviour of Man," and should, therefore, be ready to welcome new facts and listen to new theories. But are they prepared to listen to theories and accept facts that come to them from races which, in their insular pride, they term effete? For not only do the latter lack the sanction of orthodox Western Science, but they are stated in an unfamiliar form and are supported by reasoning not cast in the mould of the inductive system, which has usurped a spurious place in the eyes of Western thinkers.

The Secularists, if they wish to remain consistent materialists, will have perforce to shut out more than half the universe from the range of their explanations: that part namely, which includes mental phenomena, especially those of a comparatively rare and exceptional nature. Or do they imagine, perhaps, that in psychology—the youngest of the Sciences—everything is already known? Witness the Psychic Research Society with its Cambridge luminaries—sorry descendants of Henry More!—how vain and frantic its efforts, efforts that have so far resulted only in making confusion worse confounded. And why? Because they have foolishly endeavoured to test and to explain psychic phenomena on a physical basis. No Western psychologist has, so far, been able to give any adequate explanation even of the simplest phenomenon of consciousness—sense perception.

The phenomena of thought-transference, hypnotism, suggestion, and many other mental and psychic manifestations, formerly regarded as supernatural or the work of the devil, are now recognized as purely natural phenomena. And yet it is in truth the same powers, only intensified tenfold, that are those "unrealities" Mr. Bradlaugh speaks about. Manipulated by those who have inherited the tradition of thousands of years of study and observation of such forces, their laws and modes of operations—what wonder that they should result in effects, unknown to science, but *supernatural* only in the eyes of ignorance.

Eastern Mystics and Theosophists do *not* believe *in miracles*, any more than do the Secularists; what then is there *superstitious* in such studies?

Why should discoveries so arrived at, and laws formulated in ac-

cordance with strict and cautious investigation be regarded as "rehabilitated Spiritualism"?

It is a historically recognized fact that Europe owes the revival of its civilization and culture, after the destruction of the Roman Empire, to Eastern influence. The Arabs in Spain and the Greeks of Constantinople brought with them only that which they had acquired from nations lying still further Eastward. Even the glories of the classical age owed their beginnings to the germs received by the Greeks from Egypt and Phœnicia. The far remote, so-called antediluvian, ancestors of Egypt and those of the Brahmin Aryans sprang once upon a time from the same stock. However much scientific opinions may vary as to the genealogical and ethnological sequence of events, yet the fact remains undeniable that every germ of civilization which the West has cultivated and developed has been received from the East. Why then should the English Secularists and Freethinkers in general, who certainly do not pride themselves on their imaginary descent from the lost ten tribes, why should they be so reluctant to accept the possibility of further enlightenment coming to them from that East, which was the cradle of their race? And why should they, who above all, ought to be free from prejudice, fanaticism, and narrow-mindedness, the exclusive prerogatives of *religious* bodies, why, we ask, should they who lay claim to free thought, and have suffered so much themselves from fanatical persecution, why, in the name of wonder, should they so readily allow themselves to be blinded by the very prejudices which they condemn?

This and many other similar instances bring out with the utmost clearness the right of the Theosophical Society to fair and impartial hearing; as also the fact that of all the now existing "isms" and "ists," our organization *is the only body entirely and absolutely free from all intolerance, dogmatism, and prejudice.*

The Theosophical Society, indeed, as a body, is the *only* one which opens its arms *to all*, imposing on none its own special beliefs, strictly limited to the small *inner* group within it, called the Esoteric Section. It is truly *Universal* in spirit and constitution. It recognises and fosters no exclusiveness, no preconceptions. In the T. S. alone do men meet in the common search for truth, on a platform from which all dogmatism, all sectarianism, all mutual party hatred and condemnation are excluded; for, accepting every grain of truth wherever it is found, it waits in patience till the chaff that accompanies it falls off by itself. It recognizes and knows of, and therefore avoids its representatives in its ranks—but one enemy—an enemy common to all, namely, Roman Catholicism, and that only because of its auricular confession. But even this exception exists only so far as regards *its inner group*, for reasons too apparent to need explanation.

Theosophy is monistic through and through. It seeks the one Truth in all religions, in all science, in all experience, as in every system

of thought. What aim can be nobler, more universal, more all-embracing?

But evidently the world has not yet learned to regard Theosophy in this light, and the necessity of disabusing at least some of the best minds in the English-speaking countries, of the prejudices springing from the tares sown in them by our unscrupulous enemies is felt more than ever at this juncture. It is with the hope of weeding these minds from all such misconceptions, and of making the position of Theosophy plainer and clearer, that the present writer has prepared a small volume, called "The Key to Theosophy," now in the press, and to be published very shortly. Therein are gathered in the shape of dialogue all the principal errors about, and objections to, Theosophy and its teachings, and more detailed and fuller arguments in proof of the assertions made in this article will be found in that work. The writer will make it her duty to send an early copy—not to the editor of the *National Reformer*—but to Mr. Bradlaugh *personally*. Knowing him by reputation for long years, it is impossible for us to believe that our critic would ever condescend to follow the example of most of the editors, lay or clerical, and condemn a work *on faith* even before he had cut open its pages, merely because of the unpopularity of its author and the subject treated.

In that volume it will be found that the chief concern of Theosophists is *Search after Truth*, and the investigation of such problems in Nature and Man which are mysteries to-day, but may become secrets, open to science, to-morrow. Is this a course which Mr. Bradlaugh would oppose? Does *his* judgment belong to the category of those that can never be open to revision? "This shall be your creed and belief, and therefore, all investigation is useless," is a *dictum* of the Roman Catholic Church. It cannot be that of the Secularists—if they would remain true to their colours.

A PRISONED SOUL.

You love me not! You think me cold and proud;
A narrow heart, a narrow soul beside—
Prize more the burning words to me denied
Than soaring thought that may not cry aloud,
And shake to silence the world's gaping crowd!
Oh God, to fling my soul's barred portals wide
And stand before you free, strong, ardent-eyed,
Until your spirit before my true self bowed!

Never on earth my dearest may this be;
Within all flame, without all ice I stand,
A prisoned soul, while in your careless hand
You hold unknowing Love's mighty master key:
Fate's riddles are hard to read, what heart hath spanned
Life's chasm of tears thro' Love's eternity?

EVELYN PYNE.

THE FIRST RACE.

THE thought that the highest man had an archetype or prototype and that the conception of man antedated in time the historical evidence of his body is one which links together both the Platonic and the Occult teachings. The "ideas" of the Platonists are the "astral forms" of the Occultists, the "archetypes" of Sir Richard Owen, the "Prototypes" of Rochet. The modern school of science, which is Darwinian, and consequently avoids all questions bearing on the philosophy of animal creation, ignores the anatomical teaching which pupils received from Sir Richard Owen in 1848 & 1849. But this theory is found to closely accord with the ideas Madame Blavatsky has sketched out.

If we look at the diagram of the vertebrate archetype in Owen's book * side by side with those of the fish, the crocodile, the bird, the mammal, and man, we see that we have in reality the "astral man" of the race depicted. If we look at the picture of the prototype of man drawn by Rochet † (p. 18) the Adam Kadmon created male and female is before us. In the words of Swinburne:

> "None, seeing us cloven in sunder
> Will weep, or laugh, or wonder."

And we have a type of man shown which is essentially transcendental.

But after all, what is transcendental anatomy? What is that which seeks to pierce into the real *Bedeutung* of things whereby the memory of the old anatomical forms is preserved?

The greatest transcendentalist is the one who, either through the memory of past re-incarnations, or from his own knowledge has remembered most of the early forms of humanity. He does not express what might be, but remembers what has been.

It must not be imagined of course, that the universal concepts which are identical with the archetypes, are the ideas in the mind of the Deity, who is limitless and indiscrete,‡ but merely in the mind of the observer. Such ultra realism as was taught by William of Champeaux is not inferred by the transcendental anatomist of the school of Oken, Owen, or Knox. We may realise the conception of anatomists, and believe in the existence of forms. We must not be content to see in community of pattern mere community of descent, which may or may not be proven. Owen has searched as a reverend student may search, by the scientific use of the imagination, for the very thought that passed through the mind of the supreme designer, whose eyes beheld the "substance" of man, being yet imperfect, and in whose account every limb was written.§

A reverend mind and a good anatomist dare only have attempted this task. Owen has said in his "Nature of Limbs:" (8th Vol. Lond. 1849.)

* Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton. 8vo. Lond. 1848.

† The Prototype of Man. 8vo. 1886, p. 18.

‡ R. F. Clarke, S. J. Logic. 8vo. Lond. 1888, p. 160.

§ Ps. cxxxviii, 14, 15.

"To what natural laws or secondary cause the orderly succession and progression of such organic phenomena may have been committed to us, we as yet are ignorant.

"But, if without derogation of the Divine power, we may conceive the existence of such ministers and personify them by the term 'Nature,' we learn from the past history of our globe that she has advanced with slow and stately steps, guided by the archetypal light amidst the wreck of worlds, from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea under its old ichthyic vestment, until it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the Human form."

Here Owen merely speaks of an "ichthyic vestment" (loc. cit. p. 86), not of a "fishy nature"; and never dreamt that his successors would so far warp his words as to affirm the descent of man from fish.

And in another passage in the same work:

"The inference as to the possibility of the vertebrate type being the basis of the organisation of some of the inhabitants of other planets will not appear so hazardous, when it is remembered that orbits or protection cavities of the eyes of the vertebrata of this planet are constructed of modified vertebræ. Our thoughts are free to soar as far as any legitimate analogy to guide them rightly in the boundless ocean of unknown truth. And if censure be merited for here indulging, even for a moment, in pure speculation it may perhaps be disarmed by reflection. Mivart has said and said well, 'If man and the Orang are diverging descendants of a creature with certain cerebral characters then that remote ancestor must also have had the wrist of the Chimpanzee, the voice of a long armed ape, the bladebone of the Gorilla, the chin of the Siamang, the skull-dome of an American ape, the ischium of a slender Loris, the whiskers and beard of a Saki, the liver and stomach of the Gibbons,' and a number of other characters in which the various several forms of the higher and lower *Primates* respectively approximate to man."

The archetype of man, as conceived by the transcendental anatomist, is united in a form which Owen has drawn. Fishlike though it may have been, it does not represent the form of any actual fish, or even such a type as we find in *Amphioxus*. But the teachings of Theosophy serve to help out the speculations of the comparative anatomist, resting on the book of Dzyan, which corroborates the teachings of the higher *savant*. The two methods of thought have been found to accord, and the "Secret Doctrine," from whatever source it may have been derived, is found to be in perfect harmony with the rigorous teachings of comparative anatomy.

Speculation on the primitive archetype of vertebrate, the form which we find in the second race developed under circumstances detailed in the Book of Dzyan becomes less premature to the comparative anatomist of the generation of Owen and de Blainville than to those who peruse Haeckel, or the "evolutionists." *Sto super vias antiquas.*

C. Carter Blake, D. Sc.

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* Mivart. "Man and Apes," 8vo., London, 1873, p. 176.

THE VISION OF SCIPIO.

A VERSION OF CICERO'S "SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS."

THE short fragment of Cicero generally known as the Vision of Scipio to those who are seeking for the scattered pearls, which once adorned the sacred bosom of the pure virgin of the mysteries, before she was defiled and her robe and jewels trampled in the mire of the sty, is perhaps the most interesting record in the voluminous writings of the great Roman orator.

Whence Tully derived his information, whether from the writings of the outer schools of Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy, or from private sources, is in the present case immaterial.

Antiquity has appealed to a higher tribunal in these later days for justification, and, as a witness in this all important case, we welcome the noble Scipio, and bid him come into the fair and open court of LUCIFER, there to plead his cause in words so eloquent, wise and clear, that the jury, LUCIFER'S good readers, will require no further comment.*

For those who like dates and facts, and the anatomical processes of modern chronicle-ism, with its dry-boned rattle, it may be stated that the occasion of the vision was as follows.

At the outbreak of the third Punic War 149 B.C., P. Corn. Scipio Æmilianus Africanus Minor, the philosopher and polished man of letters, accompanied the Roman army to Africa, and there met with the aged Massinissa, prince of Numidia, the friend of his great-grandfather by adoption, the renowned Africanus (Major). After spending the day in discussing the political institutions of their respective countries and in recollections by the aged prince of the elder Africanus, for whom he still retained the most lively affection, Scipio, wearied by the lengthy conversation and exhausted by his journey, retired to his couch and soon fell into a profound sleep. And while he slept the vision of his grandsire appeared to him, in that form which was more familiar to Scipio from his statue than from his own person, and after foretelling the future exploits of his adopted grandson and the incidents of his death in full detail, continued (Scipio narrating the story):

"But that you may be the readier to protect your country, know this of a surety. All who have preserved, helped or increased their country, have in heaven a certain and assigned place, there in blessedness to enjoy a sempiternal age. For to the Supreme Deity, which rules the whole of this universe, nothing on earth is more acceptable than the assemblies and gatherings of men united by law, which are called States.

* The most remarkable passages are printed in Italics.

It is from this region that the rulers and preservers of States proceed and hither do they return."

Hereupon, although excessively frightened, I asked whether my father Paulus too and others, whom we thought annihilated, still lived.*

"To be sure they do," answered Africanus, "for they have flown from the chains of their bodies, as out of a prison. That which you call life is death. But behold your father Paulus approaching you."

And when I saw my father, I burst into a great flood of tears. But he, folding me to his breast, with kisses, forbade me to weep. And as soon as I had dried my tears and began to be able to speak, I said: "Prythee, most reverend and excellent father, since this is a state of life, as I hear from Africanus, why do I tarry on earth and not hasten to join you in this state?" †

"It may not be," he replied, "for unless that Deity, whose temple is the whole of this, which you behold, shall free you from those ties which keep you in the body; the way hither cannot be open to you. For this is the law which governs the birth of men; that they should maintain that globe, which you see is the middle one in this temple, and which is called the earth. And a soul has been given them from those sempiternal fires, which you call constellations and stars. These being of a globular and round nature and ensouled with divine minds, perform their cycles and orbits with wonderful rapidity. Wherefore, both you, Publius, and all good men should keep their soul in the guardianship of the body, and should not quit the life of mortals without the command of that Being, by whom the soul was given to you, lest you should seem to have been untrue to that duty to mankind, which has been assigned you by the Deity. Practise, therefore, justice and the spirit of duty,‡ like as both your grandsire here and I, your father, have done. Now duty, excellent though it is when shown to parents and relations, is best of all, when practised towards one's country.§ Such a mode of life is the path to Heaven and to this assembly of men, who have lived, but now freed from their body inhabit the place, which you see."

Now that place was a circle shining with dazzling splendour amid the stars,‖ which you, after the Greeks, call the Milky Way, and from it all other objects seemed to me, as I gazed, exceedingly bright and marvellous. There were stars which we have never seen from earth; and the magnitudes of all of them were such as we have never suspected. The smallest of them was the star, which being furthest from Heaven and nearest to earth, shone with a borrowed light.¶ Moreover, the stellar globes far exceeded the earth in magnitude, which now to me

* *Extinctos*, a strong word in contradistinction to *viveret* expressing the continuance of life.

† *Hac.*

‡ *Pietas.*

§ The Roman mind saw no higher duty than this. It was necessarily the *summum bonum* of a race even in its best days of warriors and statesmen.

‖ *Inter flammas*, flaming bodies.

¶ Heaven (cœlum) here means the *Lactæus Orbis*, the Milky Way.

appeared so small, that I was grieved to see our empire contracted, as it were, into a very point.*

Now as I continued to gaze thereon with increasing interest, Africanus continued:

"How long will your attention be fixed earthwards? Do you not perceive into what precincts † you are come?

All things are bound together with nine spheres or globes. The last of these is celestial, and embraces all the others, being that supreme Deity which restrains and contains the rest. In this sphere are fixed the sempiternal cyclic revolutions of the stars,‡ and to it are subjected the seven spheres, which revolve backwards with a contrary motion to the celestial sphere.§ Of these the star they call on earth Saturnian, possesses one sphere. Next comes that splendour, which is said to be of Jupiter, propitious and salutary to the human race. Then a sphere of a red colour and terrible to the earth, which you say is of Mars. Next in order and almost under the mid region the Sun holds place, the leader and chief and director of the remaining lights, the mind of the world and its controlling principle, of such magnitude that it illumines and fills all things with its light. The two orbits of Venus and Mercury follow the Sun, as attendants. In the lowest sphere the Moon revolves, lit by the rays of the Sun. Below this there is nothing, which is not subject to death and decay, except the souls bestowed on the race of men by the gift of the gods. Above the moon, however, all things are eternal. For the Earth, which is the middle and ninth sphere, both does not move and is lowest, and all ponderable bodies are carried towards it by their natural gravity."‖

And when I recovered myself from my amazed contemplation of these

* The above lines, as well as the still more extraordinary passage in the sequel, written some fifty years B.C., are such a stumbling block to the critics, that the wildest hypotheses have been put forward with all the parade of learning. Among others the following is interesting. "If we compare this passage with the fortieth chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah, and with other parts of the same prophecy we shall find it difficult to believe that that inspired book had not in part, or wholly, come to the knowledge of the Romans as early as the age of Cicero." The passage of Isaiah referred to is as follows (v. 22):—"It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." The other passages referred to have not as yet been discovered by the translator. *Verbum sapienti satis.*

† *Templum*, signifies a portion of the heavens cut off from the rest, and was the technical term for the "Houses of the Heavens" in augury.

‡ *Illi, qui volvuntur, stellarum cursus sempiterni*, a somewhat involved passage; the translation, "the original principles of those endless revolutions which the planets perform," is not warranted by the Latin.

§ See *Plato, Timæus, XII.* ". . . besides which he made one of the circles external, the other internal. The motion of the exterior circle he proclaimed to be that of sameness, and that of the interior the motion of difference."

‖ If from these nine spheres we subtract the ultimate celestial, and the Earth, which is perishable, we shall, as in the Eastern system, get a septenary, for the so-called first and seventh principles are really no principles. It must be left to the intuition of the student, to decide whether this echo of ancient science, this fugitive ray from the lamp of the Mysteries, is to be applied literally to the seven physical bodies called planets in ancient astronomy, or is meant as a hint for those who have ears to hear. "For the Mercury of the Philosophers is not the common mercury." In occult science the seven physical "planets" of astrology are merely symbols of the seven principles of all material bodies.—See *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. i., 152.

things, "What," I asked, "is this mighty and sweet harmony which fills my ears?"

And he replied: "This melody composed of unequal intervals, yet proportionately harmonized, is produced by the impulse and motion of the spheres themselves, which by blending high and low tones produces uniformly divers symphonies. Such mighty motions cannot be made in silence, and nature brings it to pass that the extremes should at one end give forth a low note, at the other a high tone. Consequently that highest star-bearing orbit of heaven which I have mentioned, whose revolution is more rapid, moves with a sharp and vigorous sound: whereas this sphere of the Moon, which is the lowest, gives forth a very grave tone. While the Earth, the ninth, remaining immoveable always abides in the lowest seat, *encompassing* the middle place of the universe." *

"These eight orbits,† two of which have the same power, namely Mercury and Venus, create a scale of seven distinct intervals; *a number which is the connecting principle‡ of nearly all things.* And learned men imitating this mystery with strings and vocal harmonies, have won for themselves a return to this place: like as some others, who, *endowed with extraordinary natural powers, have studed divine sciences even in earth-life.*§

"Now mortals have become deaf to these sounds, by having their ears continually filled with them; so much so that hearing is the dullest of your senses, just as the people who dwell near the Cataracts of the Nile are defective in their sense of hearing. And so this sound, which is generated by the exceedingly rapid revolution of the whole Cosmos,‖ is so stupendous, that mortal ears cannot contain it: just as you cannot look at the face of the sun without both sight and sense being overcome by its rays."

Now, though I was struck with astonishment at these things, I still kept my eyes turned to the earth. Whereupon Africanus said:—"I perceive, Scipio, that you still gaze upon the seat and home of mortals. But, if it appears to you so small as it really is, it were better to keep your eyes ever fixed on these celestial sights, and disregard those of earth. For what renown from the mouths of men, or glory worth striving for, can you achieve? You see that the population of the earth is con-

* *Complexa medium mundi locum;* this is generally translated, "occupying the central spot in the universe," a somewhat strange and unnatural rendering of *complexa*, which is never found bearing this meaning in any other context. By giving it, however, its natural signification of "embracing," a key to the tone meaning of the term, sphere, is offered. Readers who are interested in mystic harmonies, the music of the spheres, and their occult correspondences, should carefully study the opening chapters of the *Timæus* of Plato; this, however, will prove a somewhat desperate undertaking, if the translations of the schoolmen have to be solely relied on.

† The celestial sphere is not included, seeing that the various tones are produced by the varying velocity of the different spheres revolving in an opposite direction to the heavenly sphere.

‡ *Nodus.*

§ *Qui præstantibus ingeniis in vitæ humana divina studia coluerunt.*

‖ *Totius mundi*, an additional proof that the physical planets are not meant in the preceding escription.

fined to scattered and narrow localities, and that vast uninhabited tracts surround the inhabited specks: that the dwellers on earth also are so cut off from one another, that mutual intercourse is impossible: but that *some stand sideways, some backwards, some directly opposite you,* * from whom you can certainly hope for no glory. You perceive, moreover, that the earth is also encompassed and surrounded, so to speak, with belts: *two of which separated by the greatest distance and situated at each end under the very poles of the heaven,*† you see are rigid with ice; but the middle zone, which is also the largest, is burnt up with the heat of the sun. Two of these are habitable: the southern zone, the inhabitants of which *have their feet turned towards you,*‡ has no connection with your race. Of the northern (temperate) zone, however, which you inhabit, see what a small share you possess. The whole surface inhabited by you, of small extent north and south, but of greater length east and west, is an insignificant strip,§ surrounded by the sea, which you call on earth the Atlantic, the Great Sea, or Ocean. And yet you see how small it is in spite of its great name. How, then, is it possible for either your own name, or that of any of our countrymen, to pass out of these familiar and well-known countries and either traverse the Caucasus here, which you see, or cross yonder Ganges? Who in the rest of the world, east or west, or in the extreme northern or southern regions, will hear your name? And if you subtract these, you will easily see, within what narrow limits your glory seeks to spread itself.

"How long, again, will those who speak about you, continue to do so? For even if future generations should successively desire to hand down the praises of any one of us, which they may have, in their turn, received from their fathers, yet, because of *the cataclysms of water and fire,*‖ *which must happen at fixed periods,* we can attain not even lasting renown, much less eternal glory. For what does it profit you to be spoken of by men who shall be born hereafter, when those are silent, who were born before you, not less, indeed, in number, and certainly better men; when, moreover, no one even of those, who can bear our repute, is able to preserve the recollections of a single year. Now men usually measure the year by the sun, that is, by the revolution of one star; but it is only when *the rest*

* *Sed partim obliquas, partim aversos, partim etiam adversos stare vobis.* A somewhat difficult passage to do justice to; the next paragraph, however, proves beyond all doubt that the positions are referred to a spherical and not a plane surface.

† If Cicero believed the earth was a flat surface, how could he possibly speak of *two* poles?

‡ *Quorum australis ille, in quo qui insistunt, adversa vobis urgent vestigia, nihil ad vestrum genus.* Surely no words could testify more clearly to the science of the ancients! Even a child might conclude the argument with a triumphant Q. E. D., and yet hear the commentator of the orthodox schools:—"This is a very curious passage, and if our author's interpreters are to be believed, he was acquainted with the true figure of the earth, a discovery which is generally thought to have been reserved for Sir Isaac Newton (?!), and to have been confirmed by some late experiments; but I own I am not without some doubts as to our author's meaning, whether he does not here speak, not of the whole face of the earth, but of that part of it which was possessed or conquered by the Romans."—GUTHRIE. *Requiescat in pace!*

§ *Infula*, literally a fillet or ribbon used as an ornament in the sacrifices.

‖ *Propter eluriones, exustiones que terrarum.*

of the constellations have returned to their original positions*, and have brought back the same aspect of the heaven after long intervals, that the true revolution of the year can be spoken of. In which cycle I scarcely dare say how many centuries of mortals are contained. For like as in olden days, when the soul of Romulus entered into these mansions, men saw the sun obscured and extinguished, so when the sun shall be again obscured in the same position and period, and all the signs and stars are recalled to the same origin, then must you consider the cycle complete. But you must know that not even the twentieth part of this year has completed its revolution.†

"Wherefore, if you have hopes of a return to this place, where great and excellent men enjoy all things; of what value, I ask, is that human glory, which can scarcely extend to the small fraction of one cycle? And so if you would look on high and fix your gaze on this state and your eternal home; you will neither devote your life to vulgar fame, nor centre the hope of your welfare in human rewards. True worth itself by its own attractions should lead you to real achievement. What others say of you, let them see to it; for talk they will. But all such fame is bounded by the narrow limits of the regions which you see. Never yet has a man enjoyed lasting fame, for death destroys and the oblivion of posterity engulphs it.‡

"And, if indeed, O, Africanus," I said, "a *side path* § to the highway to heaven lies open to men, who have deserved well of their country; and though heretofore from my youth up, by treading in the footsteps of yourself and my father, I have never been untrue to your honourable reputation; yet now with such a prospect before me, I will strive with even greater watchfulness."

"Strive on," said he, "with the assurance that *it is not you, who are subject to death but your body.* For that which is really yourself, is not the being which your bodily shape declares. But the real man is the *thinking principle* ‖ of each, and not the form, which can be pointed to with the finger. Of this, then, be sure that *thou art a God*; in as much as deity is that which has will, sensation, memory, foresight, and rules, regulates and moves the body it has in charge, just as the Supreme Deity does the universe. And like as eternal deity guides the Cosmos which is in a certain degree subject to decay,¶ so a sempiternal soul moves the

* *Astra*; the term *astrum* is never applied to the planets; it generally means a constellation or a sign of the zodiac, and is used in the plural as a designation of the heavens. The usual rendering, however, is "planets"; clearly a perversion of the radical meaning.

† This astronomical cycle was called by the Romans *Annus Magnus* or *Annus Mundanus*. It is a period of some 25,000 common years, and the key to the mysteries of the Manvantaric cycles, rounds, races, and sub-races. The method of calculation of such cycles being one of the most important branches of occult astronomy, was jealously guarded. Even in the present Renaissance, figures are kept back.

‡ Throughout this remarkable exposition of the emptiness of fame the grand precept "kill out ambitions" re-echoes, emphasised, however with all the logic of the practical Roman mind, so that it may stand for trial in the open court of Reason, and fight the doubter with physical facts.

§ A hint that even true patriotism is not the *Path*, though tending in its direction.

‖ *Mens* (Manas).

¶ Cosmic pralaya.

destructible body. *Now that which is ever in motion is eternal.* Whereas that which communicates motion to something else, and which is set in motion by an external cause, must necessarily cease to exist, when its motion is exhausted.

"That, therefore, which has the principle of motion in itself, seeing that it can never fail itself, is the only eternal existence, and moreover is the source and causative principle of motion to all other bodies endowed with movement. The causative principle however, can have no antecedent cause. For all things spring from this principle, which cannot in the nature of things be generated from anything else; for if it were so, it would cease to be the principal cause. And if this is without beginning, it can evidently have no end, for if the principle of causation were destroyed, it could not be reborn from anything else, nor give birth to any thing out of itself, for all things must necessarily be generated from the causative principle. The principle of motion, therefore, comes from that which is endowed with self-movement; and this can suffer neither birth nor death; otherwise every heaven would collapse, and every nature necessarily come to a standstill, seeing that it could no longer obtain that force by which it was originally impelled.

"Since, therefore, it is evident that that only is eternal which is self-motive * who is there to deny that this is a rational attribute of souls? For everything which is set in motion by external impulse is destitute of the soul principle,† whereas everything ensouled ‡ is energised by an interior and self-created motion; for this is the soul's proper nature and power. And if it alone of all things has the attribute of self-movement; it surely is not subject to birth but is eternal. Exercise the soul therefore, in the highest pursuits. Now the noblest interest of a man is the welfare of his country; and if the soul is practised and exercised in such cares, it will the more speedily wing its flight to these mansions and its proper home. *And the time of this achievement will be greatly shortened, if even now in the prison of the body, it extends beyond, and by contemplating things which are not of the body, withdraws itself as much as possible from its earthly tabernacle.*

"For the souls of those who have given themselves up to the pleasures of the body, and have made themselves the servants of these pleasures, and under the sway of the passions, whose ruler is pleasure, have transgressed the laws of gods and men; *on quitting the body, they hover round the earth, and do not return to this heavenly haven until they have been tossed about for many ages.*" §

He vanished and I awoke from sleep.

E. E. Θ., F.T.S.

* This is why the Absolute and the unknown deific Principle, is called "Absolute Motion" in the *Secret Doctrine*—a "motion," which has certainly nothing to do with, nor can it be explained by, that which is called motion on Earth. [ED.]

† *Inanimum.* ‡ *Animal.* § *i.e.*, are reincarnated.

THE SEARCH FOR CHRIST.

"We must look at the Decalogue in the light
Of an ancient statute, that was meant
For a *mild* and *general* application,
To be understood with the reservation
That, in certain nstances the Right
Must yield to the Expedient!"

The Golden Legend.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"WHERE is the Christ?"

The question was thundered through the heavens and shook old earth to her foundations; and, from among the ignorant, arrogant, teeming multitudes that swarm the rolling globe, the answer came:

"Lo, here is Christ!" and "Lo, there!"

The Spirit thundered forth again: "Where is the Christ?"

The Eastern world started at the cry, and pointing westward, made answer: "Lo, there is Christ!"

It was sunset to the Eastern world. The Spirit swept westward, overtaking the great sun on his diurnal journey and still calling in accents which vibrated on the air:

"Where is the Christ?"

The nations were too lethargic to answer. Rome raised a scarlet cross as a reply, and England alone cried out lustily and alertly:

"Lo, here is Christ!"

Here indeed! The Spirit paused; this, then was the centre of enlightenment; here, on this green, fertile soil was the accumulated intellect of ages; here was the Christ, the perfected age; well might the Spirit pause. But he was confused, there was something organically wrong; the place was dark; the fumes of ill-health and vice appalled him, he had been misled; so he called again, and his voice rang pathetically through England's hills, "Where is the Christ?"

England roused herself; a thousand discordant voices, each endeavouring to outvie the other in strength arose, their aura darkening the atmosphere.

"Lo, here!" "Nay, here!" "He lieth, Spirit, Christ is here!"

"These are the smaller sects," called the Church of England, assuming an air of importance. "The unbaptized, perchance; here is the fold."

The voice of Nonconformity pierced the air.

"The Church is hand in hand with Rome and the devil. Christ dwells with us alone."

"They all lie!" thundered the voice of a Jesuit. "We are the one and only Church; these heretics mutilate our doctrines, travesty our ceremonies, and steal our name!"

"It is useless," sighed the Spirit; "I will descend still nearer this people, and I may find what I seek."

He alighted nearer the earth. Above him the fair blue sky reflected a thousand hues of translucent light; but as he neared the metropolis, the clouds gathered

over his head, and the rain descended in torrents. Nature wept at the anguish of which the Spirit was to be partaker.

A conscious spirit walking the earth, observes nations and men with different sight to ours which is inverted. He, with developed senses, comprehends the inner motives of classes and individuals, which prompt the organization of laws that are for a people's weal or woe.

The Spirit of investigation and advancement was on the search of what he knew to be a great light. And, could he find the nation who possessed within themselves the Christ, would he not have found a people with whom he could co-operate for the enlightenment of all humanity? He gazed beneath him; a thousand gilded crosses and pointed spires marked the metropolis.

"The Christ is not to be found amid these symbols," he mused, "for they all raise their inharmonious voices in defaming one another. Their pulpits resound with egotistical virtues and the delinquencies of others and the pondering of their miserable, puny material, dogmas, while they ignore the spirit of Him they profess to follow, and whom they call upon so loudly. Yet, patience; I will seek farther."

At that moment, the blast of a trumpet rent the air; the Spirit shuddered before him marched an army in blood-red array, as if fully equipped for war.

"Christian England," he wailed, "what blot on your escutcheon is this?"

A smile of contemptuous pity was upon every soldier's face. Each man straightened himself into a more complete gunpowder automaton than before, and proudly gave answer:

"Spirit, you have been misinformed. We are no blot on our country's escutcheon, and you should know that this is no light matter denouncing so glorious, so time-honoured an institution as we, the army, who are paid by the Government, cajoled by the aristocracy and have the sanction of the Church."

"The sanction of your Church," exclaimed the Spirit. "Does Christianity then uphold an army of human butchers for slaughtering sister-nations?"

A dark frown settled on every soldier's brow.

"Nay," they answered, "we carry the gospel to other nations, giving them a better form of government, which improves them in every way."

"You teach them to misinterpret your bible and give them practice in murder at the same time," corrected the Spirit. "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." (*Matth.*)

"You misjudge us," they cried. "Go to the Church for an explanation. You who are stranger, and do not understand this matter."

"I have not had the advantage of your national education," said the Spirit. "I am but a student of the laws of nature, and the customs of nations from their births. I have come to study your nation and improve it, and I find that the church upholding you has ten laws, one of which is, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

The army shrugged its shoulders. It was scarcely worth their while to stay arguing with this short-sighted spirit. It was a very busy day with them, as the Government had told them that they might put on all their gold lace, arm themselves with their big pop-guns, and play at war among themselves. So they curtly answered:

"We cannot waste our time on you to-day; we are all perfectly aware that our commandment says, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' but, in certain instances one must. So our Church has met the difficulty in this way. She earnestly impresses upon us that we may not kill except by order of the magistrate, when we may wear weapons and serve in the wars; then, the more enemies we kill the better for every man among us. Good day."

The army moved on with the blast of brazen trumpets and the roll of booming drums; the Spirit with darkening brow turned the opposite way: here as the people heard his cry they arose, and with discordant voices answered:

"We are all Christians; Christ is here!"

They were a motley crowd of humanity; and the florid, burly butcher sharpening his huge knife, where he stood amid his bleeding animals, shouted as loudly as the others.

"Christian England," cried the Spirit, "I might have known it; if you partake in human bloodshed, why should you not slaughter by the million creatures who are powerless to defend themselves. Oh, why should a Christian people live on the agony of a helpless creation!"

"Where does this Spirit come from who would rob us of our chief support?" they asked.

"I come from the School of Altruism," answered the Spirit, "to ask you why you live on the suffering of others? Egotists! Is not nature prolific in her gifts to you?"

"God created the animals for our consumption," they answered.

"No doubt, no doubt," said the Spirit, "and also the sun to warm you, and a heaven to be peopled by you alone. Hypocrites, accepting so much, you could afford to spare."

The people began to grow alarmed. What should they do if they had not these bleeding carcases upon which to subsist? Like true Englishmen they flew to their bibles. How convenient it is for a nation to possess such a book. After having been mutilated by the material vehicles through which it passed; translated according to the selfish, prejudiced fancies of fanatical minds, and placed it under the distorting glass of the Church, it can now be made to prove anything, or mean exactly opposite to what it says.

So they cried out: "But our bible declares to us that we may live on the animal kingdom!"

"How dare you take refuge in a code of laws which none of you follow! It is written, 'Thou shalt not kill!'"

A shiver ran through the multitude. Who was this stranger? Evidently, one not capable of understanding their commandments. How dared he quote to them from their own Bible? So they answered: "We kill to live."

"You are not living now," said the Spirit gravely. "You have all been dying, inch by inch, for centuries, and now you are dead. You do not comprehend it, nevertheless it is so. Where's that nation on the face of this earth so blinded by selfishness or so hopelessly material as you, Christian nations! Every man's hand is against his brother, church against church, sect against sect; you grow rich and powerful on the misery, oppression and tears of the weak. You are fast becoming that, of which it shall be written 'Babylon, the great, is fallen!'"

"Who are you, denying our customs and our religion," cried the people "We are a Christian community, but you are not one of us and do not know us. *It is the clergy who can alone explain the Scriptures.* Go to the Church and she will instruct you."

The Spirit left the multitude standing there, and went on. He was weary and sick at heart; he seemed to hear around him the cries of that great army of innocents, who yearly and hourly die at the hands of cruel men, for the welfare of an avaricious Herod who sits afar from the screams of anguish, and closes his ears to any faint cry which may reach him.

Suddenly, such a sight met the Spirit's eyes, that he started back as if an arrow had pierced his heart.

Below him loomed a high, gloomy building, surrounded by solid stone walls. Within the yard a gibbet was erected, and on it hung a human being! Some few men stood there as witnesses of the death of this, their brother. Yes, their brother, sharing the common lot of poor humanity; their brother in sin and suffering; their brother, who killed where the Government disapproved, while the hangman, poor tool, killed also, only in his case the Government approved, and provided him with a comfortable subsistence for accomplishing their murders for them.

"'Thou shalt do no murder!'" cried the Spirit from above.

The officials looked up aghast.

"'Murder?'" they repeated. "This is not murder."

"If you may murder by wholesale your enemies, should this man be hung for killing but one of his, and when he had so noble an example set him by those who make the laws? Stay thy hands, thou Cain!"

Officialdom arose in great concern.

"What," it asked. "Do you call this, our servant, under our pay, *names* because he fulfils his duty by removing disreputable people who are a disgrace to a Christian country and break her laws?"

"*Your* laws?" cried the Spirit, "if your Deity committed you to death for breaking the law, there is not one of you who would not hang on a gibbet such as this one ere to-morrow's sun arose."

"But, it is right, 'life for life,'" came the answer.

"Then," said the Spirit, "you are no Christians but Jews, living under the old law, the Jewish dispensation; it is with you as with those of old, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'"

The hearers felt that they had received an unbearable insult.

"Who is this," they cried, "disputing our judgment and branding us with the name of Jews? We are Christians."

"You are Pharisees," repeated the Spirit, "under the old Jewish dispensation. The Jehovah you have created still sits above, dealing out injustice as of yore; sentencing ignorant, erring creatures to eternal damnation for the sins of their three-score years and ten; which cruelties you imitate by allotting in your hearts a future Hell for this unrepentant fellow-creature of yours who hangs there. Being too merciful, no doubt, to cheat him out of any time he might spend there in torture, you cut him off ere the three-score years and ten are accomplished."

The officials extending their charity to the stranger, answered:

"It is quite evident that you do not understand our form of Government nor our Religion, for in our Litany it is written, 'The laws of this Realm may punish Christian men with death for heinous and grievous offences.'"

"Was the man who hangs there a Christian then?" asked the Spirit. "If so he is the first I have seen among your nation."

"Stranger, you are mistaken. The man was a murderer; we should regret much if there were not thousands among us better Christians than he."

"I have journeyed but among men who are employed in killing for a livelihood; there is no Christ among them. Where shall I find Him?"

"We do not meddle in these matters," answered the officials. "Religion is not in our line. We pay the clergy to read the prayers and expound the Scriptures for us; go to the Church, she will doubtless make everything quite clear to you."

The Spirit sped onward again, crying loudly, "Where is the Christ!"

His voice pierced the walls of every church. The priests standing before their altars, with the sacramental wine red on their lips, paused, answering:

"He is here! He is here!"

"Silence!" cried the Spirit. "He is not to be found among you; the golden words of your golden laws are obliterated by the blood you have spilt."

"We?" cried the churches indignantly. "We are against the shedding of blood, for it is written, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' this we say from our altars daily, raising our voices in denouncing that of which you say we are partakers."

The Spirit cried out yet more loudly: "Are you so blinded by custom and by the repetition of a decalogue now meaningless that you cannot see the spectres which surround your altars?"

The priests came down from their altars into their chancels, to argue with this spirit who was denouncing their time-honoured liturgy as a desecration to the Holy place. Those who wore vestments disrobed, as such sanctified garments would be unfit for sacramental purposes, were they used outside the sanctuary for the purpose of arguing with this strange, uncivil, and certainly blasphemous visitant. The priests with one consent made answer:

"Our altars are surrounded by no spectres; your eyes deceive you; they are decked with flowers, lights, sculptured apostles, rich draperies, mosaic and stencilled walls."

"Your flowers stand forth as living preachers to denounce you," said the Spirit. "The crucified Christ carved on yon reredos, stretches his arms in despair at the sights around him, still crying as of old, 'This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoureth me with their lips but their heart is far from me,'* for your altars drip with the tears of widows and orphans, while your walls reek with the blood that you have spilt."

The churches armed themselves with their rubrics to be prepared for any emergency, and answered in tones of wrath:

"Tell us wherein we sin? Have we caused women to be widowed, or children orphaned? Convince us."

"You are the upholders, the instigators of wars without end; you teach your sons that they may carry weapons and serve in the wars; that your people

* Matthew xv., verse 8.

may live on the sufferings of the lower creation, and that your erring sons are to be killed for a grievous offence. Every day men soiled with crimson blood receive, with your sanction, symbols which you call sacred, aye, blood for blood, and your walls resound with hypocritical thanksgivings to your Deity that He has mercifully delivered you from the enemy's hands. In other language, this means that the murderers and others have met in their church (appropriate place) to thank God that He has graciously allowed them to exterminate by wholesale their fellow-creatures, their brothers; that they praise, laud and magnify His name, because, in place of themselves being slain, another nation less versed in the arts of war and in the manufacture of destruction, has been the victim. Oh, shame upon you, hypocrites!"

"You do not understand," cried the now furious clergy. "We deplore all wars as great evils, yet it is meet that we, a nation living under the glorious light of the Gospel, should subdue the heathen under us and teach them Christianity; for they are steeped in sin, ignorance and vice, besides being subject to laws which are unjust and cruel."

"Churches," said the Spirit sternly, "can you think of the meek Jesus converting with shot and gunpowder? How dare you speak of the sin, the vices of *others?* O, Church, why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? 'Thou Hypocrite, cast out first the beam that is in thine own eye.' * You are the upholders of a fashionable, respectable and wholesale system of murder. Cast out the beam, for remember, you who are so devoted to your bibles, it is written, 'When ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood.'" †

The churches were roused; every priest opened his prayer-book and pointed to the rubrics which upheld their favourite forms of murder.

"'Ye blind leaders of the blind'" continued the Spirit ignoring the rubrics, "who regard killing as a duty and the theft of another's country as honest and upright. Remember 'He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity, and he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword,' But the New Testament is too far ahead of you, you are still under the old law. Why do I waste my time in searching for the Christ here. He is not yet come among you. England is to-day one vast slaughter-house, and hides her crime under the name 'Christian', a name that every day is falling into disrepute and becoming a bye-word of scorn for the thinking world. I have done. Away with you. 'Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me, the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with. *It is iniquity* even the solemn meeting.'" ‡

A heavy peal of thunder reverberated through the gloomy churches as the Spirit ceasing to speak, vanished.

A moment later the priests resumed their sacramental offices unabashed; the army moved on to its work of desolation; the butchers raised their sharp knives to pierce the trembling, bleating lambs; the hangman placed his hand upon the body of the murdered man. *The Spirit is with us still.*

* Luke vi. verse 41 and part of v. 42.

† Isaiah i. verse 15.

‡ Isaiah i. verse 13.

But England's annals are stained with tears and blood which seal her doom. The blood of creatures and of men, the blood of misery and anguish, the tears of martyrs, the tears of the starving poor, the blood and tears of the helpless whose pathetic eyes are lifted to ours in mute appeal, all this blood cries loudly to Heaven! but the "God in Heaven" heeds it not.

But the day is not far distant when England must work out the Karma she has gathered about her, for she does not sin in ignorance, and in the horizon there is a little cloud no larger than a man's hand.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

For it is the churches which are responsible.

HELEN FAGG.

STREET MUSIC.

They were only street musicians,
  They had tramped for many a mile,
For the richer parts of the city
  Gave them frowns and never a smile.

So they came to a crowded alley,
  Where a bitter and ceaseless strife
For a crust of bread and a garret
  Was the sum of the people's life.

Where the fathers were worn and feeble,
  Where the sons were hollow of face,
And the daughters had lost their beauty
  For want of a breathing space.

Where the children played in the gutter,
  'Mid the garbage and filth and dirt,
While their weary and starving mothers
  Were living the Song of the Shirt.

The musicians stood for a moment,
  Then they softly began to play,
And from flute and harp and viol
  Rose the songs of a byegone day.

Through the hovel homes of that alley
  Swept the murmurous voice of the sea,
The breezes from off the hilltops
  And the carollings of the lea.

The notes of the lark and the linnet
  Floated quivering through the air,
And the scent of cowslips and daisies
  Seemed to steal up each broken stair.

The children crept nearer and nearer,
  Forgetting their sorrowful play,
And for one brief moment their fathers
  Remembered their own childhood's day.

The birds and meadows and cornfields,
  All the joys of their country life,
Ere the grasping greed of the landlords
  Drove them into the city strife.

And from off the heart of the women,
  Was lifted the burden of care,
As they travelled back to their girlhood,
  And the days when sorrow was rare.

They rested their weary, worn fingers,
  And their teardrops fell like the rain,
As they sighed with passionate yearning
  For the days that come never again.

The chords changed from sadness to triumph,
  And mingled with all the regret
Was a hope and a prophecy golden
  Of a gladness and joy to be yet.

When the father should glory in manhood,
  And the daughter rejoice in her grace,
When the mother should lose all her sorrow,
  And the children be happy of face.

When the old world of toil and privation
  Should seem like a dream of the night,
And the new world should have its foundations
  In justice and wisdom and right.

The music died out in soft sweetness,
  Entwined with a pathos of pain,
And the struggle for crust and for garret
  Claimed the lives of the toilers again.

But their hearts had been softened and strengthened
  In the midst of life's infinite wail,
For the art which is sister to heaven
  From the future had lifted the veil.

They say that the people are brutal,
  That their instincts of beauty are dead,
Were it so, shame on those who condemn them
  To the desperate struggle for bread.

But they lie in their throats when they say it,
For the people are tender of heart,
And a well spring of beauty lies hidden
Beneath their life's fever and smart.

Day by day burns that fever more fiercely,
Hour by hour grows that smarting more keen,
While the Paradise dims in the distance,
For the pain of to-day comes between.

Yet be of good cheer, oh! my brothers,
And my sisters, work on till the morn,
Though to-day you must sorrow and suffer,
To-morrow shall freedom be born.

HERBERT BURROWS, F. T. S.

WHAT IS HIS NAME?

"Behold when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, what is his name? What shall I say unto them?"—*Exodus* iii.

One Spirit King of all the Spheres,
Throughout Eternity, and time—
And passing years,
I AM!

One Guiding Light in all the earth,
Throughout Humanity, in past—
And future birth,
I AM!

One Living Self in all It made,
Throughout Infinity, which is—
A living shade,
I AM!

One Ruling Guide to life in peace,
Throughout Futurity, to come—
And never cease,
I AM!

One Loving Soul in all the earths,
Throughout Immensity, and now—
E're mortal births,
I AM!

One Unknown Voice which speaks to you,*
Throughout Mortality, of love—
The faithful true,
I AM!

—WM. C. ELDON SERJEANT.

* "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." See John viii.

Oriental Gleanings.

He hath awakened from the DREAM of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

—ADONAIS.

THE candle pales before the lightning. So do our valleys fade, and our plains become unbeautiful, when the clouds part, and we behold, once in an age, the light-crowned summits of the everlasting hills.

The clouds close; and we find our low, unlovely plains, with their dried and withered life, once more around us.

We fall again to our daily drudgery, our useless toil; but some memory of the vision remains for us, after the heavens have been once opened, as

"a presence that is not to be put by,"

working a subtle change, so that we no longer find our narrow world-grave wide enough.

We are the true *troglodytes*, cave-dwellers, though we call our cavern the world.

We are gnomes, condemned to forced toils, in the kingdom of darkness.

Living for ages in the night-realm, we dream that our darkness is full day.

Once and again, in the midst of the blackness, wonderful, bright vistas flash for a moment before us, awaking thousand light-echoes in the walls of our Erebus: fading again into a deeper night.

Once and again, in the silence, sweet faint fairy songs ring out on the stillness of our night: dying away into a heavier silence and gloom.

Once and again, fair glowing colours gleam around us, the opal's crimson fire, the rainbow flame-drops; only to gleam for a moment and then disappear in the darkness.

All life is but a perpetual promise; an engagement renewed but never fulfilled.

Man is a king, dethroned, and cast out from his kingdom; in chains and in a dungeon.

Yet he is perpetually reminded of his royal estate, perpetually reminded that he has power to be free.

But the king is dull, his heart is clogged with heaviness, and he will not listen.

The imprisoned monarch dreams his dungeon a palace, his fetters seem chains of gold.

Man is the imprisoned monarch, who is bound with fetters; he himself holds the key of the prison, he alone can unloose the fetters.

But the king dreams on.

The heart of a beggar will not be content with half the universe, says a sage, he is not born to a part, but to the whole.

So it is that in the world's garden blest with the choicest fruit, the most scented flowers; thrilled with the sweetest melodies, fanned by perfume-laden airs; we are silently apprised that there is that which is sweeter than melody, and more joyful than joy.

Our life is the ante-room of the palace where our true treasure lies.

The door may be opened in life; it may be opened by death: but there is a death which will not open the door.

What is the treasure that lies within?

Is it power? or wisdom? or happiness, or love?

It is none of these things, and yet it is them all; for it is the life of them: a rare and precious quality, pure essence, whose presence alone gives these things their worth. It is *amrita*, the joy of the Celestials.

Useless to seek to seize the ocean-echo, by clasping the shell in which it lies hid: as useless to try to seize this essence by grasping the form in which for a moment it shone.

"As a bird alights on a branch, and then hops to another branch, so it is with THAT: it appears for a moment under one form; then under another."

He who would drink this essence must dare to possess it pure; must willingly throw aside the dust-covered treasures of earth that harboured its flavour before.

The secret unconscious conviction that this divine essence exists; this Better than Best is no dream; this is the power that renders endurable life's long burden of pain, or deadlier still, of monotony.

When the gleam of this essence shines forth, amidst the darkness of life, we believe the sorrow of cons a price too small for so splendid a recompense. The first strong day of power repays in full the weakness of ages.

But that recompense escapes us; the day of strength does not dawn.

The leaden clouds clash together; the fair glimpse of heaven is shut out.

Man cries aloud in desolation, a poor captive beating his life out against the bars.

Then quietness falls on the struggler's soul; he learns that the prize may be his, as soon as the price is paid; and he learns that the price is *himself.*

Two oracles there are, graved in the shrine of the heart.
The First: Thou, Man, art the heir to fulness of life.
The Second: No life that is bounded can ever satisfy thy soul.

In every meeting of mortals, though their brains are stuffed full of all the follies and madnesses of the world; though their hearts and minds are drugged with the dull intoxication of self and sense, there is quite unknown, or hardly suspected by these former, another far different company; august, powerful, beneficent; living with the everlasting laws; breathing the pure air of divinity; watching in silence their mortal companions, and making their presence felt by quiet, scarce-heard monitions in the recess of the heart; gently and steadily leading the weak and uncertain steps of the mortals up the steep path of divinity.

These august immortals are no other than the mortals themselves; as they are now in promise, and as they will one day be in consciousness and life: when man shall have left behind that garment of follies which he, though a divinity, yet consents to wear.

Divine apotheosis, long toiled for redemption, when to folly, dullness, and strife shall succeed mutual knowledge and mutual trust; when instead of the sullied desires and thoughts that now disfigure and debase him, man shall have claimed his high hopes and royal duties; when to the impotence and futility of man the mortal shall succeed the power and endurance of man the divinity; when death shall have fled before life, and the grave shall melt away into immortality.

On that day the august company of watchers, the strangers unseen in the earthly company, shall have taken the place of the poor actors who now usurp the stage.

These divinities that we shall become, will recognize nothing lower than universal aims; with their motives and actions, the mighty sweep of the celestial laws and the galaxies shall be in harmony; their work shall be for truth, and for universal love.

When the silence falls upon us we can hear their voices, pointing out in the quiet light of divine law the true path for us to follow.

By these and other pictures, symbols, and metaphors, we seek to express the conviction that this all-too solid looking world, this matter-of-fact earth of ours, with its fields and houses, streets and cities, is not the sum and crown of the universe: but that under this material seeming, lies hid the world of spiritual life, of divine law.

That we poor mortals, who can but raise our heads some six feet from the earth, towards the firmament of stars, can nevertheless, raise ourselves into the celestial inner world on which the material universe floats, like foam on a river of pure water; that in the inner world we can hear the music of the eternities, can learn the full richness of the celestial powers that surround us; and perceive the complementary parts of all that seems broken and futile and fragmentary on earth.

By these and the like metaphors, we would express the belief, that even in the midst of the follies and madness which surround him on earth, man is yet an immortal god.

That all calculations and human actions and foresights which count him to be less than this, must, either soon or late, be doomed to futility.

That all men who see in their fellows less than gods and immortals in the making and who act towards them on this lower assumption, must sooner or later revise their opinions if they would not war with the unconquerable.

All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws.

This spirit it is, that, under the myriad illusions of life, works steadily towards its goal; silently, imperceptibly, irresistibly, moving on to divinity.

Let us catch the echo from that great ocean which is borne in upon us, let us divine the working of the true life-spirit; and we can, without fear or apprehension, leave to the guidance of this power the doubtful destiny of our life.

Under all the futilities and insanities that fill up our earth life this power is silently at work.

These terribly engrossing futilities and trifles are but the veil cast by the great magician over his work.

By this glamour of Time are concealed from the weak souls of men, the dark abysses around them; the terrible and mighty laws which incessantly direct their life.

These laws penetrate in all their power and mystery to the profoundest immensities of space; they work in their wonder and might through the longest ages of time.

Around us, above us, within us, the forces of spirit are here.

As the ice-floes melt before the summer, and the deep oceans beneath come once more to the light of the sun, so shall the seeming realities and stubborn materials of the world melt and dissolve before the silent, unperceived, irresistible advance of the celestial laws, and the world shall once more wear the crown of divinity.

C.J., F.T.S.

A WOMAN'S MISSION.

(MARY MERIVALE.)

ONE even as we sat in the spring weather,
  While rose a crescent moon across the sea,
And myriad little stars sprang forth together,
  She turned her grey eyes suddenly on me ;

And "dear," she said "true lover and true poet,
  "What should a woman-Christ do if she came ?
"Perchance from you my seeking soul may know it!"
  "Then were my cursed lips as touched with flame!

Blind fool I was! We poets are such creatures
  As windstruck harps endowed with sudden breath,
Mere bundles of thrilled nerves with human features,
  Mere strings that sing of life and love and death.

And lose themselves in singing, echo fashion ;
  Our life, the very heart of us is dumb,
But beats below the voice with silent passion
  And seeks the utterance that will never come . . . .

So I with swift words that fell thick as showers
  Of apple-blossoms on some maiden's hair,
Wrought out the woman-Christ with her sweet powers
  Alas, my darling's doom I pictured there!

I told how clear-eyed with the age's straining
  Up perilous paths of science and of thought,
To fuller life and deeper soul attaining
  New light unto Christ's blessed lore she brought:

I said, too, she would sift the grain for seeding
  To perfect thinking and to perfect life
From chaff of custom, coward-cant unheeding,
  True woman always, whether maid or wife . . . .

True woman in the sweetest sense, upholding
  Ideals ever, loving unto death ;
Yea, growing tenderer as life unfolding
  Shows hard, stern truths for visions youth dreaméth.

How, judging from the inmost heart and being
  Of queen or peasant girl, crowned king or thief,
Because all nature's heart her heart was seeing,
  All joy grew her joy, and all grief her grief.

And freedom would she teach, not outward only,
  From rule of king or cant, or godless law,
But freedom from the pride that makes men lonely,
  And wounds each kindred heart with fierce brute claw.

And freedom from the selfishness that snatches
  Sweet fruit from hungering lips, and swiftly drinks
The wine another's weakness needs, or patches
  His leaking boat while the great slave-ship sinks!

And freedom from all coward bonds that barter
  The soul's shame for lip honour brazenly,
Set man's dead word before God's living charter,
  Link loveless souls with hideous mockery.

To souls unloving, yet, if mad, despairing,
  They burst their fetters, curse them quick or dead,
And crown themselves with Christ's name, only bearing
  The devil's image in his gracious stead!

I told how, careless of the cold world's clamour,
  Straight-eyed and fearless to the unknown end
Her steps would go, lit by no sudden glamour,
  But steady sunlight that the gods would lend

Unto her path; and for her precious dower
  She bore such innocence and purity
Each human heart grew sweet as a rose-flower,
  And scathless thro' sin's furnace glided she.

And then I told of fiendish craft betraying
  The woman-Christ unto some shameful death,
While love slept on, nor knew all time for praying
  Had sped in dreams. . . . Alas whom love failéth.

Shall any God have pity or compassion
  To shelter them 'neath fragrance of his wings?
No God save death, who coldly in his fashion
  Lays equal hands on beggars or on kings!

But Mary with her great eyes full of yearning,
  And little hands clasped firmly on her breast,
With love's red roses in her sweet face burning,
  And all the magic, mystic unexprest

The loved one bears about her, spake full slowly,
  "My soul hath had her answer, well I know
"This mission you have pictured high and holy
  "Is mine alone, dear-heart, and I must go.

"Ah, love, my trembling lips all calmly utter
  "The bitter words that sever us for aye!"
Then sobbing fell she with a bird-like flutter
  Of lips and hands, and on my bosom lay:

And sudden all my swift words left me, winging
  I know not whither, or to earth or sky;
I strained her to that heart her voice was wringing,
  But save by frantic kisses naught spake I.

Of all the terror and the anguish growing
  Beneath the mournful glory of her eyes,
While visions of the future caught me, showing
  The coming darkness when the sun should rise.

"Oh, speak," she cried at last, "beloved, hear me!
  "I dare not falter, dare not fail to go!
"Have you no word now the dark hour draws near me?
  "Mine own heart's heart hath not God willed it so?"

And then at last the torrent of my sorrow
  Burst forth in rushing, inarticulate speech.
I knelt at her dear feet, and sought to borrow
  Some mightier power that her soul might reach:

"Dear Heart," I pleaded, "hath God might to sever
  "Linked hearts like ours? Nay! 'Tis some demon's spell
"Laid on you by the fiend, who rests not ever
  "From tempting loving souls to treason's hell!

"For how should you be true to all our brothers
  "If false to me? my dearest, turn again;
"Have we not chosen each from out all others?
  "Is not our precious task made clear and plain?

"To love and labour, and to see before us
"A gleaming ladder step by step appear,
"Whereby we reach the stars that glimmer o'er us,
"Each step by deeper loving growing clear?

"And if love's ladder broken be, or darkened,
"How shall we reach life's stars? . . . Oh soul of me
"Have not the very spirits within us hearkened
"And breathed responses to love's litany?"

"Yea, dear," she whispered, "each sweet word hath seeded
"Into my soul, and flowereth therein.
"Your love was all the human in me needed,
"But, ah! beyond it higher needs begin!

"Love leadeth to the stars, but love of many,
"Yea, love that claspeth all the world as one;
"Look well amid the saints if there be any
"Who chose her task to do beneath the sun.

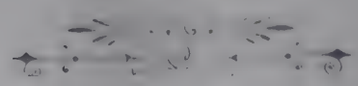
"Because I love you best and dearest ever,
"Oh, never doubt the faithful heart of me!
"I dare to leave you, dare dry-eyed to sever
"Love's clinging fetters!" . . . far across the sea.

There stole a moaning wind-voice like a token
Of some dire deed the dawning day should show,
And, bending as a reed the storm has broken,
I loosed my clasp, and let my darling go;

For now across the shadowed sky slow stealing,
Came slender golden phantoms, slim and sweet,
And, dreamy-eyed, the sun rose up, revealing
The shivering stars hasting with silent feet

Behind their cloudland, and the birds were singing
Their first swift question to the flushing day,
And sweet against the blue white gulls were winging,
And all were glad no cursing God knew they!

EVELYN PYNE.



THE YOGA PHILOSOPHY OF PATANJALI.*

THE word *Yoga* means *union*, or that merging of mind and soul in the Divine element within us which is otherwise called *concentration.* Yoga (or concentration) is therefore that realisation of our oneness with the Supreme that has been the aim of mystics of all ages and all creeds. To reach this highest possible point of spiritual development, it is obvious that the whole of the threefold nature of man must be developed upon its various lines; that is, the physical, the mental, and the spiritual elements must receive an appropriate and simultaneous training, or we have a want of that harmony which is a necessary concomitant of perfection. A chain can be no stronger than its weakest link, and if any link in the triple chain of our being be imperfect, the whole must suffer the consequences.

Concentration is used in two senses, as *Yoga*, or union with the Divine and as the employment of the means to that union. The one is the result, the other is the method leading towards that result. I say "towards what result" advisedly, the goal being so far beyond any present hope of attainment.

There are two systems of Yoga, the *Hatha* (or Physical) and the *Raja* (or mental Yoga). The first is said to be derived from *Ha* the sun, and *Tha* the moon, used as symbols for the regulated breathing supposed to produce the desired condition. "In the Hatha Yoga practice," says Mr. Judge, in his very interesting *Introduction* to the *Aphorisms of Patanjali*, "the result is psychic development, at the delay or expense of the spiritual nature." Raja-Yoga is said to be derived from the root *raj* to *shine*, in allusion to the luminosity of the soul or Atman, and therefore means union with the Supreme Soul. "The initiatory training of a true Vedantin Raj Yogi, must be the nourishing of a sleepless and ardent desire of doing all in his power for the good of mankind on the ordinary physical plane, his activity being transferred, however, to the higher astral and spiritual planes as his development proceeds." †

Mr. Judge also tells us in his *Introduction* that there were two Patanjalis, the one known as a commentator upon the grammarian Panini, who wrote, according to the authority of Prof. Goldstücker and others, about the year 140 B.C.; the author of the *Aphorisms* being an older and altogether legendary character, of whom nothing remains but this book. But in a long and exhaustive article on the date of Sri Sankaracharya ("Five Years of Theosophy," p. 278) Patanjali is

* THE YOGA APHORISMS OF PATANJALI. *An interpretation* by W. Q. Judge, assisted by James Henderson Connelly, New York.

† Mohini Chatterji on "Morality and Pantheism."

mentioned as the *Guru* or spiritual teacher of Sankara, under the name of Govinda Yogi, it being the custom of Initiates to assume a new name. This Patanjali is declared to be the great author of the *Mahabhashya*, the *Yoga Sutras* and a book on medicine and anatomy, and the Sutra period probably ended about 500 B.C., "though it is uncertain how far it extended into the depths of Indian antiquity. Patanjali was the author of the *Yoga Sutras*, and this fact has not been doubted by any Hindu writer up to this time. Mr. Weber *thinks*, however, that the author of the *Yoga Sutras* might be a different man from the author of the *Mahabashya*, though he does not venture to assign any reason for his supposition."

The *Yoga Aphorisms* are divided into four books. *Book First* explains what *practical* concentration is, the obstacles to its acquirement and the way to overcome them.

Book Second treats of the means of acquiring concentration through the purification of the body and the mind, and its results.

Book Third analyses concentration in its higher metaphysical form, as the synthesis of attention, contemplation, and meditation, and shows how this leads to direct cognition, and absolute independence of the influence of the body, and its obscurations of the intellect. The tools of the spirit having been made perfect, the mind becomes one with the soul, and *isolation*, *emancipation*, or *perfect concentration* follows.

The essential nature of *Isolation* forms the subject of the *Fourth* (and last) Book.

The soul is defined (in Aphorism 20, Book Second) as the Perceiver, and seems to be identified by Patanjali with the conscious Ego. We are to conceive of it as the holder or possessor of the mind, which may be compared to a mirror wherein all truth may be reflected, provided the conditions are suitable. If the *body* be impure or imperfect, the mirror of the mind is like a glass where the quicksilver is partly worn away, and the reflecting surface is impaired, or like one whose surface is dull and tarnished, or covered with dust. If the *mind* be not under control, the mirror is shaken by the winds or passion or impulse, or idle fancies, and the shadows of external things flit confusedly across its swaying surface, and we see nothing.

The first thing to be done, then, that we may secure the perfect reflection of the Higher Self, is to eliminate all these adverse conditions, and this is the object of the *Yoga Aphorisms*. "Concentration," says Patanjali, "is the hindering of the modifications of the thinking principle" (or mind.) In the fine lecture by W. K. Clifford on "Some of the Conditions of Mental Development," (1868) he shows how constant such modifications are. "If you will carefully consider what you have done most often during the day," says that distinguished philosopher, "you will find that you have really done nothing else from morning to night but *change your mind*. . . . Did you perform any deliberate action? There was

the change of mind from indecision to decision, from desire to volition, from volition to act. . . . In a word, whatever you have done, or felt, or thought, you will find upon reflection that you could not possibly be conscious of anything else than a change of mind."

These changes may be either sudden or gradual. In the latter case they are more properly called "modifications," perhaps, and Patanjali tells us that they are of five kinds, and are painful or not painful. They are *Correct Cognition*, *Misconception*, *Fancy*, *Sleep*, and *Memory;* that is, the mind may be led away from its subject of thought by (1) ideas that are true in themselves, or (2) false in themselves, by (3) idle notions suggested by some verbal association, by (4) sleep, or by (5) recollections. These modifications of the thinking principle, or as we more often say, this wandering of the mind, may be hindered in two ways, which are called *Exercise* and *Dispassion*. The former, the first step towards the far-off goal, is that mechanical fastening of the mind upon one point for a given length of time without intermission, which is called *Attention*, and is intended to strengthen the controlling power of the thinking principle. This is the preliminary sharpening of the tools or, to keep to the original metaphor, practice in the effort to hold the mirror perfectly still. The second step, *Dispassion*, is the attainment of freedom from all passions, desires, and ambitions, which cloud and obscure the mirror. Carried to the utmost, it is indifference to all else than soul. This purification of the mind is to be accomplished through the practice of *Benevolence*, *Tenderness*, *Complacency* (which means, I suppose, cheerfulness), and a disregard of the virtue or vice, the happiness or pain, of our fellow men. This does not mean that we are to be indifferent to the circumstances of others, but simply that we are not to allow our sympathies to upset our mental and moral equilibrium, and it is an exact corollary to the first maxim of the "Light on the Path."—"Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears."

The obstacles to the attainment of this serene and imperturbed condition, are enumerated as *Sickness*, *Languor*, *Doubt*, *Carelessness*, *Laziness*, *Addiction to objects of sense*, *Erroneous perception*, *Failure to attain any stage* (of abstraction), and *Instability* (to remain therein if attained).

These obstacles are to be overcome, and the virtues before-named to be practised, and then follows a description of various physical and mental aids that will help the student in his difficult task, such as certain exercises in breathing, or the banishment of an evil thought by dwelling upon its opposite, or by pondering upon anything that one approves.

In conclusion, we have a description of the highest form of purely intellectual concentration, culminating in what is called "Meditation without a seed," where there is no longer any distinct mental recognition of the object, but *vision* has taken its place. This seems to be akin to the *Gnosis* of the Neo-Platonists.

Book Second deals more particularly with the physical and moral aids to concentration, being directed to the establishment of meditation and the elimination of "afflictions." These, as may be judged by the name, are of a more passive and involuntary character than the "obstacles" mentioned in *Book First*, and are *Ignorance*, *Egoism*, *Desire*, *Aversion*, and *Tenacity of Life*, or what Schopenhauer calls "the will to live." These "afflictions" are inherent parts of our nature, whereas the "obstacles" are faults that lie more upon the surface, and can be more readily shaken off. They concern our mental attitude, the others lie at the very foundation of our being. Of these afflictions *Ignorance* is the origin and synthesis, being equivalent to *Tamas* (or Darkness) one of the three qualities that comprehend all things. It is mental or moral blindness, or the confounding of good and evil, eternal and transitory, pure and impure.

Egoism consists in identifying the *ego*, or soul, the power that sees, with the power of seeing; that is, in confounding the soul with the mind that is its tool, as ignorant persons confound the mind with the organs of sense, and imagine it is the eye that sees. For as the mind uses the eye, so the soul uses the mind. We realise this when we say, "My mind is confused, I (that is, the soul or ego) cannot *see* the idea."

Desire and *Aversion* mean, respectively, such dwelling upon pleasure or pain as perturbs the mind, and renders it incapable of the serene peace (described in the *First Book*) which is essential to perfect concentration. Desire and Aversion necessarily include all inordinate affections, and all forms of cowardice, whether moral or physical, the latter coming under the head of aversion to pain.

The tenacious desire for earthly existence, or "the will to live," is the natural tendency of humanity, without which existence under ordinary conditions would be impossible. It is this tendency that produces reincarnation, and that must be conquered ultimately or the cycle of re-births would never cease.

It is from these five elements that spring the roots of our merits and demerits, or, in other words, that *Karma*, whose fructification in each succeeding life on earth is either pleasure or pain. But to the man of perfect spiritual cultivation, all earthly things are grievous (since all the natural qualities are hindrances to the attainment of perfect concentration, or union with the Divine), and therefore in such an one, the desire for earthly life must gradually be lost.

From the fact that in our present form of life the soul is so closely wedded to the mind, and the mind to the body, her vision is impeded, and she is constantly misled. The past cannot be changed, the present cannot be shunned, but for the future we can prepare, by avoiding all acts likely to cause pain to ourselves or others, at the same time that we refrain from any fear or dread of what the morrow may bring forth.

For the Universe exists for the sake of the soul's experience and

emancipation—why then should we be troubled? The means of quitting the state of bondage to matter (which is caused by ignorance of the true nature of the soul and its relations), is perfect discriminative knowledge. This is of seven kinds (not named by Patanjali), and until it is attained in perfection, a partial illumination only will be the result of the practices conducive to concentration. These are eight in number, and comprise, like those mentioned in the *First Book*, physical, mental, and moral development, one of them alone, *Forbearance*, covering abstention from all the sins mentioned in the Decalogue.

From this simultaneous development of man's threefold nature, there necessarily results both purity and strength, culminating in that perfection of power which produces superlative felicity. The *Second Book* concludes with a description of these eight practices, and their results.

The *Third Book* begins with an analysis of concentration in its higher intellectual form, as composed of *Attention*, *Contemplation*, and *Meditation*.

Attention is fixing the mind upon a place, object or subject.

Contemplation is the continuance of this attention.

Meditation is contemplation directed to a material substance or object of sense.

The concentration resulting from the union of all these is called *Sanyama*, and is to be used in overcoming those more subtle modifications of the mind suffered by the advanced student, who has overcome those described in the preceding *books*, and we are told that this more purely intellectual form of concentration is especially efficacious for the attainment of "distinct cognition." Although not immediately productive of it, it precedes that kind of meditation in which distinct cognition of the object is lost, called "meditation without a seed," and described at the end of the *First Book*. The Victorine Mystics of the 12th century divided *Contemplation* into six stages, two belonging to Imagination, whose objects are *Sensibilia*, or sensible things; two belonging to Reason, *Intelligibilia* or truths concerning what is invisible, but accessible to reason, and two to Intuition, *Intellectibilia*, or unseen truth above reason. In fact, the resemblances are very numerous between the teachings of Richard of St. Victor and those of Patanjali.

But this is not the place to dwell upon this comparison, nor does it seem worth while here to enlarge upon the subtle definition of the the properties of objects that follow the analysis of Concentration. The larger portion of the *Third* Book is taken up by a description of the wonderful powers, both physical and mental, resulting from perfect control of the mind, and of all its hitherto undeveloped, and to most of us, unsuspected faculties. The 50th maxim says: "In the ascetic who has acquired the accurate discriminative knowledge of the truth, and of the nature of the soul, there arises a knowledge of all existences in their essential natures, and a mastery over them."

In this *Book* we see traced out the steps to the acquirement of perfect control of the physical through the mental, and the exemplification of the manner in which *all* knowledge may be reflected in the mirror of the mind, when made perfectly pure and held in perfect control. This is the highest stage of purely intellectual development, the ultimate point to which the *mind* of man can attain, but there is a further step, for in the last maxim of the *Third Book* we are told: "When the mind no longer conceives itself to be the knower or experiencer, and has become one with the soul, the real knower and experiencer, *Isolation* takes place, and the soul is emancipated,"

The *Fourth Book* proceeds to treat of this *Isolation* and its essential nature. It begins by defining the reasons for the variety of characters inherent in mankind, showing how each character is modified by the results of former lives, and how these characters may be still further modified by the proper use of the proper means. This modifying process is called "the removal of mental deposits," or in other words, of the accumulated experiences through which the entity has passed, which have left their traces upon it, as the different geological periods have left their record in the various strata of the earth.

Maxim 23 tells us, that the mind, though assuming various forms by reason of these innumerable mental deposits, exists for the purpose of the soul's emancipation, and co-operates thereto. The mind, being the instrument of the soul, exists for the soul's sake; the soul cannot be said to exist for the sake of its instrument, any more than the sense of sight exists for the sake of the eye. Having arrived at this perfection of Knowledge, if the ascetic strenuously banishes all other thoughts, and is free from desire to exercise the powers that lie within his reach ("is not desirous of the fruits," says Patanjali), and yet is not inactive, he arrives at the state called *Dharma-Megha* "the cloud of virtue," so-called because it brings that spiritual rain that causes the soul to blossom into emancipation. Then from the infinite heaven of absolute knowledge, the knowable seems a little thing and easy to grasp, then the modifications of the qualities cease to be, having accomplished their purpose, and time likewise is no more, for to emancipated soul there is nothing left but eternity, wherein past, present, and future are but one. Such a soul, having ceased to mistake the qualities of objects for realities, "abides in its own nature," and is upon the threshold of absolute union with the Divine.

For the greater part of mankind the *First Book* alone contains more than can be mastered in an ordinary lifetime, and therefore I have only sketched, in the briefest and most superficial manner, the general subjects of the last three *Books*. Theosophists owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Judge, for having put within the reach of all, a work of such far-reaching import, such subtle analysis, and such tremendous grasp, as the *Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali.*

It is not a book to be hastily read, but to be pondered and inwardly digested, to be comprehended by the intellect, and *ap*prehended by the soul, and then wrought into the tissue of our life !

KATHERINE HILLARD, F.T.S.

THE NATURE OF MATTER AND THE PERSONALITY.

IT is well-known that throughout the universe runs the fundamental distinction into subject and object. Thus knowledge consists of a knower and a thing that is known, sight is made up of a seer and a thing seen, and so on. A great deal may be learnt by studying things in their two aspects side by side. I propose in this way to consider personality and matter, which are the positive and negative aspect of the same thing.

What we call "Matter" can be known to an ordinary mind only through impressions conveyed to the senses. All we can be certain of with regard to it is that it produces certain sensations, and we have no reason for supposing that anything exists apart from these sensations. Now, considering the five senses separately, it appears that we derive our idea of matter or substance from sight and touch alone ; for we are unable to form any conception, from the senses of smell, taste and hearing, of any object or substance which may possess these qualities as attributes. All we know is that there is a certain odour or a certain flavour or a certain sound, but in the absence of sight and touch we should never think of connecting them with any idea of substance. There seems to be a specially mayavic character about the senses of sight and touch, and in order to get an unbiassed view of the nature of matter, we ought to recognise their illusory nature and regard them in the same way as we do the three other senses. In short we should regard form and touch as separate entities, rather than as attributes of a substance which could exist apart from them.

Matter thus becomes reduced to a bundle of agents producing certain sensory impressions in our minds. But what are these agents? Eastern metaphysics teaches that they are certain forces in nature called "tatwas," which permeate the whole objective universe, so that a substance may be described as "a centre of tatwic vibration." The objective aspect of these tatwas affects universal or primordial substance, and causes what we call matter; while the subjective aspect affects universal mind, and causes what we call our senses. Thus, when we perceive an object, the centres of tatwic force which we call our senses, vibrate in unison with the centres of tatwic forces which we call the object. Thus we have arrived at a conception of matter as being a bundle of forces

working in primordial substance, and hence we realise that actual identity of matter and force which is a tenet of the occultists.

Bearing in mind this fact, it is evident that in order to obtain complete control over the objective universe, it is only necessary to be able to control these forces and manipulate them at our will. But we have seen that these same forces, in their subjective aspect, form our sensorium and produce all the effects of perception. Eastern occultists further maintain that our animal souls are made up of the same vibrations, which are known to us under the name of emotions, feelings, desires or wishes.

Hence, if we are to control the tatwic forces as they exist in the objective universe, we must be able to control them as they manifest themselves in our souls ; in other words, we must learn to master our passions, so that by resisting the forces of nature we may become independent of them, and be their masters instead of their slaves. And is not this the great lesson taught by all occult teachers to their pupils, and impressed upon us at every turn as *the* great object of achievement for the aspirant ? When we first enter upon our esoteric studies we have to take these and similar truths on faith, but when by pondering the mysteries of nature we are able to deduce the same truths for ourselves, an additional stimulus to our progress is afforded.

And now, in pursuance of my original plan, let me apply to the subjective aspect, or " personality," the same reasoning as I have applied to the objective aspect, or " Matter." Just as Matter, when stripped of all the forces which endow it with distinctive characteristics, is reduced to a universal and undifferentiated substance ; so, when the forces which constitute the personality are removed, nothing is left behind but the true Self, which being undifferentiated is common to all individuals. For what we call our personality is nothing more than a collection of emotions and fancies, which are merely centres of tatwic vibration in the soul, and when we have obtained the mastery over them and can control them at will, we shall have destroyed personality, and be in a position to realise that the only true operator is the Higher Self.

Thus we shall have arrived at the great occult Truth of the one universal " Something " in its true aspects of Spirit and Matter, the former being Universal Mind, and the latter the Akâsa or Waters of Space in which the former is reflected.

H. T. EDGE, F.T.S.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XII.

A MIRACLE.

FAR be it from us to throw a slur upon any of our fellow-men, or, still worse, to impugn the intelligence of any legally-constituted authority.

Nor do we wish to besmirch the memory of good people by attributing wrong motives to what they did. An old proverb says that to him to whom God gives an office He also gives the qualifications necessary to fill it. But in spite of all this, it is true, and the cloak of charity is not long enough to hide the fact, that, in comparatively modern times, at a certain village to which a negro, by some mishap, found his way, he was rubbed and washed by order of the authorities, for the purpose of making him white, because these good and well-meaning people had never heard of black men. The burgomaster, especially, was not a little indignant that a strange vagabond should dare to appear in his presence with such a black face.

It is in the nature of man that he should fear and hate that which he does not know, and persecute that which he does not understand. Thus it has been before, and history never ceases repeating itself. The huntsman is proud of killing a bird such as has never been seen, and the scientist knows of no greater pleasure than to examine a new discovery in its minutest details, even if that examination involves the destruction of the object.

Let the new discovery be a bird of the woods or a truth descended from Heaven for the purpose of redeeming the world, it will always have to be ill-treated by ignorance, misunderstood, and its form destroyed before poor and benighted humanity will awaken to a true understanding of its nature. In vain the history of Galileo is shouted into the ears of the modern scientist, he himself constitutes a petty tribunal of inquisition, and acts like the one which objected to the rotundity of the earth, whenever he finds a truth not in accordance with his adopted opinions.

We do not claim that this should not be so; we believe that everything is the outcome of previously existing conditions, and therefore exactly what is must be. We do not propose to blame the world for not being better than it is; we would merely like to have it clearly understood what it is. Neither credulity nor scepticism is the true saviour of mankind.

The history of *Christina Mirabilis*, born in 1150 at Luettich, who had the power of flying from tree to tree like a bird, and who could not be caught until some ruffian succeeded in breaking her leg with a stick of wood thrown at her, or that of *Joseph of Cupartino*, born on July 17th, 1603, at Naples, who was first tortured on the rack by the Holy Inquisition, and afterwards made a saint, because he was in possession of certain powers, of which the majority of other persons do not know that they exist. These and a thousand similar histories

might be cited to show that Self-opinionatedness is the spouse of Ignorance, and Cruelty is their child.

Nor does the history of the Talking Image of Urur show that those who wish to pry with curious eyes into the mysteries of Nature have become any wiser than their forefathers, who likewise hunted for external proofs, for the purpose of convincing themselves, by argumentation, of the existence of things which they ought to have been capable of perceiving within their own selves.

Phenomena of a strange and occult character continued to take place in the presence of the Talking Image. The ringing of invisible silver bells was often heard in the air, and occult letters were dropped on the heads of the Chelas, but the greatest phenomenon of all that occurred, and one which may truly be considered of a miraculous nature, was that some of the benighted Chelas and Members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom actually said and wrote certain things, whose character bore self-evident proof that they must have emanated from an intelligence superior to their own. Unfortunately, such an inspiration never lasted. Thus, Mrs. Honeycomb wrote a little book entitled "Rays of Wisdom," which contained great and exalted thoughts, and was evidently full of divine inspiration; a book which she herself neither understood, nor did she follow the counsels given therein. It was nevertheless, a very remarkable book, and one which seemed to be the outcome of the magnetism of Rataramorubatchi poured upon Mrs. Honeycomb's head.

Mr. Green, likewise, after having received several numbers of the *Edwardsville Herald*, sent to him by a friend, and which spoke in a flattering manner of his prospects of being advanced to the hierophantic chair, felt encouraged to sit down and try some of Krashibashi's magnetism, an effort which we are glad to state was not without a certain result. He went into poetry, and, with his permission, we will give the reader a speimen of his productions :—

"Do you know for what I'm yearning?
Guess, ah, guess what it can be!
I am yearning after learning
All 'bout *Mulaprakriti.*

"I am yearning, like the parrots,
Without mustard cannot be,
And like mules that yearn for carrots,
After *Mulaprakriti.*"

If we take into consideration the fact that Mr. Green never wrote any poetry before, we shall clearly perceive that he must have been inspired; for, although the form of the poem is somewhat defective, the underlying ideas are very suggestive and beautiful.

But Pancho's brain, we are sorry to say, remained entirely inactive, even under the combined influence of the magnetism of Krashibashi and Rataramorubatchi, for, being of a mulish and stubborn nature, he would continually do his own thinking, and not allow the ideas of the Mysterious Brotherhood to take shape in his mind.

Madame Corneille's occult powers were of a different kind. Her speciality seemed to be the production of direct occult letters without the application of

magnetism of any kind; and, moreover, the occult letters produced through her strange mediumistic powers offered the extraordinary advantage of always appearing at the time when they best served her purpose.

Thus a few days after the interview between Madame Corneille and Rev. Sniff, Captain Bumpkins found an occult letter while alone in his room. Its contents were as follows:

"MY DEAR BUMPKINS.—In consideration of the valuable services which you have rendered to the cause of Truth, and as a reward for your indefatigable labours, I am authorised by the great *I Am* to communicate to you the following:

"You are aware that the chiefs of the Mysterious Brotherhood live in a city called Kakodumbala, situated within the inaccessible mountain regions of the Lybian desert, and guarded by a legion of grim elementals. No mortal foot has ever found the way to the place where we live, nor could it be approached by a balloon, as we would immediately send a thunderbolt to annihilate the intruder; but to you, our esteemed Hierophant, we will disclose the fact that there are subterranean passages leading under the mountains to the doors of our city. He who is wise enough to discover such a passage, courageous enough to enter it and strong enough to encounter the foul air contained therein, if once he safely passes through that passage, to him the doors of our city will be opened, and the remaining years of his Chelaship will be remitted. We will give him a diploma to show to the world that he is a member of the Mysterious Brotherhood and he shall be entitled to wear a green ribbon with the order of the Blue Elephant suspended upon his breast. Hoping that you will make the attempt to find the subterranean passage, so that you may be introduced to the great 'I Am,' I remain, Yours faithfully,

"KRASHIBASHI."

Where, ah, where, can we find words to express and picture the delight which Captain Bumpkins experienced after reading this letter! He made up his mind to immediataly start for the mountains, and discover the subterranean hole. He did not for a moment consider the dangers connected with such a perilous undertaking; he only thought of the diploma, of the order of the Blue Elephant and of his introduction to the great *I Am*, whom he rightly supposed to be a personage superior to the rest of the Mysterious Brotherhood, and whom he pictured to himself as an old benevolent man, with a long grey beard, dresssd in a white gown, with a crown upon his head, and reading the *Bhagavat-Gita*.

Thus the Hierophant left, and for several weeks, nothing unusual happened at Urur. Madame Corneille frequently went to the city, presumably to hold interviews with the Rev. Sniff. Mrs. Honeycomb was searching for means to discover the whereabouts of the Black Magicians, Mr. Green occupied himself with evolving thoughts for the benefit of Humanity, and Pancho wasted his time in worrying because he did not know certain things, instead of employing it in seeking to obtain knowledge of them.

At this time some violent attacks were made by certain newspapers upon the Talking Image, and its doctrines. These were said to be pernicious, and the occult phenomena taking place at Urur were denounced as sleight-of-hand performances. They were made, it was averred, by Mr. Green and the other

Chelas, for the purpose of enticing the gullible into the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. Especially "The Missionary," a paper published at the city was virulent in his attacks upon the Image, saying that it was possessed by devils, and that all it said was produced by ventriloquism; that Krashibashi and Rataraborumatchi were spooks and impostors, and that the Image ought to be destroyed and its supporters prosecuted by law.

To substantiate these claims a number of letters were published by "The Missionary," and these letters were said to be copies from originals signed by Krashibashi and Rataramorubatchi. The originals were to be privately shown at the office of "The Missionary," whose editor was the Rev. Sniff. This threw a great deal of discredit upon the Mysterious Brotherhood, impugning as it did the honesty of Krashihashi, the veracity of Rataramorubatchi and the intelligence of Captain Bumpkins and Mr. Green. The following are some of the specimens, as they appeared.

"Extracts" from The Missionary.

"My Dear Madame Corneille. The Mysterious Brotherhood is sorely in need of money. Please persuade Captain Bumpkins to appoint a committee to go to London and to rob the Bank of England of a few millions of pounds. Let him choose for that purpose only people of intelligence—if any such may be found. Let them be provided with crowbars and dynamite, and take good care not to be caught. Yours for the truth, Rataraborumatchi."

The second letter, in different handwriting, was addressed to the Hierophant.

"My Dear Captain Bumpkins. You know that every Chela must have a master, whose orders he must obey implicitly, but whom he is not permitted to know until he becomes finally initiated after having had his obedience tested and tried in every way. You will probably soon be offered a high position in the government. Accept it, but whatever the government may order you to do, always remember that you must first of all obey the orders of your unknown Master. Not the enemy of the government, but the enemy of your Master is your enemy. Do not forget this, and all will be well with you, even if the government goes to the deuce. Yours faithfully, Krashibashi."

The third letter was in still another handwriting, and to experts that were called in, have never been able fully to determine the name of the mysterious Brother who wrote it. It was as follows:

"Sapristi! Shal we submit to bay our monée to the Gouvernement? Shal we *supprimer* our *raison?* Shall we listen to the enseignments of *Monsieur le* bishop? No, *nevare!* We will eat up these Hottentots. They will be nothing to us but a *dejeuner à la fourchette.*"

The last one was signed by the "Talking Image" itself, although it has never been explained how an image of stone could write a letter without being made to write it by some external influence. It ran thus:

"Oh, how weary I am of life in a world where everything without a single exception is the product of ignorance; a world which is only one grand hallucination. Please show me one man or woman who is not a fool and I will thank you for it. Alas, he who thinks that he is not a fool is surely the greatest of all, because life itself is a tomfoolery, and if he were not a fool, he would not have been born at all. What but vanity is even the greatness of the kings in this world. . . ."

(The rest of the letter—it was stated—could not be published for reasons that are intimately connected with the interests of religion and morality.)

Such villainous and seditious letters, subversive to the authority of church and state, and tending to overthrow the very foundations of society—(for what would become of society if every person should consider the other a fool?) could not be tolerated. Even the friends of the Image did not wish to be told that they were fools; the scientists stormed, the clergy raged, the aristocracy became indignant; the Government was applied to for protection, and the public demanded in a loud voice that the Image should be destroyed.

To crown the exposure, a letter in the handwriting of Mr. Green was found and published in "The Missionary." It was addressed to a medical man, and its contents were as follows:

"*Dear Sir*,—I have been informed that you have a good remedy by which the power of ventriloquism can be developed. Ever since I came to Urur, I and the other Chelas have been engaged in making 'the Image' talk by our ventriloquism and we are all affected with sore throat and cramps in the digestive organs. If you can give me any advice, please address."

"GREEN ESQ, CHELA, URUR."

This letter, which, however, afterwards was declared to be a forgery, settled the matter. It proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Image was not only possessed by devils, but that all its utterances were the results of frauds and impostures produced by Mr. Green, Mr. Malaban and Ram. Henceforth, the clamour of the press, and the outcry of the public, could not be treated any longer with indifference. It was necessary that an example should be made and the culprits be punished.

These were dark days for the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. While the Hierophant was away, seeking for the subterranean hole that leads to the city of Kakadumbala, they were like a herd of sheep without their leader, not knowing which way to go. In vain Messrs. Malaban, Ram and Green sent lengthy communications to the papers in defence of the Mysterious Brotherhood; the former expressing his contempt for the vile insinuations of "The Missionary," which he would not have condescended to answer if it were not for the benefit of humanity; while the latter stated that he had studied Latin and Greek, and that, therefore, even a child might see that he was not the man to be easily imposed on. Alas, for poor humanity! All these communications were returned with the ominous words written on the margin, "declined with thanks." In vain Mrs. Honeycomb, being certain that it all was the work of Black Magicians, substituted nitric acid for the oil of vitriol, the latter having proved to be ineffective to restore harmony at Urur. Krashibashi and Rataramorubatchi seemed to have gone to sleep. Whether they had emigrated, or found it beneath their dignity to meddle with such trifling affairs, has not been ascertained; because Captain Bumpkins was gone and the Chelas were not permitted to tell. At last, however, a communication was given through the "Image," signed by the great I Am, in which he said that on a certain day he would give a public proof of his power, and existence, and perform a miracle.

This letter created a great sensation, and a kind of armistice was silently agreed upon between the friends and the foes of the Image, until the day of the miracle should arrive.

At this time an event occurred which created a great sensation among the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. It has never been ascertained how the rumour originated; but on a certain day the news was suddenly spread that a living Adept, a member of the Mysterious Brotherhood, had been seen near the Shrine, and was now inhabiting one of the forests adjoining Urur. The appearance of a man-eating tiger in the vicinity of an African village, would not have created a greater sensation than did this report about the presence of a man who was really wise. The Chelas were seen to run about and gesticulate in an excited manner, and everyone who was not an invalid took to the woods in search of the supposed Adept. Mr. Green along with the others swore that he would not return until he had attained his object.

Pancho went likewise to the forest; but for a different purpose. He had begun to think that it would be of little use to hunt for an Adept from whom to receive further instruction, as long as the instructions which he already possessed were not carried out. Moreover, he was led to believe that spiritual knowledge is of a subjective kind, which cannot be taught by words; but that it consists in a knowledge of certain powers existing within oneself, and which must exist therein before one is able to know them. He cared no more for talk but wanted to study the germs of power existing within himself, and to practise that meditation which is taught in the ancient books. He got the translation of Edwin Arnold's "Song Celestial," and read the description in it of a Yogi; that is to say of one who has attained the power of being self-conscious of divine truth.

> " . . . . Sequestered should he sit
> Steadfastly meditating, solitary,
> His thoughts controled, his passions laid away,
> Quit of belongings. In a fair still spot,
> Having his fixed abode—not too much raised
> Nor yet too low—let him abide; his goods
> A cloth, a deerskin and the Kusa grass.
> There setting hard his mind upon the One,
> Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm,
> Let him accomplish Yoga and achieve
> Pureness of soul, holding immovable
> Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed
> Upon his nose end."

Pancho made up his mind to follow these directions and to try the experiment He knew of a quiet secluded spot near the seashore, where he could practise the ceremony prescribed in the Bhagavat Gita, without being disturbed. He resolved to make the trial. True, he thought that a little more clothing than a cloth would do no harm and he had neither a deer skin nor a supply of Kusa grass; but these were evidently matters of secondary consideration.

So taking his hat he proceeded towards the seashore. He did not follow the road but went through the forest and jungle to a place where stood an old deserted Mahommedan temple whose walls were crumbling to pieces. He mounted the platform in front of it. This platform was about four feet high

and consequently "not too much raised nor yet too low." There he sat down, making himself as comfortable as possible, watching for a while the moonbeams playing upon the foaming waves and listening to the sound of the surf. He then tried to keep his body, head and neck immovable, and directed his gaze upon his nose end, not without fear however of getting a permanent squint.

Some months had now elapsed and Pancho had received no further news from his wife. To his troubles about philosophical questions was added the anxiety to know the reason of Conchita's silence. He had written several letters, but received no answer. He had even began to make himself familiar with the thought that she was dead. In this opinion he was confirmed by the fact that he dreamed of her frequently and believed at times he saw her form even after awakening; but no sooner did his external consciousness become fully re-established, than the apparition disappeared.

He tried to think of nothing, but did not succeed, for thoughts of Conchita came into his mind; when his eyes were attracted to the moonbeams that fell through the branches. Suddenly it seemed to him as if there was a cloud-like mist floating between the trees, and that it grew denser and denser, until it assumed the well-known form of Conchita, robed in white; but far more beautiful than he had ever seen her in life. Her face was radiant with joy, her eyes seemed to penetrate to his very soul, she smiled, and although her lips did not move, nevertheless it seemed to him that he heard her saying:

"Do not grieve my beloved one, all will be well."

"Is it then true," thought Pancho, "that you are dead?" and as if in answer to his thoughts the form replied:

"Not dead; but gone before."

"How happy you seem to be," cried Pancho, and heard in reply:

"Joy! joy! There is no death. My power to communicate with you is growing stronger. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" echoed Pancho, as the dear form faded away.

How long Pancho sat in that place meditating about the vision he he had seen is not known; but he was suddenly disturbed by a voice speaking in solemn accents the words:

"Rum, shrum, Korumbulum, satawaki, Karibaki, Krashibashi."

It was Mr. Green's voice, and as Pancho looked around, there in the moonlight stood Mr. Green himself, repeating the above meaningless words. But what was most peculiar about him was that he was dressed in absolutely nothing except a loin cloth, his white flesh forming a strong contrast with the dark background of trees."

"Rum, shrum, Korumbulum!" it sounded again, when Pancho exclaimed:

"What are you doing, Mr. Green? Are you not afraid of snakes?"

"No snake will bite him who has been selected to become a hierophant," replied Mr. Green. "I have become a real probationary Chela and I am under the special protection of Krashibashi who will see that I am not bitten by snakes."

"But what has become of your clothes?" asked Pancho.

"I took them off," replied Mr. Green, "for it is written that a real Yogi must wear nothing but a loin cloth.

"And what are the words you spoke?" asked Pancho.

"I am sorry that you have listened," answered Mr. Green. "They are a sacred formula that was given to me by my *guru*."

Pancho looked into the eyes of Mr. Green and what he saw there was—insanity! Then it seemed to him as if he had suddenly become aware of an abyss yawning at his feet, and that he himself was on the verge of it. He knew that if he should go one step further he himself would become a maniac like Mr. Green.

By a good deal of persuasion he prevailed upon Mr. Green to put on his clothes and return home with him. From this simple act of kindness Pancho received more interior satisfaction and spiritual strength, than if he had stood upon one leg for a week, or held his breath for a month, or gone through any similar kind of ceremony prescribed by the Yoga philosophy. In the meantime the day was approaching when Krashibashi was to perform his miracle. On the evening before the great day, numerous visitors had arrived for the purpose of witnessing it. Among the former was Mr. Bottler, in his official capacity as deputy of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, and it was on him that now hung the hopes of the S. D. W. He was looked upon as the redeemer who was sure to confound the enemies of the Society, by proving beyond any reasonable doubt the existence of the Mysterious Brotherhood; and what Mr. Bottler said confirmed the members of the S. D. W. in their belief that they would gain a complete victory over their detractors.

"I congratulate the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom," said Mr. Bottler, "that a man of such eminent qualifications as I possess has been selected to investigate the claims of the Mysterious Brotherhood. If these Brothers exist, I say, let their doctrines be believed, by all means; but if they do not exist, then their doctrines should not be accepted, for what they teach can only be pernicious in the extreme. If it can be shown that the raps which were made in the presence of the Image were not produced by the great Krashibashi, but by a being of an inferior order, then I say, I shall not believe for a moment in his theories of evolution; but if Krashibashi himself produced these raps, then I shall announce to the world that his doctrines are true."

These wise words of Mr. Bottler were received with great applause.

"There can be no doubt that there exists a source of inspiration,"* observed Mr. Green.

"If there is such a source," observed Mr. Bottler, "let it be shown. Let it come forward and show whether or not it can stand the test of scientific research. What is this power which claims to be the source of inspiration? To what category does it belong? What is its chemical composition? How shall it be classified? Let it give us visible and tangible proof of its existence. Until this is done, I for one shall refuse to believe."

Mr. Bottler was then introduced to Madame Corneille, and they soon became friends. She made to him certain revelations intensely interesting and highly important for the promotion of science. What the exact nature of these revelations was has never been fully revealed, from that day to this. It was merely whispered that Mr. Bottler was provided with a large-sized flask to be corked with Solomon's seal, and into which he expected to ensnare a living Adept to be henceforward preserved in the Museum of his Society.

Supper, to which a number of guests were invited, was announced. During

* A "Mahatmic Force?" [ED.]

that meal Mr. Bottler astonished the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom by his profound learning.

Mr. Green proposed a toast to Mr. Bottler, the representative member of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, and in answer to it Mr. Bottler rose and said:

"Well may modern science be proud of the results it has achieved! All that has been formerly considered occult, has now been thoroughly explained, and new discoveries are continually being made by science. Through my own infatigable labours, carried on with an immense amount of patience and exactness for a number of years, I have succeeded in proving beyond the possibility of contradiction, that if we take one of these rotato-spheroidal Calcium-carbonate-exudates of embryonial-gallinaceous intermediary formations" (here Mr. Bottler took up an egg from the table), "and by the exercise of a certain amount of force perforate the polar *curvature-maxima* of the same situated diametrically opposite, disturbing the equilibrium within the exterior periphery, either by suitable mechanical appliances, or even by physiological means, we may create variations between the internal and external tensions of the fluids contained within the said ovoid body. In consequence of this, the protoplasmic sarcode mass with all the physiological products belonging thereunto, will be expelled either with a constant or varying velocity, in a straight or parabolic direction, according to the fundamental laws governing the hydrodynamic equations of fluidic and semi-fluidic bodies."

Larger and larger grew the eyes of Mr. Green during Mr. Bottler's discourse. Formerly he had imagined that to suck an egg it was only necessary to make a hole in each end; but now he saw the profundity of his ignorance. The members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom listened awe-struck and in silence, and their attention reached its climax when Mr. Bottler proceeded to demonstrate by beautiful experiment the truth of the theory he had so clearly explained. He solemnly perforated the ovoid body; but as the egg was hard boiled—a circumstance which Mr. Bottler could not have foreseen—the experiment failed this time.

The eventful day had arrived.

The great day of the MIRACLE. Early in the morning large crowds assembled at Urur; but only a certain number of selected people received admission cards to enter the shrine. At the appointed hour the procession could be seen wending its way to the temple. There was Malaban Babu with his unavoidable flag, and Ram-Garu carrying incense, Messrs. Bottler, Green, Pancho, Mrs. Honeycomb with other Chelas, besides a great number of experts and dignitaries that had come from the city to witness the performance. They entered the temple and ascended the stairs leading to the sacred room. They opened the door in solemn silence and raised their eyes in reverential awe. They looked in the direction of the Shrine, and then stared wildly at each other. . . .

The "Talking Image" *was gone!* . . . .

FRANZ HARTMANN.

(To be continued.)

THE SEVEN MYSTERY NAMES.

WHICH are the *genuine* seven mystery names? That *Mikael Gabriel, Raphael, Oriel, Scaltiel, Jehudiel* and *Barachiel*, are substitutes only we have been told already by some Masters, and by Mme. Blavatsky. (See LUCIFER, July 15, 1888, pp. 355-365.) Let us, then, try and find out the real names—if we can.

Different authors give different names to the "seven mystery gods," or the "seven spirits of God," as the Apocalypse has it. My research—unfortunately too short and too incomplete — led to the following result:

I.

In *Heptameron* by *Pietro de Abano*,

1. *Michael*	is the angel of		*Sunday*	☉.
2. *Gabriel*	"	"	*Monday*	☽.
3. *Samael*	"	"	*Tuesday*	♂.
4. *Raphael*	"	"	*Wednesday*	☿.
5. *Sachiel*	"	"	*Thursday*	♃.
6. *Anael*	"	"	*Friday*	♀.
7. *Cassiel*	"	"	*Saturday*	♄.

II.

In *Semiphoras*, one of the many so-called "Keys of Solomon," *the seven planetary angels* are named:

1. *Zaphiel* ♄.
2. *Zadkiel* ♃.
3. *Camael* ♂.
4. *Raphael* ☉.
5. *Haniel* ♀.
6. *Michael* ☿.
7. *Gabriel* ☽.

The Planetary Spirits are called:

♄ Sabathiel, ♃ Zedekiel, ♂ Madimiel, ☉ Semeliel, or Semishiah ♀ Nogahel, ☿ Coahabiah, or Cochabiel, and ☽ Jarechel, or Jevanael.

The planets themselves are given the following names:

♄ Sabachay, ♃ Sodech, ♂ Modym, ☉ Hamnia, ♀ Noga, ☿ Cochab and ☽ Lavahan.

III.

In *The Invocation of St. Christopher*, or "Christopheles-Gebet" (the Prayer of Christopher), *the seven archangels* are named:

Gabriel, Raphael, Michael, Uriel, Zacharia, Emanuel, and *Charaphael*.

IV.

In *De Magia Veterum* by *Arbatel* the *seven planets* are enumerated thus:

1. *Oriphiel*, or *Ophiel* ♄. 2. *Jophiel* ♃. 3. *Samael* ♂. 4. *Michael* ☉. 5. *Anael* ♀. 6. *Raphael* ☿. 7. *Gabriel* ☽.

The *seven angels standing before the Lord* are said to be:

1. ♄ Oriphiel. 2. ♀ Anael. 3. ♃ Zachariel. 4. ☉ Michael. 5. ☿ Raphael. 6. ♂ Samuel (Samael?). 7. ☽ Gabriel.

V.

In *Semiphoras*, or *Schemhamphorasch Salomonis Regis*, the *7 heights of the planets* and the *7 planetary angels* are called:

1. *Samaym* (*Schamaym*). Gabriel ☽.	1. *Ophaniel.*
2. *Raaquin.* Zachariel, Raphael ☿.	2. *Tychagara.*
3. *Saaquin.* Anahel, Avahel ♀.	3. *Barael.*
4. *Machonon.* Michael. ☉.	4. *Quelamia.*
5. *Mathey.* Samael, Saball ♂.	5. *Anazimur.*
6. *Sebul.* Zachiel, ♃.	6. *Paschar.*
7. *Arabat.* Cassiel, ♄.	7. *Boel.*

VI.

In *The Great Grimoire of the Pope Honorius* the *Spirits of the air* are enumerated thus:

1. *Michael*, ☉. 2. *Gabriel*, ☽. 3. *Gamael* (Samael?) ♂. 4. *Raphael* ☿. 5. *Serachiel* (Sachiel?) ♃. 6. *Anael* ♀. 7. *Kaphpiel* (Cassiel?) ♄.

VII.

In *The Telescope of Zoroaster*, also called *The Kabbala of the Magi*, the "*Intelligences*" are given the following names:

1. (*a.*) *Genhelia*, Sun-intelligence, material or elementary.
   (*b.*) *Psychhelia*, Sun-intelligence, spiritual or ethereal.
2. (*a.*) *Seleno*, Moon-intelligence, material.
   (*b.*) *Psychomene*, Moon-intelligence, spiritual or ethereal.
3. *Erosia*, Venus-intelligence.
4. *Panurgio*, Mercury-intelligence.
5. *Lethophoro*, Saturn-intelligence.
6. *Aglae*, Jupiter-intelligence.
7. *Adamasto*, Mars-intelligence.

VIII.

In *Cypriani Citatio Angelorum* the "angels" enumerated are not less than eight, as witness this invocation:

"Cito imprecor, requiro atque exoro jam vos, o *Almaziel*, *Ariel*, *Anathamia*, *Ezebul*, *Abiul*, *Ezea*, *Ahesin* et *Calizabin*, angelos Dei sanctissimos."

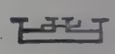
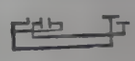
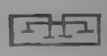
IX.

In a book of black magic *Dr. Johann Faustens Miracul-Kunst und Wunder-Buch oder Die schwarze Rabe, auch der Dreifache Hollenzwang genannt*, the black shadows of the planetary spirits, or "*the seven Grand-dukes of Hell*" are named:

1. *Aziel* ☉. 2. *Mephistophelis* (Mephistopheles?) ☽. 3. *Marbuel* ♂. 4. *Ariel* ☿. 5. *Aniguel* (Azibael?) ♃. 6. *Anisel* (Anifel?) ♀. 7. *Barfael* (Barbuel?) ♄.

X.

In *Claviculae Salomonis, id est Theosophia Pneumatica*, the following "seven administrators" are mentioned:

1. *Arathron.* (Saturn). Seal: 
2. *Bethor.* (Jupiter). Seal: 
3. *Phaleg.* (Mars). Seal:
4. *Och.* (Sol). Seal:
5. *Hagith.* (Venus). Seal: 
6. *Ophiel.* (Mercury). Seal:
7. *Phul.* (Luna). Seal:

XI.

In *De Magia Veterum* by *Arbatel* the same names, as in *Claviculae Salomonis*, are mentioned as a variation.

XII.

In *Magia Divina*, printed in 1745, *the planetary dukes* are named:

1. *Arathron*, ♄. 2. *Bethor*, ♃. 3. *Phaleg*, ♂. 4. *Ah*, ☉. 5. *Hagith*, ♀. 6. *Ophiel*, ☿. 7. *Phul*, ☽.

XIII.

In a recent *Illustrated History of the World* (Illustrerad Verldshistoria), published in Stockholm, Sweden, the following are said (*i.* 77) to be the names of *the Chaldean planetary gods:*

1. *Samas* ☉. 2. *Sin*, ☽. 3. *Adar, or Adarmalik*, ♄. 4. *Nabu (Nebo)*, ☿. 5. *Nergal*, ♂. 6. *Marduk*, ♃: 7*a*. *Istar* (the morning Star, the Goddess of Battle), and *b Bilit* (the Evening Star, the Goddess of Love), ♀.

XIV.

The *Ophic planetary group (Origen in Celsum* vi. 25*)* consists of:

1. *Michael*, ☉. 2. *Suriel*, (♃ ?). 3. *Raphael*, ☿. 4. *Gabriel*, ☽. 5. *Thantabaoth*, (♀ ?). 6. *Eratsaoth*, (☿ ?). 7. *Ouriel*, (♄ ?).

XV.

Origenes calls the Sun *Adonai*, the Moon *Jao*, Jupiter *Eloi*, Mars *Sabao*, Venus *Orai*, Mercury *Astaphai*, and Saturn *Ildabaoth*.

NOTE I.

In the *Bible*, "the two greater and the five minor lights" are named:

1. *The Sun*: חַמָּה *Chammah* (5 times); חֶרֶס *Cheres* (3 times); שֶׁמֶשׁ *Shemesh*, Babylonian and Assyrian Shamas (150 times).

2. *The Moon*: יָרֵחַ *Jareach* (20 times); לְבָנָה *Lebanah* (10 times).

3. *Mars*: מַאֲדִים *Maadim*. אדם *Adom*.

4. *Mercury*: כּוֹכָב *Cochab*, the oldest name; later: כַּתָּב *Cathab*.

5. *Jupiter*: כּוֹכָב בַּעַל *Cochab Baal*.

6. *Venus*: נֹגַהּ זְהָרָה *Noga Zaharah*; מוֹלֶדֶת *Moledeth*, or מוֹלִדְתָּא *Molidtha* (Mylitta?).

7. *Saturn*: כּוֹכָב שַׁבָּת *Cochab Shabbath*, or שַׁבְּתָאִי *Shabathi* (Shabbathai?), and שַׁבְּתַי *Shabbetha* (Shabbethi?).

NOTE II.

In the *Kings* of China, the Sun is called *Ji*, the Moon *Yuei*, and the planets *Sing*. *Venus'* Chinese name is *Kin Sing* (the Metal Star); *Mercury's* is *Spui Sing* (the Water Star); *Saturn* is named *Tu Sing* (the Earth Star); *Mars*, *Ho Sing* (the Fire Star); and *Jupiter*, *Mo Sing* (the Wood Star). Jupiter is called "the planet of the year" and is placed in the east; Mars, "the planet of the wandering light," in the south; Venus, "the great white star," in the west; Mercury, "the planet of the hours," in the north; and Saturn, "the planet of control (self-control?) and calm," in mid-heaven. *Die Religion und der Cultus der alten Chinesen*, by Dr. J. H. Plath, Munich, 1862.

* * * * * * * * * *

Dupuis, in his *Religion Universelle* (*i.* 75), says, that every planet is represented by a vowel, and that, during the worship of different days, the vowel, hallowed to the ruling planet, was sung. Hence the seven notes of the musical scale. *Si*, is said to represent the moon; *Ut*, (Do), Mercury; *Re*, Venus; *Mi*, the Sun; *Fa*, Mars; *Sol*, Jupiter, and *La*, Saturn. This was the music of the spheres. Furthermore, seven of the well-known metals were connected with the planets, viz., *gold* with the Sun, *silver* with the Moon, *lead* with Saturn, *iron* with Mars, *tin* with Jupiter, *quicksilver* with Mercury, and *copper* with Venus.

* * * * * * * * * *

Now, which are the real *bona fide* mystery names? Well, the truth has more than one side, and more than one name, too. I, for my part, thought for a long time that those mentioned under Nos. X, XI, and XII, were the true ones. But as I believe those mentioned under Nos. XIII. and XV. to be in some way genuine, too, I dare not say that I have found or can point out the genuine mystery names yet. Will not Mme. Blavatsky kindly bring light to this "hidden thing of darkness"? If this information cannot be given before the *initiation*, I am waiting for that.

JAKOB BONGGREN, F.T.S.

NOTES ON THE SEVEN MYSTERY NAMES.

THE above article cannot fail to attract the attention of all lovers of the occult, and it will not, I think, prove uninteresting to the student of comparative philology. In considering a subject of this nature from the standpoint of the Theosophist it is advantageous to know that these planetary names are of a generic nature, and refer as much to the various planes, spheres, principles, states, and conditions of Being, as to the planetary bodies themselves; or the humanity which inhabits them. Moreover they have reference to certain intelligent Forces in the universe, which may be considered separately, as in relation to Spiritual entities, or in the aggregate as a collective manifestation of the One Life.

Borrowing a little of the light of *Lucifer*, we may profitably reflect upon this interesting subject.

No doubt our able author is right when he says, "It seems to be no easy task to tell which of the different series of names is nearest the truth." When we know that different names have been conferred upon the same planetary bodies in almost every language, and this with the view of pourtraying their several different characteristics, and further, when we regard the inevitable confusion and the distortion of those names by transmission through the centuries from one nation to another, it becomes, as said, no easy task to make a complete identification between even two of the different systems of nomenclature.

But it may not be unprofitable to make a comparative survey of the results which have rewarded, in no small degree, the patient investigations of our compiler.

A—To begin then with the sun, or Sol. As the name suggests he is the On or One, the adjective form of which word is "only." In the Sanskrit we have the word Sum or Sam which means "all," and which by transliteration becomes our word Sun. Hence also the Hebrew, *shemesh*, *samazon*, *Samson*, &c. (Comp. Table 13, No. I.)

Under these names of Sol, Sum, Shem, On, An, &c. the solar sphere becomes a natural symbol of Svabhavat, the "All Being," whose light is Wisdom, whose heat is Love, and in the union of which consists the Intelligence of Life.

In table 2 it will be seen that Raphael is attributed to the sun and Michael to the planet Mercury, while in tables 3, 4, 5 and 6, the arrangement favours the exchange of these names, giving Michael to the sun and Raphael to Mercury. This latter method agrees with the above remarks as regards the sun. Mercury's Regent we will consider in its order.

"Michael is formed from three Hebrew words, *Mi*—who, *Cah*—like, *Al*—God; *i.e.*, Who is like unto God? and for the sake of analogy we may ask, "What is like unto the sun?" In note 2 the Chinese name is given as *Ji*. This becomes in the Sanskrit, *jee*, and in Hebrew, *Chey*, both of which mean "life." In table 9 Aziel seems to get its name from *Az*—flame, and *Al*—a power. Och and Ah in tables 10 and 12 may be considered as the same, the ch, as is often the case, changes here to the aspirate equivalent. Og, Ah, Ahi, Uch, Ag, are all oriental names for the sun or its spiritual counterpart. It may be remarked here that *Shemesh* denotes the solar light, as distinguished from *chammah*, the solar heat, and *chares*, the solar body. Thus at the outset we may see how the "mystery names" become thrice mystical when we fail to take into consideration the fact that a name in the pristine sense denotes a quality of the abstract noumenon, and not of the thing itself.

B.—The moon, as may be seen from the above remark, has more names than all the other planets put together; for, on account of its swift

motion, its nearness to the earth, its powerful magnetic influence, and other more occult reasons, it would present innumerable qualities which might escape notice in the case of planets having a slower motion in orbits more distant from the earth.

In Table 1, the name of Gabriel is given to the Moon, and it means the powerful or "strong god." But this name, we know, is the Hebrew name for Mars, whence also the name Kabir or Cabeir. The word Geber means "strong," and it is often used to designate a male, and yet we know that it was applied to the moon by the Egyptians and Chaldeans. The explanation of this seeming contradiction lies on the fact that the moon was sacred to them as a symbol of the male-female power in nature, and they called the moon in this sense, Aphroditos, which embodied the male Lunus and the female Luna. So we may safely affirm that Gabriel is a name indicative merely of one of the lunar qualities, viz., strength, but most probably when in association with Mars. By Jerecheal, Table 2, the lunar light is denoted. Jerech is the Hebrew for a lunar month, *i.e.*, the period of its changes in regard to the light source, Sol, from one new moon to the next. The same root is met with in the name of the city Jericho. It may be noted here that the word for the second day of the week, over which the moon has dominion, is called in the Hebrew *Sheni*, which means, "my repetition, my second, or my confirmation," and it may certainly be said of the emblem of Isis that it is second only to that of the celestial Osiris, which is the Echod, or One; Rasit, or first.

Jevanal (ibid) is from Hebrew Junah or Jevanah, a dove, which like the moon is a symbol of the Holy Spirit of the Western world, the Brahmâ-vâch of the Orient, and the Ruach-hequedosh of the middle ground.* This word Jevanah is no doubt a cognate of the Sanskrit *jivana*—to foster, restore or revive; hence the accepted characteristic of the Third Person of the Christian orthodoxy, the Restorer. The Greek Holy Spirit is called Juno, the Bride (comp. Sanskrit *Juna*, *juven*, &c., under root *joov*). Juno Lucina was the goddess invoked by the Romans during childbirth. Levahan (note I.) is from Hebrew *leben*, whiteness.

In Table 5 we find the moon called Samayn or Shemayn, which we may translate as the "one of many names," since the word is the plural form of Shem, which denotes a state, condition, place, or name. Its fitness with regard to the moon is very apparent. Selene, Table 7. is the Greek name for the moon. It is curious to note the occult signification of the expression so well-known even in our own country, that the new born babe was "got out of the parsley bed." The simple explanation of the fact is that the Greek for parsley, is Selinon! but as said, there is an occult truth lying beneath the surface of this quaint figure of speech.

Mephistopheles, as a name for the moon, is very apt, and its meaning, "lover of the clouds," neatly conveys the idea of certain characteristics

* *Vide* Secret Doctrine, vol. i., p. 80.

of the lunar orb, which will suggest themselves to the occultist without particular mention in this place. Phul, Table 10, may be the Hebrew root of the words for "sacrifice, intercession &c." as in the Sanskrit Bul, a sacrifice, meaning also power, strength, virus, like the Hebrew Geber. We may note that Bol, or Baal, was the name of the ruler to whom as Baal-berith, the Egyptians sacrificed the bull in order to celebrate the conjunction of Sol and Luna in the sign Taurus, the equinox of the ancients.

Jao. Table 15, is so well-known as a name for the Holy Spirit that no comment need be made upon the name at this place. Lilah, Lilith, Delilah, Vach Vacca, Bacchus, are all names of the multinomial orb.

C.—The planet Mars rules Tuesday, the third day of the week. In Sanskrit the root *Mar* denotes "conflict, affliction, battle," and the word *Samur* has also the same signification, as will be seen in the names of Mars, Samuel, Samael, &c. The sphere of Mars has been identified with the Hindu Vishnu. The root number of Mars is 3, and the worshippers of Vishnu in some parts of India are distinguished by bearing on their foreheads three parallel red lines. Belshalisha was worshipped by the Egyptians under the form of a triple-headed man, armed as a warrior; also as Persis and Perseus, "the fire of Zeus, or Jupiter" This denotes the lightning flash of the god of thunder, and is the Fohatic sharp two-edged sword of the gods. Camael, Tab. 2, describes Mars as the "power or spirit of heat"—*cham* or *cam*. Madimial means the "spirit of the vehement ones"—*Madim*, hence English—mad. The word vehement seems to suggest the secret Vahan or vehicle of the Alhim, *i.e.* Fohat; *vuhni* being the Sanskrit for fire, as well as *agni*. Modym is the same as the name Madim. Adom (note 1) is a Hebrew term denoting "redness," a state inseparable from the things of Mars. Emanuel, Table 3, son of Zeuspater is a kabiric name for Mars. Adamasto, Table 7, has a common root with the words Kadam, Kadmon, Cadmus, Gaudama, Gotoma, &c. which are generic names for the parents of the Kaliyuga, or Iron age of Mars. Maruel, Barbuel, and Maravel, are all of the same root, Mar. (vide Table 9.) Phaleg or Peleg, Table 10, means to "sever, distribute, divide," and refers to the Cabiric or martial sword. Suriel, Table 14, is the same as Zuriel. The root *sar* (Sanskrit) means strength vigour, excellency, and likewise iron. The Hebrew Sheir or Ser, means a ruler, governor, or commander, whence perhaps the English—Sir, sire, &c. This expression is equal to the Spanish, Don, Greek, Adonis, and Hebrew, Adonay; all of which terms are applied to Mars in his capacity of Kabiric ruler. In Table 15, the name Suriel is applied to the sun, while Sabao or Saba, meaning a host, or an army, is given to Mars by Origen—from which incident we may still further evidence the mutability of this nomenclature.

D.—Mercury, the fourth planet of the Sapta, rules the fourth day of the week, *i.e.* Woden's day. This Woden is the same as Odin and

Buddha. As Hermes he is called the messenger of the gods, and we may hence suspect an association between Woden and Vudan, the Sanskrit word for the mouth. As Mercury he is the swift-winged messenger of the gods, in the matter of merx or trade, and perhaps mer-cura, the waters of healing. Thus in Table 1, he is called Raphael, "the spirit of healing." Besides the waters of healing, Mercury is said to hold the Caduceus, *i.e.* the *Kedeshi-ash*, "or flame of the holy ones," which means the spirit of truth. The Hebrew for 4, the root number of Mercury, is Reboah, which denotes vibration, agitation, &c. qualities peculiarly connected with the operations of the mercurial element of Akasa, and the astral fluid. Cochabiel, Table 2, means the spirit of the astral light, for *cocab* means to shine, and is used in reference to the stars as *Jerech* to the moon and *shemesh* to the sun (see ante par. A.) Coahabiah is from *coah*, to burn, being here no doubt a reference to the nearness of the mercurial orb to the sun. Those who understand the symbolism of the East, will see under this figure of the burning mercury, the Egyptian sphinx, which at the end of the soli-mercurial period is said to be consumed in the flames of the sun on the temple of Osiris. A Chaldean name for the Phœnix was Calo, which means to consume. In Tables 3 and 5, the Regents of Jupiter and Mercury are given as the same in one instance viz., Zecharial, but this may be accounted for by the fact that *zecar* sometimes means to remember, and in this sense refers to the nature of the mercurial faculty which is vested in the astral light *i.e.* the *memoria mundi.*

The Chinese name for Mercury, the "water star," clearly refers to the nature of the healing, cleansing and convertible spirit of Raphael. Panurgio, Table 7, is from the Greek *Pan*, all, and *urgon*, work, and is expressive of the skill which the god of merx showed in this respect. Argus was the warder of Juno, no doubt the same as Kartikya the warder of Pravati, who is said to have six faces and one hundred eyes.

Ariel, in Table 9, means the "Spirit of Light," or "of the River." The Hebrew *ar*, to flow, likewise denotes *flame* and by the insertion o, a formative (u) wav or vau, it becomes *light* (see par. F.).

Ophiel, Table 11, is the spirit of Oph, Opis, or Avis. The root Oph (Hebrew) means to flutter or vibrate ; a tremulous motion, hence Ouph a bird, or winged creature. In the book of Hermes, mention is made of "the all-powerful sceptre which holds the Ophion." This refers to the Caduceus of Mercury which holds the winged serpents united *i.e.*, Oph-Yoni.

Nabu, Table 13, is Nebo, a term often used in Oriental countries as a mark of distinction, like Azar (strong). In the name Nabonazar they are combined. Nebo means "to put forth, utter, pour out, produce interpret, or prophesy," and has evident allusion to the reproductive memory of Hermes, and to his prerogative as "Interpreter of the Gods."

Nebo, is Dagon, the Sun-fish, Oannes, Johannes, Jonah, &c., other names

for Mercurius, "the water star." Astaphai, Table 15, seems to be from Stao-phe, the appointed Mouth, Hebrew, *Setphi*, but it may be Chaldean, *asta* or *vesta*, fire, and *phe* or *pi*, mouth.

E.—Jupiter, Table 1, is called Sachiel, which we may regard as a modification of Zadkiel or Tzedekial, as in Tables 2 and 5. Tzedek (Hebrew) means judgment, justice (Latin, Judex). The 5th day over which Jupiter has dominion is called in Genesis I. Chemesh, which means "to make regular, to equalize," as in the species of the animal kingdom, the cosmic order of the elements, or the ideas of the mind. Chemesh thus means, "to array or set in order, to make ready." The various names of Jupiter, such as Devapatri, Deopater, Zeuspater, Tao, Theo, Jove, Joveh, Jehovah, &c., are all cognate expressions having reference to Brahma, the creator, with whom this planet has been associated. Thus the names Jove, Joveh, Jehovah, are but Jah-vah *i.e.* Brahmâviraj and Brahmâ-vâch.

The Hindu name for Jupiter is Bripusputi *i.e.*, Lord of Creation, in the sense of an *expansion of Himself*. The Hebrew Bra means "to create." Sodech, Table 2, is Zodek, Zadok or Tzedek. As Cocab Baal, the Star God, Thor is represented as a powerful man (naked) holding a sceptre in his right hand and seven lightnings in the left; he stands upon the clouds of thunder, and his head is crowned by seven stars. Thor means a circulator. As Zacharia, Jupiter is known as "the strong God," *i.e.*, Zecar-Jah. Jophiel, Table 4, is the intelligence of the Sphere of Jupiter; the word no doubt being a form of Hebrew *Jahvah*.

Zebul, Table 5, is the Recompenser, Karmic Law or Justice. Pashar is "the expanding flame," *i.e.*, Brahmâ, from Brih, to expand.

Aglae, Table 7, means the circulator or the Revolver. It is worth noticing that such names as Thor, Zebul, Shebul, Agla, all convey the same idea of revolution and circulation, which fitly describe the Karmic Law of Justice, the specific quality of Zedekial or Zachiel; and, when united with Brih, Bra, Brahmâ, &c. the expanders, a very clear idea of the principles of Cosmic Evolution is obtained. Bethar, Tables 10 and 12, is a form of Thor and refers to Baal Bethor, "the undefiled." Marduk, Table 13, is Lord God: and if this may be Meradag, then it denotes "the Lord of the Increase," *i.e.*, the Creator.

Thauthabaoth, Table 14, is from Toth, Tat, Tad, Dat, Dad (a father) and Abuth, swelling, distention, or expansion, and here again Jupiter is identified with Br-aum, and Brahm.

Eloi, Table 15, means simply "my God."

F.—Venus as Van-esh and Luxfero, Phosphorus or Lucifer, must be well known to all our readers. Venus is also called Bhavanee, Parvutee, Pravati, and Doorga, the impregnable, "Kartikya and Pravati," or Mercury and Venus, and conjointly Hermes-Aphredite, *i.e.* the Androgynous Buddhi—Manas. Venus rules over Friday the 6th day;

Hebrew Sis or Shesh, meaning bright, cheerful, sparkling. Venus is variously called Lucifer, Hesperus, Vesta, Hestia &c. Of the Vestal virgins there were *six* said to be the guardians of the Sacred fire. This mythos when viewed in connection with Venus, whose root number is Six, at once suggests the Linga Yoni and Solipse *i.e.*, the two interlaced triangles, or six pointed star, with a central Fire or Life source called Bhavani or Venus (*vide* symbol of Theosophical Society). Anael, Haniel, Tables 1 and 2, is Diana, Anna. Hannah, the Bride of On Hanniel, (Hebrew) means the Gracious Spirit or Power. Freya or Frigga, the Northern Goddess of Beauty is the same as Phria (Hebrew) the Fruitful. Therefore as the Vestal Virgin of Heaven, Venus is the Sacred Nun, the fruitful yet immaculate source of life. The word "Nun" means a fish; hence arises the sacred association of "the diet of fish" with Dies Veneris. Nogahel, from Nogah, to shine or glitter, doubtless refers to the appearance of the planet Venus, and such of us as are more nearly under its magnetic influence; thus Nogah and Nogah Zaharah (Hebrew) is "the pellucid brightness" or "the clear shining" (*ibid* note 1). Moledotha or Molyedoth means "She who filleth the hands." Uriel, Table 3, is the Spirit of Light. The Hebrew Aur, light, is from Ar, to flow, whence we may conclude that the "*undulatory theory*" *of light* was that supported by the Hebrews and their Teachers, the Chaldeans and Egyptians. The formative letter U, vau, or wav (numerical value six), means to connect, link, hook together, or to marry, by which peculiarities it became a special sign for Venus. Uriel, Auriel, or Oriel is the same as Luxfero, "the Light bearer."

Kin Sing, the metal star (note 1) is likewise the Ken, or Queen Star Kinya (Sanskrit) means the Virgin, Ceres, the sign Virgo; and Kansyuh, the Queen's metal or copper, is the metal ruled by Venus. Kin, the Chinese, means "to foretell" and Nechesh, the Hebrew for copper, also means "to augur, to divine, or to foretell the future." The influence of the planet Venus in this respect is well-known to all Astrologers (*e.g.* see Zadkiel's Grammar of Astrology, ch. X.)

Anahel, Table 5, and Anael are the same. Barael, Hebrew Bar, to cleanse, is the Spirit of Purity. Erosia, Table 7, is the Goddess of Love, Eros. Hagith, Tables 10 and 12, means "the festive" or "the dancer"; terms which are almost inseparable in Eastern Countries, as it was always the custom to celebrate the return (Haga) of festivals, by dancing, singing, and the like Venus demonstrations. Orai, Table 15, is Ouriel or Uriel.

G—Saturn or Sat-ar-nons, the "pure Light mind" is also known as Chronos, the god of time, and Charon, the mystic conveyer of souls into Hades. Saturn rules the 7th day, *i.e.*, the Sabbath; hence the Hebrew name of Saturn was Shebatael. The word Sabbath means to rest, to stay, cease or complete. Thus Saturn is sometimes compared to the Hindu Shiv, "the Restorer" or "the Destroyer." Sab or Shiv in

Hebrew (English, Save) means to turn back, to restore, as by old age, death or pralaya. Cassiel, Table 1, means Cold, and is applied, in the Hebrew, to denote that state of rigidity or paralysis (pralaya) in the astral fluid which is the cause of Nature's death, both individually and generally. Thus Job xxxviii, v. 31, should be rendered "canst thou bind the (modnuth kimah) trembling heat, or loose the (*kesil* tipetech) bonds of coldness?"

Zaphiel, Table 2, means "the concealed or hidden." Charaphael, Table 3, denotes the Spirit of Devastation, *i.e.*, Shiv. •Chereph (Hebrew) means to strip, to lay waste, or to desolate; it is a name for the winter. Oriphiel or Orphael, table 4, is the Spirit of Bereavement. Ophiel, as applied to Saturn, or Chronos, may denote the Ouph or Serpent which comprehends the universe, a symbol of continuous revolution and endless Being.

Tu Sing, the earth star (note 1) denotes the Saturnine nature in its lowest or material aspect, the cold, condensing, binding power in Cosmos. Kaphiel, Table 6, denotes the compacted, condensed or congealed state of the elements while under Saturn's influence. It also signifies gloom or depression, a condition not uncommon among Saturnine souls. Lethophoro, Table 7, is the angel of death, or forgetfulness (Lethum).

The Lethean waters, over which Saturn presides, are said to encircle the lower world and it is therefore required that all souls passing to and fro between this world and another should pass through these waters of forgetfulness. Persons who cannot understand that they have had previous incarnations on this or another planet, will do well to examine this mythos and find out what the nature of these mystic waters actually is.

Arathron, Table 10, is "the one who encircles the Light," *i.e.* the great mystery or Darkness. Adar-malik means the strong king. Perhaps the Egyptian worship of Moloch, who is said to devour his own children; was only a corrupted idolatry of "Shiv, the Destroyer." Eratzaoth, Table 14, is identical with the Chinese *Tu Sing* or "Earth Star"—Hebrew, *Eretz*, the earth. Ildabaoth is the Hebrew Ildabuth, which means "the progenitor of the fathers," *i.e.*, of the Devapitars and their earthly prototypes, the ancient patriarchs. In this sense Saturn is a type of the Great Mystery, the Infinite Being; Bhu (Sanskrit) to be; Hebrew, the Boundless (vide, Gen. i. 2).

In making these notes upon the different names of the planetary spheres, as given in the foregoing article by Brother Bonggren, I have been forced to leave out of mention, for the most part, those contained in Table 8, for I confess ignorance as to their origin, although some of the roots seem quite familiar. Therefore, while offering these remarks as an addendum to the patient and careful researches of our author, I shall hope, with him, that LUCIFER will supply our deficiency. The presence of eight names in Table 8 is to me an obstacle in itself.

Saturn and Mercury, Sol and Mars, and the Moon and Venus have many names in common, which arises from the fact that the natures of these spheres are in many respects similar. In conclusion it is necessary to remark that, although the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Hebrews, and latterly the Greeks and Romans, have attributed the septenary power of Nature to the then known bodies of the solar system, yet the oriental sages of even earlier times had quite a different foundation for a similar system of nomenclature.

The Seven Rishis are the Divine Sages, Prajapatis, or Lordly Sons who are said by the Hindus to rule over the seven locas or "spheres." * In applying the planetary symbols of the solar system to indicate these seven Lokas and the principles of the microcosm corresponding to them, the Hindu Sages placed them in the following order: Saturn Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and Moon as determined by their respective Geocentric radii. By a repetition of this order to the 10th place we obtain the planetary names for the days of the week from the integers of the series as follows: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c.

Ten was the number of signs in the most ancient Zodiac, and it is a sacred number arising out of the union of the phallus and circle or linga-yoni, *i.e.*, the Alpha and Omega of Creation. These ten signs as "the gates of the lower world," have reference to their paradigms in the Microcosmos, *i.e.*, Adam Kadmon, Androgynos, or Hermes-Aphrodite.

The Hebrew termination Al or El, arbitrarily rendered by me as "spirit or power," is the masculine singular of the word Alhim (Elohim.)

The H is a feminine termination, and IM the plural affix. Thus it becomes an occult and, to lexicographers, an inexplicable name, having reference to the Mystic *Seven in One.*

Each of these seven is dual, making the esoteric 14 thus: by Kabalistic Temurah, A=1, l=3, h=5, i=1, and m=4; total 14. (*Vide* Secret Doctrine, vol. i., p. 91.)

Here I must leave the subject in the hands of my readers, having produced sufficient evidence, no doubt, to show that there is a great deal of valuable esoteric knowledge still hidden in the various "Mystery Names of the Seven Worlds."

SEPHARIAL.

* Which spheres or lokas mean esoterically the seven globes of our planetary chain, as also the even Rounds, etc.—[ED.]

Theosophical Activities.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

A paper read before the BLAVATSKY LODGE OF THE T. S. by WILLIAM KINGSLAND, President.

IN the course of our systematic study of the *Secret Doctrine*, which we have now pursued for nearly six months, we have arrived at the conclusion of the Stanzas of the 1st volume. It would be well to pause and ask ourselves what is the nett gain which we have derived? In what respects are our ideas altered or modified, what have we learnt which is new, and how much do we recognise the value of the Book?

It has been no easy matter to form a clear and concise idea of the *modus operandi* of cosmogenesis as set forth in the stanzas and the accompanying commentary. They do not profess to do more than lift the corner of the veil. Large numbers of intermediate slokas we are told are omitted, and certain occult keys, which it is not yet permitted to make public, are withheld. Those who are members of the Esoteric Section of the T. S. have a better chance of understanding the matter than the ordinary reader, but since numbers who have attended our Thursday evening meetings are not Esotericists, it has been impossible to treat the matter from any but an exoteric stand-point.

In order to present an abstract principle in anything like a comprehensible manner, it is necessary that it should be represented in some form having reference to our ordinary methods of intellectual apprehension, and our ordinary states of consciousness. Some kind of *form* is indispensable for the conceptions which arise out of our present state of consciousness, and the one great fallacy which we should constantly guard against, is the mistaking of the form for the reality, the effect for the cause. It is this self same illusion of form, Maya, which is which is the great deceiver, the great tempter. It deceives our physical senses and our intellectual faculties. It is the cause of all the illusive forms of superstition and religion which have prevailed in all ages. Let not the student of the *Secret Doctrine* fall under the same illusion, and mistake the form which is there presented for the principles which underlie the form, or materialize into a dogma the priceless treasure of wisdom and knowledge therein contained.

I know that some have come to grief over the various celestial Hierarchies of Dhyan Chohans, being totally unable to connect these with the physical forces with which they are familiar, or to see any

connection whatever between them and the physical universe. Perhaps if they will dematerialize their ideas of celestial beings, disconnect them from all preconceived ideas of Angels and Archangels derived from Biblical fairy tales, instilled into their youthful minds—not an easy matter, by the way—and give free play to their intuition, they will be able to surmount what at present appears to them such a formidable obstacle.

The mysteries of *Parabrahm* have been touched upon more than once, and it has been pointed out that this term is not used to designate either a *God* or a *machine*, but as a purely metaphysical abstraction—albeit the one reality, the *absolute*. Nevertheless *Parabrahm* appears to have been a very hard nut for some to crack, as also the first and second *Logos*, Brahma and *Brahmâ*, *Fohat*, and a host of other *personified* forces. We can hardly be surprised if the casual and superficial reader should be lost in the vast pantheon of the *Secret Doctrine*, and should fly for comparative intellectual safety to the orthodox doctrine of the trinity.

But let us not, as students of the *Secret Doctrine*, be hasty in forming either our conceptions or our conclusions. We must bear in mind that we are dealing with the imaginative powers of the Eastern mind, and with the deepest and most subtle of metaphysical and philosophical systems. Let us try and understand the *Secret Doctrine* in its materialized form, and then, when we have mastered the form, we may be the better able to understand what that form represents.

Setting aside now all concrete ideas having reference to the form in which the teachings are moulded, I imagine that those who have followed closely the course of instructions, cannot have failed to have grasped some general principles of the utmost importance. They cannot have failed to have obtained such a broad and comprehensive view of the law of *evolution*, of the essential unity and oneness of nature—including in that term both the visible and the invisible universe—and of the law of correspondences and analogy, such as could not have been obtained by them by the study of half the scientific books in the world.

Science prides itself upon its generalizations, such as the law of the conservation of energy and the doctrine of evolution, and these two doctrines have certainly been responsible, more than anything else that science has done, for the breaking down of the narrow and superstitious conceptions of the government of the universe by the personal fiat of a Biblical Jehovah.

But the *Secret Doctrine* carries these generalizations immeasurably further than even science itself has yet ventured to do. The *Secret Doctrine*, in fact, proceeds by an opposite method to that of science. The methods of science are *inductive*, proceeding from particulars to universals; the method of the *Secret Doctrine* is deductive, proceeding from

universals to particulars. Now each of these methods has its own particular application and value. Implicit faith should not be placed in either the one or the other, but each should be used in a legitimate way. Science ignores altogether the deductive method, Her generalizations and theories are built upon a vast mass of accumulated facts, which scientific men are ever adding to, while at the same time they endeavour to piece them together so as to form a connected whole. The generalizations of science are the result of numbers of isolated observations and experiments. It may fall to the lot of some one man to enunciate some particular law of nature, which he is therefore said to have discovered, and which is labelled with his name ; but it is seldom the case that the discovery is due to his own unaided and original observations. He is indebted to numberless other experimenters, it may be to a line of research which has been carried on for centuries, but it has fallen to the lot of this particular individual to crown the efforts of others by the enunciation of a law which binds together and shows the essential relation of phenomena, which have hitherto appeared to be isolated and arbitrary.

But we may well doubt whether science by means of the inductive method can ever teach us anything respecting the deeper problems of our consciousness, can ever reach such generalizations and principles as are to be found in the *Secret Doctrine.* Science refuses to deal with metaphysics, or even with such physics as psychical phenomena, and we certainly cannot, as individuals, afford to wait until science shall have seen fit to offer a solution of certain problems with which we are more immediately acquainted. Let us recognise the value of inductive science in its own proper sphere, but meanwhile let us also use the deductive method, and see whether we cannot arrive at general principles without having to spend our lives in accumulating innumerable facts, or in labelling with learned names the minutest subdivisions of every insect or plant which we can meet with in the remotest corners of the globe.

If we push back our enquiries respecting the phenomenal universe, and the causes which are operating to produce the effects which we see around us, we very soon reach a point where physics cannot help us, and where we must resort to metaphysics and abstract ideas. We cannot employ the inductive method here, for we have exhausted our knowledge of facts. We stand before the great ocean of the unknown, that strange illusion which we call time and space. What is to be our guide here ; how does the *Secret Doctrine* help us ?

By analogy. By showing us the past, the present and the future, contained in the highest possible metaphysical abstraction, in the *Absolute* or *Parabrahm*, and then proceeding downwards through the various manifestations in time and space of this one absolute reality—always by analogy, and in lines that never vary in principle—until we reach those

finite manifestations which constitute our present physical universe, and our human consciousness.

Analogy is the great law of the *Secret Doctrine*. As above, so below. The microcosm is a reflection of the macrocosm. These occult axioms are to be found elsewhere, but in no other book are they so exemplified, or worked out in such detail, or made to cover such a vast area as in the *Secret Doctrine*. Truly this is a key which is worth having, an universal key with which we can unlock one by one every mystery of our being. We must first of all learn to grasp firmly this principle of analogy, and if we do this I imagine that we shall soon discover its value in every department of those regions which we are endeavouring to penetrate.

And now we stand face to face with the greatest question of all. Thus far we have been dealing with cosmogenesis, and have only incidentally touched on the deeper problems of life and consciousness. Stanza VII. opens with these words :—"Behold the beginning of sentient formless life." "Formless life!" What can we apprehend of life without form? And yet as we read and re-read the stanza it impresses us with a sublimity of philosophic thought which surely is nowhere else to be found.

It presents itself to our mind like a ray of the one Divine Life itself flashed into the darkness of our materiality; or like the lightning in the blackness of the night it suddenly illumines the earth, enabling us to discern the outlines of our surroundings—then leaves us in deeper darkness.

What is this deep mystery of Life, these countless myriads of lives "the beams and the sparks of one moon reflected in the running waves of all the rivers of earth?"

Tell us, oh, Sphinx, of the three letters and the nine! Tell us—lest the insatiable desire to know which you have instilled into our minds pursue you as *Nemesis* through countless reincarnations.

What is life, mind, consciousness, man? Are not all these conglomerated, collected, distributed, permutated, annihilated, in the stanza before us, till our brain becomes a fiery whirlwind, and our reason sinks into the deep waters of space. We stand before the mystery of Life; we catch a glimpse of the awful depths of our own being, and those heights to scale which we must become—Gods! We stand for a moment on the verge of that infinite consciousness where there is neither great nor small, being or non-being, time or space, light or darkness, sound or silence.

The stanza reads like the great diapason tone of nature; it swells into a harmony that seems the very source of our being. Who but a great musician or magician can analyse these tones, or fit them to the scale of our earth-bound consciousness. Let us pause and listen, if perchance we may attune our minds to the divine harmony, and carry some portion of it with us into our daily life. Truly our task has been no light one

thus far, but with the strength we have gained we will still push forward, and master these deeper secrets of life by which alone we can hope to free ourselves from the great illusion.

WILLIAM KINGSLAND.

COLONEL OLCOTT IN JAPAN.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

Kioto, Japan. 21 April, 1889.

Availing myself of the first opportunity since my convalescence, I beg to thank, through the medium of your journal, those friends who so kindly made inquiries as to the state of my health, and who were so anxious about my recovery. Extreme lassitude, brought on by overwork in the Ceylon Section, broke down my constitution; a change was necessary, remaining in Colombo was injurious to my health, and Colonel Olcott thinking that change of air, perfect rest from work, and a sea-voyage would bring me round again, brought me over here. He also wished me to become known to the Japanese in view of future international intercourse.

So far as Hong Kong everything went well. Saigon is a French Colony, and. by-the-way, a beautiful city, eminently French in its appearance; having a limited trade, almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. Hong Kong, a British colony, was quite a contrast to that quiet and tropical city, Saigon. Here was that activity and bustle which one sees in a busy commercial city. Standing near the clock tower, it was a most striking experience to see the unending stream of jinrickshas and the throngs of busy Chinamen in their picturesque dresses, passing to and fro. The day of our arrival was the one after the Chinese New Year. Here, too, the Chinese carry on a brisk trade. Hong Kong was cold, and overcoats were found indispensable. From Hong Kong to Shanghai we had a rough sea, cold winds and rain. In Shanghai the temperature had fallen to 34 deg. Fah. To one from the tropics, who had never experienced a winter, this sort of weather was an unpleasant, not to say dangerous, novelty; at least I found it so. From Shanghai to Kioto was a trying passage; I could not bear the cold, I felt as if I would freeze to death. At last my debilitated constitution succumbed; I was attacked first with rheumatism in the extremities, which subsequently changed into an agonising neuralgia, preventing my moving about Japan with Colonel Olcott, and serving him as Secretary. Mr. Noguchi having also fallen ill, the President has been left to get on in the best way he could, to our deep regret.

On the 9th of February we arrived in Kobe. As soon as the s.s. *Djimnah* anchored, the members of the "Col. Olcott committee," and a few of the Chief Priests, came on board to welcome the "Imastraka" Olcott. On the pier about a hundred priests, representing all the sects having temples in Kobe, were waiting to present him with an address of welcome. After the presentation of the address, Colonel Olcott and party were escorted to a famous local temple of the Tendai sect, where arrangements had been made for our entertainment. The temple is an admirable construction in the Japanese style of architecture and excited our admiration, so neat, so beautifully decorated in that perfect taste and

delicacy of touch for which the Japanese are famous. On the 9th Colonel Olcott in a short address made the audience understand that Buddhism is a philosophy whose ethics were now gaining ground among the intellectual minds of Europe and America, and that they should cling to their national religion. On the following morning he spoke again before leaving Kobe for Kioto, the religious and ancient capital of Japan, where we arrived in the evening. The Kioto Railway Station was the scene of tumultuous activity. Thousands of men, women and children had gathered; all the students of the Western and Eastern Honganjis, numbering about 1,100, lined the streets to do honour to the welcome guest. We were taken to the Cheonin temple of the Pureland sect, a venerable and imposing structure, the very sight of which impresses one with a feeling of awe. Here reigns a supreme calm. It stands amid beautiful scenery and for contemplative minds seems a paradise. In the vast preaching Hall of this venerable pile, to an audience of thousands of people, Colonel Olcott made his first public lecture. The greatest enthusiasm was provoked by his fiery address, the audience listened with rapt attention save when they broke out into thundering applause. Just near the shrine where the image of Lord Buddha is placed, Colonel Olcott stood on a raised platform. His venerable figure and dignified presence instantly commanded attention. He raised his hand to enforce quiet, repeated the "Pansil," and then began his discourse in a clear, strong voice that reached the furthest auditor. Mr. Noguchi, surprised at the calmness of the audience in the Patcheappah Hall, Madras, had made Colonel Olcott understand that a Japanese audience would always be turbulent. Quite the contrary, it proved; this and all his other monster audiences have listened to catch his every word; and he has held them under his perfect command.

As was to be expected, Colonel Olcott's arrival has frightened and excited the Christians. You will see in the following extract from a Japanese influential magazine—the *Dando Kai*—the silly things Christians say of him; just as they have done in India and Ceylon these past ten years, but to no purpose.

"The arrival of Colonel Olcott has caused great excitement among the "Christians in Japan. They say that he is an adventurer, a man of bad prin-"ciples, and an advocate of a dying cause. How mean and cowardly are these "Christians! They may use the unprincipled pens at their disposal as much "as they choose, but they cannot weaken the effects of his good principles, nor "fasten upon him any of their scandalous insinuations. They do not produce "the least effect upon Colonel Olcott or upon Buddhism. When he was told "in Tokyo that the Christians were abusing him, he only smiled and said: "'This has been the case in all countries: these are the weapons that they "'employ. I do not mind their slanders in the least; it is like the chirping of "'birds in the trees, or the croaking of frogs in a swamp. Do not worry, my "'Japanese Brothers, they can never beat us; our Religion is based upon "'Truth!' We thoroughly concur in these ideas, and recommend our Japanese "Brothers and Sisters to pay no attention to these slanderers. It is a common "observation of the world that an ugly woman hates a beautiful one, and evil "hates righteousness. We feel great pity, however, for those who are Christians "that, while ignorant entirely of our doctrines, they are crying out their fantastic "ideas to the four corners, as when one dog barks all the others imitate him.

"How ridiculous this all is! How great has Colonel Olcott's influence become "in Japan."

Colonel Olcott's first lecture in the religious capital was on the 12th February, and the promulgation of the Japanese New Constitution occurred on the 11th. It has been noted as a "curious coincidence." If I remember aright, Colonel Olcott's first lecture after his arrival in Bombay was given on the 13th of March 1879, and that day has proved the commencement of a New Era of thought in India.

The most important event at the opening of Colonel Olcott's Japanese Mission was the Convention he called of Chief Priests of all sects, to give them clearly to understand the absolutely mental attitude he intended to maintain between them. In response to his invitation, 17 chief priests, representing the 12 Buddhist Sects, assembled together on the 13th of February in the Emperor's Room of the Cheonin Temple. He read his address with solemn earnestness, and it was interpreted to them. Subsequently the Sanskrit letter of the High Priest Sumangala, addressed to his Japanese co-religionists, which Colonel Olcott had brought with him, was also read and interpreted. The assembled priests were brought to a sense of duty, and the result was so complete an unanimity that a committee of Priests was formed, representing all the Sects, to manage his tour and defray all the expenses. On the 23rd of February Colonel Olcott left for Tokyo, and remained there almost a month, during which time he delivered eleven addresses; nine on Religion, and one each on Education and Agriculture. His work there was a complete success. His address before the Education Society of Japan was so much appreciated that the Vice-Minister of Education sent him an official letter thanking him. He was also elected an Honorary Member of the Japan Agricultural Society in appreciation of his discourse on agriculture, and presented with a pair of *cloisonné* vases.

The Governor of Tôkyô, Baron Takasâki, gave a dinner-party in honour of our President, and invited all the Ministers of the Cabinet then in the city. All the principal ministers, including the Prime Minister, and several high officers of the Imperial Household, were present. Colonel Olcott, upon invitation, gave his views upon the political and religious state of Japan. His main point was that, unless politics go hand in hand with Religion, anarchy would be the result. The stability of a Government rests on a moral basis, and is represented by the average conscientiousness and patriotism of the masses; it is therefore of the utmost importance that the morality of the people should be cared for in any scheme of national education, and Buddhism, which brought civilization into Japan, offers the highest guarantees for its future greatness. The Empire is now passing through a crisis, brought about by the strife of two different factors. European material civilization and Buddhism. These two can never agree, for they regard man from two different standpoints: the one tends to brutalising, the other to ennobling the individual.

Colonel Olcott's lectures being all extemporaneous and upon topics suggested at the moment by the Committee, I am unfortunately unable to give you their substance. I myself having been confined to my sick room and unable to read the full reports with which the newspapers of Japan have teemed. There can be no doubt, however, from all I hear that they have created a profound impression,

not only upon the masses but upon the higher classes as well. His portrait has been lithographed and engraved for various papers, new magazines have been started at Tokyo, Nagoyâ and other places to commemorate his visit. The Governors of provinces have entertained him at dinners, and had him address invited audiences of the *élite*. The Priests of different sects have presented him with more than a thousand volumes for the Adyar Library, and a joint committee representing all the Sects has travelled with him throughout the Empire. His name, which was already familiar to the peoples of India and Ceylon, has now become known to the whole Japanese Nation, and invitations keep pouring in from the most distant places for him to visit them. Thus this single mission, undertaken by one man against the well-meant protest of a few short-sighted friends, has at a single stroke effected that friendly union between the Buddhists of Japan and Ceylon which the earnest Buddhists of the latter country had hoped for but thought impossible.

As for the kindness shown to me by my co-religionists during my long illness I have no words to describe it. For sixty days and nights they watched, nursed and took care of me as tenderly as a mother would take care of her child. Such heartfelt sympathy I could only expect from my dearest ones; but the hearts of the Japanese are overflowing with kindness. That system of Philosophy, based on Love, which has "made Asia mild" has imbued the Japanese heart with kindness, and I have been the gainer. I shall never forget them.

From Colonel Olcott's diary I get the following additional particulars: Among the notable men he met in Tokyo were Mr. Hinton, author of "A Persian King," and other philosophical monographs which are included in the *Theosophist* Manager's Book List; Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, Secretary of the Asiatic Society; Mr. Satow, a well known Sinalogue; Capt. J. M. James, another; Professors Fennelosa and Divers of the University; Capt. Brinkley, R.A., Editor of the *Japan Mail;* and General C. W. Legendre, an old companion in arms, whom he saw desperately wounded in the Battle of Newbern. On the 23rd March he left Tokyo for Sandai, far away to the north, where he was honoured with a public dinner by the Governor, and lectured to audiences which almost broke the floor of the building. Utsonorniya, Mayabashi, Tagasaki, Yokohama, Shizuoka, Hamamatsu, Okasaki, Nazoya, Narumi, Gifu and Ogaki were in turn visited, and the same success repeated at each station. A gratifying circumstance was the hoisting of the new Buddhist Flag, introduced by our Society into Ceylon two years ago, and now universally adopted there, at each Japanese town where he lectured. Upon arrival he found it hoisted at the temple, sometimes also over the gate of his hotel, and even at the railway station. Its beauty makes it popular, and its non sectarian or local character commends it as a common symbol of their faith for all Buddhists. I should here mention that his Imperial Majesty has accepted a copy of it offered by Colonel Olcott along with a stone relic from Buddha Gaya, leaves of the Bo trees of Gaya and Anaradhapura, and some photos of sacred shrines in Ceylon sent by the Buddhists of our Island. The collection has been placed in the Imperial Museum.

After a few days' rest at Kioto, the President began the final portion of his tour by visiting and lecturing at Nara, Osorka, where the Governor and General commanding, Baron Takashima, entertained him at a dinner, to which the leading military and civilian officers were invited; Ho-din-ji, Nagahama, Nogasuma and

Hikone, the last-named three lying along the shore of the beautiful Lake Birvah. He is again in Kioto for a few days to organize a large branch of the Theosophical Society, and will presently start for Nagasaki and other places in the extreme south, whence he is to work his way back to Kobe, at which port he will take steamer—probably on the 14th June—for Colombo and Madras.

H. DHAMMAPALA.

A rumour has been current that Colonel Olcott is coming to England to preach Buddhism. Now while Colonel Olcott is undeniably a sincere and convinced Buddhist, as many other members of the T.S. are Christians, Hindus or Mussulmen, yet he would never dream of preaching Buddhism in England, for the fundamental rules of the Society forbid any member to preach his own religion to others not of the same faith. In Japan, Colonel Olcott has been preaching Buddhism to Buddhists; but he comes to England to preach THEOSOPHY—not any sectarian creed or religion.

(From the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 28th, 1889.)

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY OF BUDDHISM.

COLONEL OLCOTT AMONG THE JAPANESE.

News from Japan published in the *Glasgow Herald* is to the effect that Colonel Olcott's tour is creating a veritable furore. His first reception was of a mixed character, some of the Buddhist priests welcoming him, others giving him the cold shoulder. Then his lectures in the capital began to excite popular interest, which was intensified as he went through the larger provincial towns. The latest news of him is from Nagoya, a large commercial town between Tokio and Kioto. Here he had audiences at each lecture of about four thousand people, and it is said that the wildest applause everywhere greets his declarations that the closest relationship exists between the stable progress of the nation and the maintenance of true Buddhism. At the time the last news left, Colonel Olcott, having made a tour in the north, was progressing towards the south, where Buddhism always had a stronger and more earnest hold upon the people. The Buddhists who control Colonel Olcott's tour, seeing the effect he is producing, are hurrying about from place to place, so that he is delivering orations and lectures in three or four different places in the same day, as if he were an octogenarian ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain. The really striking part of the business is that Colonel Olcott does not speak a word of Japanese; his lectures are therefore delivered in English, and translated on the platform by an interpreter, sentence by sentence as he goes along. In this way, of course, all the eloquence and *verve* are taken out of the discourse before it reaches the audience. There is no chance for working the latter up to enthusiasm by mere words; hence the speaker who succeeds as Colonel Olcott has done in arousing public meetings in this way must find a strong sympathy between him and it already existing. No doubt the novel spectacle of an Occidental inculcating the view that there is no religion like that of Buddha has something to do with it. It is not only the common people that gladly hear him, but also the high officials. In many of the large towns through which he passed special meetings were held at times suitable to officials, at which they alone were present. Of the reality of the

impression he is creating there is no doubt; how permanent it may be no one can tell. Apropos of this topic, I may mention that for the first time a Unitarian missionary has put in an appearance in Japan. He belongs to the United States, and has already got entangled in a theological discussion in the press. This, indeed, is how his advent became generally known.

"LA KABBALE."

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

I HAVE just finished the article, under the above title, by "Papus" in *L'Initiation* —if I am rightly informed—the official journal of the French Theosophical Society "Hermes." At any rate, it is stated in the text of its Prospectus (on page 2 of cover) that though "not exclusively *theosophical*, the journal numbers amongst its editors *the most learned of the French Theosophists*."

If so, it is doubly to be regretted that M. "Papus," its editor in chief, though counting himself among the most learned Theosophists, should be so very *un-theosophical* and at the same time so very ignorant even of the rudiments of Indian philosophy. He shows himself so destitute of the knowledge even of the commonest names in the Hindu Pantheon as to quote, in terms of the highest approval, a paragraph which displays an ignorance so crass as only to be equalled by the ridiculous *caricature* which the author makes of the quasi-Sanskrit names and terms he uses.

On the preceding page (June number, 1889; p. 218) M. Papus has just indulged in a lofty and pompous criticism of Subba Rao, Mr. Sinnett, Dr. Hartmann and Mdme. Blavatsky. He warns his readers against relying wholly upon the teachings emanating from the Theosophical Society, as these "almost always lack method;" and he observes that none of the works of the authors just mentioned "furnish sufficient data for the establishment of the relations between the Kabalistic Sephiroth and the Hindu doctrines."

The Hindu Sephiroth, according to the author whom M. Papus declares to have "re-discovered the mystic Organon of the ancient Hindus," a list which M. Papus himself adopts and tabulates on page 219, are as follows: *Maïa*, *Oum* (*sic*), *Haranguerbehah* (*sic*), *Porsh* (*sic*), *Pradiapat* (*sic*), *Prakrah* (*sic*), and *Pran* (*sic*).

I presume he means to refer to what scholars name *Hiranyagarbha*, *Purusha*, *Prajapati*, *Prakriti*, and *Prana;* but what in the name of wisdom these have to do with the Sephiroth, no student of Indian philosophy can imagine. When further M. Papus identifies Malchuth (the Kingdom) with "*Pran*," which means Life, and Geburah with Oum, the *synthesis* of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Siva, which three he has just identified with Kether, Chochmah and Binah, the distracted reader can only fear that "too much learning has made him mad."

That one who constitutes himself the lofty and condescending critic of such a profound metaphysician as Subba Rao, of such a learned symbologist as Mdme. Blavatsky, should make such an abject display of ignorance of the simplest elements of the topic he deals with, is profoundly to be regretted for the sake of Theosophy in France, and the reputation of the Hermes Branch especially.

W. R. OLD.

[NOTE.—Madame Blavatsky being absent in France, the Sub-Editor has taken the responsibility of inserting the above letter from a very learned English Kabalist, who is also well acquainted with the Hindu system.]

THEOSOPHY IN LONDON.

CIVILIZATION certainly appears to be making giant strides in India, the Native Press vying with the English and American in its haste to publish any kind of news *detrimental* to individuals who, if they have no other claim upon its consideration, are at least fellow creatures possessed of human feelings.

Strange feature of Human Nature this; pre-eminently that of our dying cycle! Let us suppose that some hallucinated scribbler were to send from England or America to, say, India, the following:—

"A number of Enthusiastic Theosophists met at Hyde Park with the object of voting an equestrian statue of Colonel H. S. Olcott in recognition of his many virtues and eminent civic and military services. The meeting was very impressive and solemn, and after singing an ardent hymn of praise to H. P. Blavatsky, they adjourned, shedding tears of brotherly love!"

What paper, even a native *Daily* in India, would ever think of reprinting such trash without any verification or even a word of comment?! We feel certain that, every kind of corroboration from other sources notwithstanding, no paper would hasten to repeat the news, simply because it would be too good, and too absurd to be true. Why then do we find that every Editor—our old friend and brother the Editor of the *Indian Mirror* included—jumps with joy at any malicious denunciation and falsehood published by enemies in third-rate papers in England against the Theosophical Society.

A Theosophist sends us from India a cutting from the *Calcutta Mirror* of May 24th about "Theosophy in London."

After sundry grandiloquent compliments to Mr. Sinnett—may they do him good!—we read the following, containing a falsehood in every line.

"The Thursday evening meetings are still held at Madam's house * * * but the whole movement appears to have suffered a very grievous check. A lady who came over from America to study Theosophy under Madame Blavatsky has acted as a spy in the camp. She remained for some time under the roof of Madame as a disciple, and now she has suddenly turned round, and in full Council of the initiated has renounced Madame and all her works (like the proverbial Satan and his works,) and has even denounced her. * * * The American neophyte stigmatized Madame Blavatsky as an imposter and was followed by several influential members as she left the meeting. Our modern prophets have often a bad time of it in these days" &c., &c.

It matters not whether we begin at the top, bottom, or middle of this pack of lies—deception runs throughout. But why should "a spy" undertake to denounce a person as "an imposter"? Does not this sound rather like a want of diplomacy to say the least?

As no such denouncement has been made by anyone (our meetings including neither missionaries nor Psychic researchers) this is lie number *one!* Falsehoods second, third, fourth, fifth &c., consist in the statements that there was a row *in full Council;* that there was *a spy from America*, that *several influential members had left;* that the American "lady" was a *neophyte* or that she *studied under* Mme. B. (a familiar expression this, we have heard it before!); and that the T. S. has "*a bad time of it.*"

Now as a matter of fact only one, or at most two, of the "influential members" of the Society have left it during the past twelve months. Of rows, it is true, we

have had plenty, and we may expect more, so long as human nature is the same among Theosophists as everywhere else. We advise our noble friends, "the mild Hindus," to beware of all such republications of third-rate stuff at fifth hand, which comes to them under the inviting title of "the latest news." We know who wrote the lines quoted, we are aware also of the motive under which they were written; we have already read it before, and we gave it no attention. But when it is foisted on our Hindu friends with no other purpose ostensibly than to excite malicious spleen, we are forced, out of respect for their friendship, and anxiety for their welfare, to make a frank and *emphatic denial* of these falsehoods.

Has the Editor of the *Indian Mirror* suddenly become afflicted with a violent fear of, or a desire to pander to, the missionaries, we wonder?

THE WORK OF THE "ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE T. S."

TO ALL THE "PLEDGED" THEOSOPHISTS.

THE Washington *Evening Star* of June the 22nd, 1889, contains an article full of the most ungentlemanly and false denunciations inspired by the *ex*-President of the "Gnostic Theosophical Society" (now dischartered), attacking the best Theosophists of America, the Society and the undersigned. Speaking of Occult magnetism the traducer expresses himself as follows:

"I want to emphasize the dangers there are in the knowledge of these occult powers and forces without the *moral stamina* to use that knowledge for good."

So far so good. The "Ex-President" here repeats only that, which H.P. Blavatsky—whom he accuses in print of "tricks, fraud and *deviltry*" (?)—insults, scorns and laughs at—was the first to teach in the T.S. and its literature. But being himself just one of those who lack "moral stamina," he adds to it the following insinuation:—

"Take an illustration of what I say, that recent very bad case of the Boston Theosophists (?) *so fully exposed by the press.* There is a true, real and actual psychic force. It may be used for good or for evil. Any honest theosophical society makes a study of this force and attempts to direct it toward the improvement of mankind. But such a society works quietly and never strolls about the country," etc., etc.

Every one knows that no "Boston Theosophists" have *ever been* "exposed by the press" neither "fully" nor partially; but only the "Esoteric" humbug of Hiram Butler and his mythical adept "1,000 years old." And it is as well known that of the "Butler" Esoteric *clique*, not one has ever been a member of the T. S. however much those crows tried to parade in theosophical plumage by cribbing all they could from our books. Therefore, it becomes quite evident that the intention of the *ex*-President of the defunct gnostic Branch of the T. S. was to maliciously identify and connect theosophists in general with the Butlerites. He does not name Hiram Butler, but, relying upon the public ignorance, *insinuates* the identity; an action than which none baser or more cunning could be conceived. At the same time it is as evident that those whom he seeks to strike at are the "Esotericists" of the T. S. and the Head of the Section, as he repeatedly calls the "pledged" theosophists Mme "Blavatsky's *dupes*."

Whether any *pledged* or *unpledged* theosophists will resent the malicious calumny and insinuation is their own concern. My humble advice is, to show the greatest contempt for an action which dishonours but the perpetrator of such a base attack. Only in view of the term "Esoteric" and "Esotericism" having been so desecrated by the Boston Butlerites; and rendered so ridiculous by the non-existent and mythical "Esoteric Theosophical Society" of America,

invented by its "Perpetual President" ("perpetual peacock," rather as neatly rendered by a Californian lady)—our Esoteric Section had better drop its name. The Council in England has decided to call it the "Arcane" instead of the "Esoteric" Section and we hope the American Council will accede to this. It has the advantage of being a name which has not been dragged in mire and ridicule by charlatans as has the term Esoteric.

Hoping this name will be sanctioned by our President, Col. H. S. Olcott, and readily adopted by the pledged members,—I remain, fraternally, etc.,

(Signed) H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Head of the Arcane (late Esoteric) Section of the T. S.

Fontainebleau, July 7th, 1889.

A FEW ADDRESSES TO MME. BLAVATSKY.

(Called forth by the malicious attacks of the T. S.'s enemies.)

As the slanders against the Theosophical Society, and the base and entirely unwarranted attacks against our Esoteric Section and its Head, are increasing in America, we publish the following addresses and votes of confidence out of the many assurances of gratitude and loyalty received by Mme. Blavatsky, since a new persecution was started against her. The first one speaks for itself, and is a complete answer to the lies and libels started by an *ex*-Theosophist (just expelled from the Society by the American Council), namely, that the Esoteric Section is "a new *trick*," and a "fraud started by H. P. B." We withhold the signatures on the first address, just to shield honourable men from vile attacks.—[SUB-EDITOR.]

TO MADAME H. P. BLAVATSKY. * * * * *

DEAR MADAME,— Monday, June 24th, 1889.

We, the undersigned, members of the HORUS LODGE of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society, have read the various papers sent to us from time to time, relating to the * * affair, and we unanimously express our contempt for the dishonourable actions of both * * (parties concerned), especially in regard to their breach of the pledges of secresy and fidelity to the T. S. We beg you to accept our sincere sympathy with you in this trouble, knowing how disheartening it must be to you to have your earnest efforts thus combated by such dishonourable dealing. We have every confidence in *you as an occult teacher*, and earnestly ask you to continue the E. S. instructions to us at the earliest opportunity. *It matters not to us whether the said teaching be the fruits of your own labour, or the instructions of the Mahatmas. We are satisfied to receive what is to us undoubtedly valuable instruction, and some of us, who have been students of so-called Occultism for the last ten years, are satisfied that we have at last got upon the Right Path, through your great and valuable assistance.*—We are, Dear Madame, yours most sincerely and fraternally,

(Signed), President's name, followed by those of the Members.

The underlined passage proves (1) that Mme. Blavatsky possesses the esoteric knowledge requisite for teaching occult sciences—from whatever source she has it;—and (2) that since old Kabalists and Occultists have found that they can learn something from her, as the sentence "we have *at last* got *upon the Right Path* through your (her) valuable assistance," plainly shows,—that the Esoteric Section of the T.S. can hardly be a *fraud* or a *trick*. As these epithets, however, are freely bestowed only by one person—namely an American ex-theosophist now expelled, and that his motives and malicious revengeful spirit are well known, whatever he may write, cause to be written, or say can never influence a true theosophist—least of all one who is a pledged student of Occultism. Having invented a *bogus* Esoteric Theosophical Society of America, of which he created himself "Perpetual President," the foundation of a real Esoteric Section of the T.S. interfered of course with his plans—which, we regret to say, were to fool the credulous crowds of his admirers. Hence, as he had never belonged to the E.S., nor had his mythical Esoteric Society been chartered by the Council at Adyar, it naturally had to fall through when a real Esoteric Section was announced. Hence, again, his exer-

tions to show the real E.S. of the T.S. a *hoax*, a *humbug*, and its Head a "fraud" "bent on *a new trick*." His conduct having been exposed, he now seeks to produce a reaction by resorting to falsehoods and bogus exposures. We pity one once so high and now so fallen (whose name we do not pronounce out of respect for his family, though every theosophist knows him). Let him do the worst he may; his *Letters* to H. P. Blavatsky, now printed in America, have unveiled him more than he can ever hope to unveil any of those whom he so hates.—[SUB-EDITOR.]

Resolutions adopted by "POINT LOMA LODGE of the Theosophical Society," June 20th 1889, at San Diego, California.

Whereas a base and unwarrantable attack has been made by certain Fellows of the Theosophical Society upon Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, and through her upon the T. S. in general, therefore be it—

Resolved—That we, the members of "Point Loma Lodge" of the T. S. located at San Diego (California), do hereby re-affirm our loyalty to the Theosophical cause, and our allegiance to its Founders and Leaders.

Resolved—That we denounce and condemn all such attempts to destroy the unity and usefulness of the Society, all endeavours to vilify its Leaders by whomsoever made, and that we will withstand such attacks to the best of our power and ability.

Resolved—That recognizing the prominent services rendered by Mdme. Blavatsky to Theosophy, also the many persecutions she has thereby endured, we offer a tribute of thanks, respect, sympathy and love, with the hope and belief that she will live down all such treacherous attempts, and that she may for many years continue to be our Teacher.

(Signed), T. DOEKING, M.D., President.

At a Regular meeting of the Golden Gate Lodge of the T. S., held June 15th, 1889, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted; the same to be entered upon the minutes of the Lodge, and a copy to be sent to Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and published in the Press:—

Whereas, A base and unwarrantable attack has been made by certain Fellows of the Theosophical Society upon Mme. Blavatsky, and through her upon the Theosophical Society in general, therefore be it

Resolved—That we, the members of the Golden Gate Lodge of the T. S., located at San Francisco, Cala., do hereby reaffirm our loyalty to the Theosophical cause and our allegiance to its Founders and Leaders—

Resolved—That we denounce and condemn all such attempts to destroy the unity and usefulness of the T. S., and all endeavours to vilify its leaders, by whomsoever made; and that we will withstand all such attacks to the best of our power and ability—

Resolved—That, recognizing the pre-eminent services rendered by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky to Theosophy; also the many persecutions she has thereby endured, we offer her a tribute of thanks, respect, sympathy, and love, with the hope and belief that she will live down all such treacherous attempts, and that she may for many years continue to be our Teacher.

(Signed), THEO. G. ED. WOLLEB,
Pres. Golden Gate Lodge T. S.

ALLEN GRIFFITHS,
Sec. Golden Gate Lodge T. S.

San Francisco, Cala., June 16, 1889.

Correspondence.

WORLD-IMPROVEMENT OR WORLD-DELIVERANCE.

You yourself must make an effort. The Tathâgatas are only preachers.—If a man find no prudent companion, let him walk alone like a king who has left his conquered country behind. It is better to live alone; there is no companionship with the *fools*. Let a man walk alone; let him commit no sin, with few wishes—like an elephant in the forest.

Dhammapada : 61, 276, 329, 330.
Sutta Nipata : I. 3, § § 12 and 13.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

A VERY important paragraph which you wrote in No. 3 of your "Revue Theosophique," published in Paris, May 21st 1889 (pp. 6 and 7), has caused very serious doubts in the minds of some of your readers in Germany—doubts, probably caused by our misunderstanding you or by your shortness of expression. Will you permit me to state our view of the case, and will you have the kindness to give us on this basis your opinion of it publicly, perhaps in LUCIFER?

You were speaking of Indian "yogis" and European "saints" and said:

> La sagesse orientale[a] nous apprend que le *yogi* Indou qui s'isole dans un forêt impénétrable, ainsi que *l'hermite* chrétien qui se retire, comme aux temps jadis, dans le désert, ne sont tous deux que des égoïstes accomplis. L'un, agit dans l'unique but de trouver dans l'essence une et nirvanique refuge contre la réincarnation; l'autre, dans le but de sauver son âme,—tous les deux ne pensent qu'à eux-mêmes. Leur motif est tout *personnel*; car, en admettant qu'ils atteignent le but, ne sont-ils pas comme le soldat poltron, qui déserte *l armée* au moment de l'action, pour se préserver des balles? En s'isolant ainsi, ni le yogi, ni le "*saint*," n'aident personne autre qu'eux-mêmes; ils se montrent, par contre, *profondément indifférents* au sort de *l'humanité* qu'ils *fuient* et *désertent*.

You do not plainly say what you expect a true sage to do; but further on you refer to our Lord, the Buddha, and to what *He* did. We readily accept His example as well as His teachings for our ideal rule; but from those stanzas I have quoted above, it appears, that what he expected his disciples to do, does not quite agree with what you seem to expect from them.[b]

([a]) The editor of LUCIFER and the *Revue Théosophique*, pleads guilty to an omission. She ought to have qualified, "la sagesse Orientale" by adding the adjective '*ésoterique.*'

([b]) The Western disciples and followers of the Lord Buddha's ethics lay very little stress on the dead letter (and often fanciful) translations of Buddhist *Sutras* by European Orientalists. From such scholars as Messrs. Max Müller and Weber, down to the last amateur Orientalist who dabbles in Buddhism disfigured by translation and proudly boasts of his knowledge, no Sanskrit or Pali scholar has so far understood correctly that which is taught; witness Monier Williams' fallacious assumption that Buddha never taught anything *esoteric!* Therefore neither the *Dhammapada* nor the *Sutta Nipata* are an exception, nor a proof to us in their now mutilated and misunderstood text. Nagarjuna laid it down, as a rule that "every Buddha has both a revealed and a mystic doctrine." The "esoteric is for the multitudes and new disciples," to whom our correspondent evidently belongs. This plain truth was understood even by such a prejudiced

He taught that all the world, or the three worlds, in fact, every existence, is pain, or leading to pain and grief. World and existence is pain and evil *per se.* It is a mistake (avidya) to believe that desire can be satisfied. All worldly desires lead in the end to dissatisfaction, and the desire (the thirst) to live is the cause of all evil. Only those who are striving to deliver (to save or to redeem) themselves from all existence (from their thirst for existence), leading the "happy life" of a perfect bhikshu, only those are sages; only those attain nirvana and, when they die, paranirvana, which is absolute and changeless being.[c]

No doubt some sort of development or so-called improvement, evolution and involution, is going on in the world; but just for this reason the Buddha taught (like Krishna before him), that the world is, "unreality, maya, avidya." Every actual form of existence has *become*, has grown to be what it is; it will continue *changing* and will have an end, like it had a beginning as a form. *Absolute being* without "form" and "name," this alone is true reality, and is worth striving at for a real sage.[d]

Now what did our Lord, the Buddha, do and how did He live? He did not in any way try to *improve* the *world;* he did not strive to realise socialistic problems, to solve the labour question or to better the *worldly* affairs of the poor, nor the rich either; he did not meddle with science, he did not teach cosmology and such like;* quite on the contrary; he lived in the most *unworldly* manner, he begged for his food and taught his disciples to do the same; he left, and taught his disciples to leave, all worldly life and affairs, to give up their families and to remain homeless, like he did and like he lived himself.[e]

Against this cannot be brought forward, that these are only the teachings of the Hinayana system and that perhaps the Mahayana of the Northern Buddhists is the only right one; for this latter lays even more stress than the former on the *self*-improvement and continued *retirement* from the world of the bhikshu, *until* he has reached the perfection of a Buddha. True, the Mahayana system says,

* *Malunka Sutta* in Spence Hardy, "Manual of Buddhism," p. 375. *Saymuttaka Nikāya* at the end of the work (Vol. iii. of "Phayre MS."; also *Cullavagga*, ix. 1, 4.)

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scholar as the Rev. J. Edkins, who passed almost all his life in China studying Buddhism, and who says in his "*Chinese Buddhism*":

(Ch. iii.) "The esoteric was for the Bodhisattvas and advanced pupils, such as Kashiapa. It is not communicated in the form of definite language, and *could not*, therefore, *be transmitted by Anandas as definite doctrine among the Sutras.* Yet, *it is virtually contained* in the *Sutras.* For example, the "Sutra of the Lotus of the good Law," which is regarded as containing the cream of the revealed doctrine, is to be viewed as a sort of original document *of the esoteric teaching, while it is in form esoteric.*" [Italics are ours.]

Moreover we perceive that our learned correspondent has entirely misunderstood the fundamental idea in what we wrote in our May editorial, "*Le Phare de l'Inconnu* in the *Revue Théosophique.* We protest against such an interpretation and will prove that it errs in the course of this article.

([c]) An exoteric and frequent mistake. Nirvana may be reached during man's life, and after his death in the Manvantara or life-kalpa he belongs to. *Paranirvana* ("beyond" Nirvana) is reached only when the Manvantara has closed and during the "night" of the Universe or *Pralaya.* Such is the esoteric teaching.

([d]) Just so; and this is the theosophical teaching.

([e]) Quite right again. But to live "like he lived himself" one has to remain *as an ascetic* among the multitudes, or the *world*, for 45 years. This argument

that not *every* Arahat has already attained highest perfection; it distinguishes Cravanas, Tratykeabuddhas and Bodhisattvas, of whom the latter only are considered the true spiritual sons of the Buddha, who are to be Buddhas themselves in their final future life and who have already realised the highest state of ecstacy, the Bōdhi state, which is next to Nirvana.

Until a bhikshu or arhat has sufficiently progressed in perfection and wisdom, "playing at" Buddha and fixing himself up as an example or as a teacher to the world, is likely not only to throw him entirely off his path, but also to cause annoyance to those who *are* truly qualified for such work and who *are* fit to serve as ideal examples for others. None of *us* is a Buddha, and I do not know which of us might be a Bodhisattva; not everyone *can* be one, and not everyone was by the Buddha himself expected to *become* one, as is clearly and repeatedly expressed in the Saddharma Pundarika, the principal Mahayana work.[f] Nevertheless, admitting for argument's sake, that we were somehow fit to serve as specimen sages for "the world" and to improve "humanity"—now what *can* and what *ought* we to do then?

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therefore, goes directly against our correspondent's main idea. That against which we protested in the criticized article was not the *ascetic life*, *i. e.*, the life of one entirely divorced, morally and mentally, from the world, the ever-changing *maya*, vith its false deceptive pleasures, but the life of a *hermit*, useless to all and as useless to himself, in the long run; at any rate *entirely selfish*. We believe we rightly understand our learned critic in saying that the point of his letter lies in the appeal to the teaching and practice of the Lord Gautama Buddha in support of withdrawal and isolation from the world, as contrasted with an opposite course of conduct. And here it is where his mistake lies and he opens himself to a severer and more just criticism than that he would inflict on us.

The Lord Gautama was never a *hermit*, save during the first six years of his ascetic life, the time it took him to enter fully "on the Path." In the "Supplementary account of the three religions" (*San-Kiea-yi-su*) it is stated that in the *seventh* year of his exercises of abstinence and solitary meditation, Buddha thought, "I had better eat, lest the heretics should say that Nirvana is attained in famishing the body." Then he ate, sat for his transformation for six more days and on the seventh day of the second month obtained his first *Samadhi*. Then, having "attained the perfect view of the highest truth," he arose and went to Benares where he delivered his first discourses. From that time forward for nearly half a century, he *remained in the world*, teaching the world salvation. His first disciples were nearly all Upasakas (lay brothers,) the neophytes being permitted to continue in their positions in social life and not even required to join the monastic community. And those who did, were generally sent by the Master, to travel and proselytize, instructing in the doctrine of the four miseries all those with whom they met.

([f]) Our correspondent is too well read in Buddhist *Sutras* not to be aware of the existence of the esoteric system taught *precisely* in the *Yogacharya* or the contemplative Mahayana schools. And in that system the hermit or yogi life, except for a few years of preliminary teaching, *is strongly objected to* and called SELFISHNESS. Witness Buddha in those superb pages of *Light of Asia* (Book the

We certainly can have nothing to do with humanity in the sense of the "world," nothing with *worldly affairs* and *their* improvement. What else should we do, than to be "*profondément indifferents*" to them, to "*fuir et déserter*" them? Is not this "army" which we are deserting, just that "humanity" which the Dhammapada rightly terms "the fools"; and is it not just that "worldly life" which our Lord taught us to quit? What else should we strive at then but to take "refuge against re-incarnation," refuge with the Buddha, his dharma and his sangha! [g]

Fifth) when arguing with and reprimanding the self-torturing Yogis, whom, "sadly eyeing," the Lord asks:

". . . . . Wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?"

When told in answer that they stake brief agonies to gain the larger joys of Nirvana, what does He say? This:

"Yet if they last
A myriad years . . . . they fade at length,
Those joys . . . . Speak! Do your Gods endure
For ever, brothers?"
"Nay," the Yogis said,
Only great Brahm endures; the Gods but live."

Now if our correspondent understood as he should, these lines rendered in blank verse, yet word for word as in the *Sutras*, he would have a better idea of the esoteric teaching that he now has; and, having understood it, he would not oppose what we said; for not only was self-torture, selfish solicitude, and life in the jungle simply for one's own salvation condemned in the *Mahayana* (in the real esoteric system, not the mutilated translations he reads) but even *renunciation of Nirvana for the sake of mankind* is preached therein. One of its fundamental laws is, that ordinary morality is insufficient to deliver one from rebirth; one has to practise the six Paramitas or cardinal virtues for it: 1. Charity, 2. Chastity, 3. Patience, 4. Industry, 5. Meditation, 6. Ingenuousness (or openness of heart, sincerity). And how can a *hermit* practise charity or industry if he runs away from man? Bodhisattvas, who, having fulfilled all the conditions of Buddhaship, have the right to forthwith enter Nirvana, prefer instead, out of unlimited pity for the suffering ignorant world, to renounce this state of bliss and become *Nirmanakayas*. They don the *Sambhogakaya* (the invisible body) in order to serve mankind, *i.e.*, to *live a sentient life after death* and suffer immensely at the sight of human miseries (most of which, being Karmic, they are not at liberty to relieve) for the sake of having a chance of inspiring a few with the desire of learning the truth and thus saving themselves. (By the bye, all that Schlagentweitt and others have written about the Nirmanakaya body is erroneous.) Such is the true meaning of the Mahayana teaching. "I believe that not all the Buddhas enter Nirvana," says, among other things, the disciple of the Mahayana school in his address to "the Buddhas (or Budhisattvas) of confession"—referring to this secret teaching.

([g]) The quotation with which our correspondent heads his letter *does not* bear the interpretation he puts upon it. No one acquainted with the spirit of the metaphors used in Buddhist philosophy would read it as Mr. Hübbe Schleiden does. The man advised to walk "like a king who has left his conquered country

But we further think, that the Buddha—as in every other respect—was quite right also on this point, even if one considers it as a scientist, as an historian or as a psychologist, not as a bhikshu. What real and essential improvement of the "world" can be made? Perhaps in carrying out socialistic problems a state might be arrived at, where every human individual would be sufficiently cared for, so that he *could* addict more *spare* time to his spiritual self-improvement if he *wished* to do so; but if he does *not wish* to improve *himself*, the best social organization will not make or help him do so. On the contrary, my own experience, at least, is just the reverse. The spiritually or rather mystically highest developed living human individual I know is a poor common weaver and moreover consumptive, who was until lately in such a position employed in a cotton-mill, that he was as much treated as a dog, like most labourers are, by their joint-stock employers. Still this man is in his inner life quite independent of his worldly misery; his heavenly or rather divine peace and satisfaction is at any time his refuge, and no one can rob him of that. He fears no death, no hunger, no pain, no want, no injustice, no cruelty! [h]

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behind," implies that he who has conquered his passions and for whom worldly *maya* exists no longer, need not lose his time in trying to convert those who will not believe in him, but had better leave them alone to their Karma; but it certainly does not mean that they are fools intellectually. Nor does it imply that the disciples should leave the world; "Our Lord" taught us as much as "the Lord Jesus" did, the "Lord Krishna" and other "Lords" all "Sons of God"—to quit the "worldly" life, not *men*, least of all suffering, ignorant Humanity. But surely neither, the Lord Gautama Buddha less than any one of the above enumerated, would have taught us the monstrous and selfish doctrine of remaining "*profondément indifferents*" to the woes and miseries of mankind, or to *desert* those who cry daily and hourly for help to us, more favoured than they. This is an outrageously selfish and cruel system of life, by whomsoever adopted! It is neither Buddhistic, nor Christian, nor theosophical, but the nightmare of a doctrine of the worst schools of Pessimism, such as would be probably discountenanced by Schoppenhauer and Von Hartmann themselves!

Our critic sees in the "army" of Humanity—those "fools" that the *Dhammapada* alludes to. We are sorry to find him calling himself *names*, as we suppose he still belongs to Humanity, whether he likes it or not. And if he tells us in the exuberance of his modesty that he is quite prepared to fall under the flattering category, then we answer that no true Buddhist ought, agreeably to the Dhammaradic injunctions, to accept "companionship" with him. This does not wonise him a very brilliant future with "the Buddha, his dharma and his neophy." To call the whole of Humanity "fools" is a risky thing, anyhow; to even re such that portion of mankind which groans and suffers under the burden generally sonal and individual Karma, and refuse it, under this pretext, help and of the four—is positively revolting. He who does not say with the Master:

(f) Our one opens the gate to save the whole race of mankind" is unworthy of the existence

contemplative this man lives *in*, and with the world, which fact does not prevent except for a few yeship;" *nor* shall he ever be called a "deserter" and a coward, SELFISHNESS. We would richly deserve had he abandoned his wife and family, g *for them*, not for his own "dear" self.

You will concede, I suppose, that Karma is not originated by external causes, but only by each individual for himself. Anyone who has made himself fit for and worthy of a good opportunity, will surely find it; and if you put another unworthy one into the very best of circumstances, he will not avail himself of them properly; they will rather serve *him* to draw him down into the mire which is his delight.

But perhaps you reply: it is, nevertheless, our duty to create as many good opportunities as we can, for humanity in general, that all those who are worthy of them, might find them all the sooner. Quite right! we fully agree and we are certainly doing our best in this respect. But will this improve the *spiritual* welfare of "humanity"? Never, not by an atom, we think. Humanity, as a *whole*, will always remain comparatively the same "fools," which they have always been. Suppose we had succeeded in establishing an ideal organization of mankind, do you think these "fools" would be any the wiser by it, or any the more satisfied and happy?[i] Certainly not, they would always invent new wants, new pretensions, new claims; the "world" will for ever go on striving for "worldly perfection" only. Our present social organization is greatly improved on the system of the middle-ages: still, is our present time any the happier, any the more satisfied than our ancestors have been at the time of the Niebelunge or of King Arthur? I think, if there has been any change in satisfaction, it was for the worse; our present time is more greedy and less content than any former age. Whoever expects his *self*-improvement by means of any *world*-improvement or any external means and causes, has yet to be sorely undeceived; and happy for him if this experience will come to him before the *end* of his present life!

A very clever modern philosopher has invented the theory that the best plan to get rid of this misery of the "world," would be our giving ourselves up to it the best we could, in order to hasten this evil process to its early end.—Vain hope! Avidya is as endless as it is beginningless. A universe has a beginning and has an end, but others will begin and end after it, just like one day follows the other; and as there has been an endless series of worlds before, thus will there be an endless series afterwards. Causality can never have had a beginning nor can it have an end. And every "world," that will ever be, will always be "world," that is pain and "evil."[j]

Therefore, like Karma, also *deliverance*, redemption or salvation (from the world) can never be any otherwise than "*personal*," or let us rather say "individual." The world, of course, can never be delivered from itself, from the

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(i) This is no business of ours, but that of their respective Karma. On this principle we should have to deny to every starving wretch a piece of bread, because, forsooth, he will be just as hungry to-morrow?

(j) And therefore, *Sauve qui peut*, is our correspondent's motto? Had the—

"All Honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful,
The Teacher of Nirvana, and the Law."

taught the heartless principle *Après moi le déluge*, I do not think that the learned editor of the SPHINX would have had much of a chance of being converted to Buddhism as he is now. Very true that his Buddhism seems to be no better than the exoteric dry and half-broken rind, of European fabrication, of

"world," from pain and evil. And *no one* can be delivered therefrom by anyone else.—You certainly do not teach vicarious atonement! Or, *can* anyone save his neighbour? Can one apple make ripe another apple hanging next to it? [k]

Now what else can we do but live the "happy life" of bikshus without wants, without pretensions, without desires? And if our good example calls or draws to us others who seek for the same happiness, then we try to teach them the best we can. But this is another rather doubtful question to us! Not only are we not properly fit to teach, but if we were, we require proper persons to be taught, persons who are not only willing, but who are also fit to listen to us. [l]

In spite of all these difficulties and quite conscious of our own incompetency, we nevertheless venture now to publish books and journals, in which we try to explain Indian religio-philosophy to the best of our understanding. Thus every one who has eyes may read it, and who has ears may hear it—if his good Karma is ripening! What else do you expect *us agnams* to do? [m] Are we not rather to be blamed already, that we undertake such work, for which we—*not* being Buddhas, nor even Bodhisattvas—are as badly qualified as a recruit is fit to serve as general field-marshal. And if you cannot find fault with us, can you say that those "yogis" or "saints" whom you seem to blame in your above passage, were in a better position and could have done more? If, however they were, *what* ought they to have done?

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that grand fruit of altruistic mercy, and pity for all that lives—real Eastern Buddhism and especially its esoteric doctrines.

([k]) No; but the apple can either screen its neighbour from the sun, and, depriving it of its share of light and heat, prevent its ripening, or sharing with it the dangers from worms and the urchin's hand, thus diminish that danger by one half. As to Karma this is again a misconception. There is such a thing as a *national*, besides a personal or *individual* Karma in this world. But our correspondent seems to have either never heard of it, or misunderstood once more, in his own way.

([l]) *Fais que dois, advienne que pourra.* When did the Lord Buddha make a preliminary selection in his audiences? Did he not agreeably to allegory and History, preach and convert demons and gods, bad and good men? Dr. Hübbe Schleiden seems more Catholic than the Pope, more prim than an old-fashioned English house-wife, and certainly more squeamish than Lord Buddha ever was. "Teach vicarious atonement?" certainly we do no not. But it is safer (and more modest at any rate) to make too much of one's neighbours and fellow-men than to look at every one as on so much dirt under one's feet. If I am a fool, it is no reason why I should see a fool in everyone else. We leave to our critic the difficult task of discerning who is, and who *is not* fit to listen to us, and, in the absence of positive proof, prefer postulating that every man has a responsive chord in his nature that will vibrate and respond to words of kindness and of truth.

([m]) We expect you not to regard everyone else as an "*agnam*"—*if* by this word an *ignoramus* is meant. To help to deliver the world from the curse of *Avidya* (ignorance) we have only to learn from those who know more than we do, and teach those who know less. This is just the object we have in view in spreading theosophical literature and trying to explain "Indian *religio*-philosophy.

We are fully aware that a true Buddhist and a sage, or—if you like—theosophist, must always be every inch an *altruist*. And when we are acting altruistically, it is perhaps no bad sign in regard to what we some day might *become*; but every thing at its proper time: where competency does not keep pace with altruism in development and in display, it might do more harm than good. Thus we feel even not quite sure whether our conscience ought not to blame us for our well-intended, but pert work; and the only excuse we can find for our thus giving way to the promptings of our heart is, that those persons who really might be properly qualified, do *not* come forward, do *not* help us, do *not do* this evidently necessary work! [n]

Yours respectfully,

HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN.

Neuhausen, *Munich*, June 1st, 1889.

([n]) An apocalyptic utterance this. I think, however, that I dimly understand. Those who are "properly qualified, do *not* come forward, do *not* help us, do *not do* this evidently neccessary work." Don't THEY? How *does* our pessimistic correspondent *know?* I "guess" and "surmise" that they do, and very much so. For had the T. S. and its members been left to their own fate and Karma, there would not be much of it left to-day, under the relentless persecutions, slander, scandals, purposely set on foot, and the malicious hatred of our enemies —*open* and *secret*.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Reviews.

THE BANQUET* (IL CONVITO) OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

MISS HILLARD has in her translation of Dante's fragment called "Il Convito," produced a scholarly and deeply intuitive work. She has evidently studied closely the great poet's other writings, bringing to bear upon this his well-known but minor poem the full result of her research. In the introduction she points out concisely, but with great force, some of the many arguments on the troubled question of dates in regard to the periods of writing and publication of the various poems. For the readers of LUCIFER, however, such questions are of minor importance as compared with the true meaning of Dante's compositions. The translation now under review shows perhaps the mystic character of the theme and its treatment more clearly than any of those that have gone before, and it is this side of the subject that will now be dwelt upon rather than its scholastic merits.

For those who know the A B C of occult philosophy there can be no shadow of doubt as to the meaning conveyed in Dante's writings. He discloses himself all through them as a veritable mystic. Even for the more conventional scholar, "Il Convito," in Miss Hillard's presentation, can bear no other interpretation. In Chapter I. of the commentary on the 1st Canzone, Dante says that "books can be understood and ought to be explained in four principal senses." The first is literal, the second allegorical, which "is a truth concealed beneath a fair

* By KATHERINE HILLARD. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.

fiction," the third the moral, the fourth anagogical or mystical, that is, beyond sense. There are but three of these Canzoni, and they are used by Dante as texts for the more detailed exposition of his ideas. The book consists consequently of prose commentaries rather than of verses, and the commentaries truth to say are both diffuse and pedantic, although the Canzoni themselves are quite the opposite.

The main idea of the Banquet is to be found in the search of the soul for Divine Philosophy, or in other words, the struggle upwards of the soul towards its Higher Self and God. The Alchemists of the middle ages were never weary of telling the few for whom they wrote of the true way to grasp this real knowledge. The emancipation of the soul from the body, or the blending of the different planes of consciousness, was the goal to be attained, thus rendering the physical body what it will eventually become, a vehicle in which the higher nature can work for the good of humanity, unshackled by the ordinary drawbacks and desires of the flesh. The alchemists veiled their teaching by symbolising the soul, spirit and higher principles in man under various names, such as sulphur, mercury, silver, gold, the red and green dragon, etc., but those who look for the spirit underlying the letter of their works are not misled by these terms. They know that by the transmutation of the baser metals into gold was implied, as stated above, the purification of the soul from the dross of the body and the bringing of it into conscious relation with the spiritual soul.

In like manner it would seem that Dante endeavoured to teach the same truths, sheltering them also from the apprehension of the dangerous classes by a symbology quite as misleading to the conventional reader as that of the alchemists, although not so beguiling in form to the greedy and ambitious. In this he was wise, as results have proved. His works have probably been more widely read and less understood than those of any other writer of his time, and he has been always recognised as a great poet, an exceptional man of learning and ability, while he has been spared the persecution and hard treatment that the alchemists, from their larger claims upon the imagination of the people, drew upon themselves. His books perhaps, however, reflect the research and erudition of the student rather than the actual results of direct experiment, and it may be doubted whether he attained to more than a profound appreciation of the spiritual possibilities inherent in himself and mankind.

Miss Hillard's introduction is by no means the least attractive portion of this volume. She puts forward so concisely and reasonably the harvest gathered during her studies, enforcing her views with so much moderation on the much debated question as to the reality of Beatrice as a flesh and blood woman that one cannot but trust her as a reliable and most intelligent guide. She says "After careful consideration of Dante's definition of the *literal*, I cannot find that it necessarily implies the *historical* . . . . the argument for the *necessity* of the existence of the actual Beatrice falls to the ground when we admit that the literal is often what the poet himself calls 'a beautiful fiction.' It is quite possible, nay probable, that Dante at the age of nine may have fallen in love with a little neighbour . . . . but I can not see that we have any right to identify that ideal with Beatrice *Portinari* from any evidence furnished by Dante himself. Such identification rests solely upon the authority of that exceedingly

untrustworthy romancer, Boccaccio." Miss Hillard also argues in support of her position that Dante was a student of the "Philosophy of Plato, Aristotle, the Æneid of Virgil, Cicero's Dream of Scipio, and his various essays, the Consolations of Boëthius, the suggestive words of the Apocalypse, and the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon."

The authoress then gives her reading of "Il Convito," taken in its four meanings, the literal, allegorical, moral, and mystical; but a quotation giving the last will here be sufficient. She says "We have a soul that having recognised its true blessedness in the Divine Wisdom, loses itself for a time in the things of this world, shortly to repent and to turn back to that blessed Beatrice that gazeth continually upon the face of God, for she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of His Works."

To all admirers of Dante this book cannot but be welcome. Whether they agree with Miss Hillard's views or whether they prefer to retain the more widely received opinion of Dante's love for Beatrice Portinari as a woman whose death he never ceased to regret, they must appreciate the honesty of purpose that characterises the work, as much as the literary skill of its presentation.

HERTHA.*

THE general purport of this little volume is admirably expressed by the motto, from the concluding chorus of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, which stands on its title-page: *Das ewig-weibliche zieht uns hinan.* The author, a Theosophist and member of the E. S., is deeply imbued with the importance of woman's mission and work in life. She quotes very aptly from a wide range of mystic writers, prominently *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, and shows in a most able manner the nature of the part which woman is called upon to play in restoring to equilibrium the unbalanced natural forces which are the cause of the evil and misery which surround us. She writes with deep feeling, thoughtfully and with evident care, and her work abounds in striking passages; two of which we cannot forbear to quote: speaking of the necessity for conquering the illusions of physical life, she writes:

"In the language of the world people are called *désillusioné*, because their senses have been dulled as an axe is dulled, by wrongly using them. The overcoming illusions is quite a different thing—the senses are at their keenest and freshest, and to them is added the sixth sense, an imperial sense, which crowns as with a diadem the perfect man."

This remark is one which all mystics would do well to lay to heart.

Again, describing the present condition of women, we find the following passage of great force and truth:

"The feminine is receptive, passive, and the race can never be renewed, restored, till woman is receptive to the highest—receptive to the influx of Spirit. She is awakening from man idolatry, from priest worshipping, from idolatry of the physical and intellectual, to a higher worship and a higher receptivity—this in time will renovate the race. Woman has been submerged and has submerged herself in the material, and has therefore lost peace and power. She has made herself passive and receptive to the physical and intellectual man and has idolized his errors, which were reflected upon herself and upon her children. She has exalted and extolled the man of war and warlike deeds. She often exalts and worships the more rapacious man of modern 'civilization' because he, too, lays the spoils of provinces at her feet."

But though looking to woman as the future deliverer of the race, the author is no blind worshipper of her sex as such. She rightly regards the sexes as mutually

* OR THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION, by Elizabeth Hughes. Los Angeles, California, 1889.

complementary, equal, but different; and has not fallen into the great error which has engulphed so many mystic writers of regarding sex as a permanent attribute of the individuality. She is thus saved from that false conception of complementary individualities of opposite sex, which figures so largely in the writings of Lake Harris and Laurence Oliphant, a conception which is responsible for much immorality and for the gross materialization of things spiritual. The author states in plain words that true harmony and perfection can only be reached by the individual *within himself*, *i.e.*, by the mystic marriage of Soul with Spirit, not by any imaginary "sympneumatical" union with a counterpart of opposite sex.

She is right also in saying that the woman must first become herself, must free herself internally in mind and heart, before she can take her rightful place in external life. When she has done so, she will not need to *force* her way, for she will find her true sphere and place by natural development. The outer ever follows upon and reflects the inner.

There are many pages of great beauty, full of healthy and suggestive thought in this work, and last but not least, it is free from all trace of morbidness, of sickly sentimentality and cant. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

"THE NATIONALIST." *

EDWARD BELLAMY'S remarkable romance, "Looking Backward," has started in America a movement that bids fair to become of considerable importance. Men and women touched with "the enthusiasm of humanity," and feeling a sense of personal shame for the inhumanity of our present social system, have been fired by the beauty of the Socialist Utopia to make an effort towards bringing it about; and they are gathering themselves into "Nationalist Clubs" to work for its realisation. The name "Nationalist" is ill-chosen, connoting as it does in the minds of most the separateness of the different nations rather than the internationality of the Socialist ideal; but it is used, not to mark off peoples from each other, but to indicate the breaking down of the narrower barriers of class and the nationalisation of the land and capital now held as private property. The central idea of the movement, as expressed in the constitution of the Boston Nationalist Club, is "The nationalisation of industry and the promotion of the Brotherhood of Humanity." The Boston Club has established *The Nationalist* as its organ, and starts its career with articles from the pens of Edward Bellamy himself, Col. T. Wentworth Higginson, H. Willard Austin, J. Ransom Bridge, Cyrus Field Willard, and others, and among those who promise contributions are Mrs. Helen Campbell, author of the "Prisoners of Poverty," Laurence Grönlund, the well-known Socialist, Rabbi Schindler and Thaddeus B. Wakeman. In the opening number Edward Bellamy tells how he came to write "Looking Backward" starting with the idea of "a fairy tale of social felicity" and transmuting it into "the vehicle of a definite scheme of industrial organisation." We notice with interest that three of the writers in this first issue belong to the Theosophical Brotherhood, a sign that the American brethren mean to work, as well as speak, for the Brotherhood of Humanity. We wish our young contemporary good speed.

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LUCIFER

Vol. IV. LONDON, AUGUST 15th, 1889. No. 24.

THE "NINE-DAYS' WONDER" PRESS.

"Let God be true but every man a liar."
(*Romans*, iii. 4.)

"Let the foolish jackass bray,
The wind will carry the sound away."
(*A Persian Proverb.*)

THE *pot-au feu* of sensational news about Theosophy keeps seething night and day in the Press kitchens of our globe. Amid the fumes escaping therefrom, the Theosophical Society and its adherents are made to assume before the public the most distorted and varied forms—grotesque and menacing, grinning and smiling—but (to the members of the said body) these outlines are invariably jumbled up and often distorted beyond recognition. And to that shadowy phantom of the Theosophical Spook, like a variegated tail to a kite, our humble name is generally attached.

"Man, know thyself," is an aphorism echoed among our generation of unbelievers, from the remotest times of antiquity. The wise precept is pretty closely followed—in one sense, at any rate—by mankind; individuals *do* know themselves generally speaking, but it is ten to one that they will not share their knowledge with the inquisitive outsider. And when some of them occasionally do, so accustomed is our modern public to lies, that no one is believed when he speaks the truth, least of all about himself. This is the cause why, in our day, truth is systematically boycotted and severely exiled from the public papers and journals. The fact is that truth is not as sensational as falsehood. It fails to tickle the reader's bump of gossip and love of slander as effectually as a cock-and-bull story. And, therefore, since the columns of a paper have to be filled up, *nolens volens*, and since unvarnished, common, every-day events are too monotonous, too matter-of-fact, to satisfy the reader's greediness for sensation the help of the imagination is indispensable in the dailies and weeklies. Hard is the task of some editors. Let us be lenient to them.

"Mother, tell me a story," urged a little boy.

"What shall I tell you, dear? Do you want a pretty one out of the Bible?"

"No, no!" roared the little innocent. "'Cause you say it's all true in the Bible, and I want a *lie-story*. It's so much funnier. . . ."

There is little difference between the average public and our small boy. Both prefer "lie-stories."

In our human conceit we have been labouring hitherto under the impression that, so far as human knowledge goes, we know all that is to be known about the Society we have founded and our own uninteresting personality. We are now being daily and rudely awakened from this dream of pride to the sad reality. The press of the two worlds knows the two far better than we do ourselves. Journalists talk of us as if they had invented both; as indeed they have, as far as the Theosophy and doings of the Society and its founders in *their* columns are concerned. Owing to the numerous "lie-stories," the ignorance of the public with regard to the real T. S. deepens with every day, and the Society is now the *terra incognita*, the *Pays de Cocagne* of modern times. It is above all in the spiritualistic papers—supposed to be the organs of the highest *spirituality!*—that both editors and their contributors are dreaming dreams and seeing deceitful visions in their boots. And yet surely the editors—at any rate, of some of the spiritualistic papers—ought to know better.

But, like all other men, editors are subject to occasional sickness, absence, and rest, and then sub-editors *will* play ducks and drakes with their magazines, and *will* turn their best friends into enemies. This has happened with more than one weekly and monthly; aye, with our LUCIFER and the *Theosophist* lately. (See "Theosophical Activities," the "Adyar Puzzle."

Therefore is it that we find also in *Light*, by one "Colenso," ravings about Theosophical doctrines, that have never existed in our teachings. By the bye, a query for our own information. It is generally held as a mean and base action for any man to hit a fellow creature from behind a dark corner, masked, or otherwise protected from recognition. An *anonymous* letter is regarded as too contemptible to be taken any notice of. A man who, fighting a duel, will surreptitiously protect himself with a coat of mail is as bad as one who will play with marked cards. This no one will deny. Why then should not this rule hold equally good in the case of a man who insults another in a public paper over a secure pseudonym? A *nom de plume* is permissible only so long as the person using it acts from a feeling of modesty or some other plausible reason. But when he wields it as a personal shield, from, behind which he hits and insults an opponent, this ought to be regarded as a *contemptible and a cowardly action*. "Let him who hath ears hear." *Avis aux amateurs* of pseudonyms. Ye Gods, how loose the

code of honour and morals has become to-day, when compared with that which we were taught to respect in our young days!

Verily logic has drawn its night cap over its eyes and gone to bed in the present generation. Men and especially irate editors will fib by the gross, for the sole pleasure thereof. Witness our old friend Charles Dana of the N. Y. *Sun*, who has lately devoted to Colonel Olcott and H. P. Blavatsky quite a flattering editorial. Described therein as two remarkably clever impostors, we are credited with having made a considerable amount of money out of our "dupes." To crown this sympathetic biography the writer of the present pages is introduced to the notice of the *Sun's* numerous readers as—"a snuffy old woman."

All this is just what might and ought to be expected from an amiable and well-bred editor. Mr. Charles Dana, who sat for years on the late Rev. H. Ward Beecher, who harassed to death that "truly good man," Deacon Richard Smith, of Cincinnati, and his "wicked partner" Romeo; and who has never failed hitherto to endow his political opponents with direct lineal descent on the maternal side from the *genus canis*—is very discreet and magnanimous in having called us *only* that. But why "*snuffy* old woman"? Surely this is an incorrect epithet, a mistake proceeding from a confusion of snuff and tobacco, and might be truthfully characterized as a botanical *lapsus calami.* Had the eloquent solar editor said instead "a *smoky* old woman," he would have branded the subject of his criticism all the same, and avoided being called names by us for being caught in a fib. For, in the opinion of the American Puritans—the worthy descendants of those pious Pilgrim-Fathers who declared tobacco the "devil's weed" and burnt and tortured their New England witches—to smoke is as bad as to snuff and *vice versa.*

All this is due to the fact that though editors who know anything at all of their modest colleague of LUCIFER are few, yet each has to propitiate his subscribers, hence to besmear with literary mud all men and things unpopular in the sight of his readers. Human sacrifice has to be offered to public prejudice. Yet they might and should perform this a little more gracefully; the more so as our pity for poor struggling humanity is so genuine and true that we sincerely rejoice to be made, even by our enemies, the means for turning an additional honest penny, or getting a subscriber or two more for their papers at the expense of politeness and truth. The latter is their own private Karma. But people have to get their bread and butter, whether they pander to their customers one way or the other, by lying about and slandering innocent people, or advertising quack nostrums along with materializing spooks. Darwinism has to be vindicated by the survival of the fittest, in any and every case, and we are willing to admit that one paper apes the other simply on the ground and principle of pure atavism.

It will thus be seen that, personally, we do not feel the slightest ob-

jection to serving as material for press gossip. It is only when the reputation of the Theosophical Society as a whole is being attacked that we feel bound to speak out and deny glaring falsehoods and calumny. So large and broad indeed is our sympathy for the pen and ink fraternity struggling for existence, that—not unlike the pious Jains of Bombay, who offer publicly in the Hospital for Animals their living bodies as pasture fields for millions of a (in polite Society *nondescript*) variety of blood-feeding insects, white and black—we feel as willing to place our personality as a wave offering on the altar of newspaper gossip, if it can only benefit anyone. But why, instead of honestly *interviewing* well informed members of the T. S.—why resort to inventions? Truth pure and simple, dearly beloved Knights errant of the quill and pencil, is often "stranger than fiction." In Theosophy it offers the richest harvests if only the speculator would go to the right field and "strike oil" on the right spot. *Dixi.* This is a word to the wise.

Nor need we go far out of our way to preach to the unwise; or expatiate at any length upon the weekly freaks of the (Un-) *Religio and* (Un-)*Philosophical Journal*, our American well-wisher of the Far West. Good, square, downright lies about Theosophy and the Theosophists, whom the editor has placed on his black list, seem to have become its speciality. Since the poor *Journal*—a very respectable organ in its day—has opened its columns to a contributor in full *delirium tremens* of squelched ambition, and made of him its prize-fighter, the latter in his turn has made of the Journal his garbage-bin. Keep silence, Theosophists, if ye are wise. He who stoops to analyze or even notice such indescribable and nauseating filth, only risks dirtying his hands. We have been just told that the editor refuses to print one word in our defence by our friends, insisting that "H. P. Blavatsky should write what she has to say about it herself." Heaven forbid that we should touch the *Journal* with pincers, let alone parade our name in such a Noah's ark! Let the *Journal* rave and break its head against dead walls by publishing stolen documents offered to the public as "profound secrets *exposed*," while these documents have been printed from the first for wide, though "private" circulation, and have been sent to all who asked for them. Let the said *Journal* severely alone, we say; for it is now performing its own *hari-kari*, singing its own funereal dirge, its venomous Billingsgate having poisoned but itself, and left it a clawless and toothless drivelling idiot. Peace be with thee, old chatter-box! We forgive thee, for the sake of merits and virtues in thy days of youth. In later years we have paid little attention to, and have hardly seen it; and now we take a solemn vow never to read the *R. P. J.* again. Friends from America, who send us occasionally cuttings from our scandal-loving and erring contemporary, abstain in future, and save your postage. Henceforth such cuttings will be invariably thrown into the waste paper basket.

Far more amusing and harmless are the occasional references to Theosophy in the English press, though whenever we are mentioned personally, our name is almost invariably associated with doings and sayings to which we have to plead "not guilty." Thus the *Northern Whig*, of Belfast, has suddenly discovered the presence of:—

"Mdlle. (?) Blavatsky, the lady whose name is associated with the doctrines known as Theosophy, at the Mansion House meeting in support of sending female medical aid to India."

The reporter must be a *clairvoyant* medium. We have never set our foot in the Mansion House, never attended *any* meetings, and have been moreover, for the last five weeks, on a visit to France and Jersey. We disclaim the power of ubiquity.

Less innocent, however, are the repeated attacks on Theosophy and its teachings by a contributor, a bullying descendant of Ananias, in the *Agnostic Journal*, who maintains that these doctrines, as taught in the "Blavatsky Lodge," are "phallic worship"—pure and simple!! This shows both ignorance and malevolence. Avaunt, you slanderer of the ages! Your name will not disgrace the pages of LUCIFER, and your lying words are your own condemnation.

Another contributor who signs his letter "Cyril" confesses himself in the same journal a broken reed truly, declaring that one day he flatters himself that he is a Theosophist, and the next discovers that he is "only a bat, sitting in the outer darkness below the horizon." To explain this shifting mood, he brings forth a new accusation against us. We are taken to task for saying in our last editorial that:—

"'*Theosophia* properly means *not* a knowledge of God, but of Gods—that is divine, that is superhuman, knowledge,' so says Madame Blavatsky."

Well, so she says; and what is more she maintains it. But "Cyril" believes otherwise and expresses it in the following words:—

"And, *mirabile dictu*, although Theosophy is a knowledge of the gods, an Atheist, she asserts, can be a Theosophist! The Atheist who is solicited to join the Theosophical Society wrote the other week: 'An Atheist certainly cannot be a Theosophist.' This is so obvious that it hardly required to be stated. We shall next see the proposition put solemnly on record: An Atheist cannot be a Theist. I have no patience with a system that will throw overboard its every principle in order to compass a convert. Till I read the first article in *Lucifer*, for July, I was of opinion that Theosophy was something. Now I think, and till further notice I shall continue to think, it is nothing. —Yours truly,

"CYRIL."

Now that's really heartrending. Yet the plaint does not quite tally with facts, nor with the spirit of our Theosophical Society. No atheist, says Cyril, can be a Theosophist. It does not follow. All depends whether the term is derived from *theos* or *theoi*, god or gods, and we say it is from "gods." The term is *not* Christian, but was coined by polytheists and by the Neo-Platonists who believed in *gods*, and preceded,

as we prove in the "Key to Theosophy," Christianity by long centuries. In "Christendom" an *atheist* means one who does not believe in *God*; in "Heathendom" or India, an atheist (*Nastika*) is one (whether a theist or an atheist) who disbelieves in the gods; and an atheist and a polytheist are not quite the same thing. To say, therefore, that an atheist cannot be a Theist, is to apply it only to Europe or America, for the remark could not hold water in non-Christian lands. Now our Society is international and universal. It boasts of having no creed, of being *no* sect, and while showing outward respect for every religion and school of thought, it prides itself on belonging, as a Society, to none, save that of truth—or Theosophy. What can you do with that, esteemed "Cyril"? And why should you ascribe to backsliding that which exists only in your own fancy? Had you read our Statutes and Rules and acquainted yourself with the Society's policy, from its beginning, you would have paused before writing as you have. Whether rightly or wrongly (from the Christian standpoint) we have adopted the word Theosophy and see in the term a meaning quite different from that which a Theist or a Christian gives to it. Were it as you say, how could we have thousands of Buddhists—godless, atheistical Buddhists like those of the Siamese sect at Ceylon—as members of the T. S.? What would become of the President-Founder of the T. S., Colonel Olcott, a confessed Buddhist—hence as godless as Mr. Bradlaugh himself, in the sense of rejecting every idea of a *personal*, or *extra-cosmic* god? A happy day, nevertheless, would it be for Theosophy, could we have in our Society many such *Atheists*, yet genuine *true* Theosophists, as the High Priest of Ceylon, Sumangala, or even that same Colonel Olcott, all his worldly shortcomings notwithstanding. We call the Lord Gautama Buddha, the greatest Theosophist of the past ages. Will our critic rise and deny this, also, on the ground that Buddha was an Atheist?

Where, or how, then, have we sinned in our editorial against our *principles?* "Cyril" seems to think that we have departed from them in order to "compass a convert"; in other words to pander to Mr. Bradlaugh? This is the first time in our long life that we have been accused of *pandering* to any living being. Why not say next that we may pander to the Archbishop of Canterbury? For surely there is more hope of seeing the Primate of England joining our ranks than in entertaining the same idea with regard to the M.P. for Northampton.

This is really silly, respected "Cyril." Go, and sin no more.

Speaking of Mr. Bradlaugh one is naturally led to think of Mrs. Annie Besant, for so many years his right arm in the propagation of Freethought. Her "perversion" as the materialists call it—to Theosophy seems to have caused a great stir all over the United Kingdom. How severely the blow is felt by our opponents is evidenced by a recrudescence of bitter attacks upon us by the Freethinkers, who have hitherto left us

personally undisturbed. Aye, the prize was worth fighting for, as there can rarely be found a truer embodiment of the first and uppermost Theosophical principle (as it stands the first in rank among the objects of our Society)—the Brotherhood of man, than Annie Besant. She is indeed the ideal of practical *altruism* and well may Gerald Massey have greeted her as he has by writing:

Though we stand not side by side
In the front of battle wide,
Oft I think of you with pride,

Fellow soldier in the fight,
Oft I see you flash by night
Fiery hearted for the Right!

You for others sow the grain,
Yours the tears of ripening rain,
Theirs the smiling harvest-gain.

. . . . . .

Why then should not every noble hearted Freethinker, every *true* and right minded materialist think of her "with pride" just the same now as then? Though she fights no longer for stony-cold, scientific Materialism, yet by joining the ranks of those most of whom regard as exemplars of *boundless* love for humanity the Buddha and the ideal Christ, the two pioneer and champion Socialists of the historical ages—Annie Besant can do but the more good in the right direction of social reform and help for the weak and the oppressed.

But if her conversion to Theosophy has increased the number of our enemies it has brought us if not friends at least fair-minded judges from a quite unexpected quarter—a clerical journal. True, this journal is "The Church Reformer" and its editor the very liberal and socialistic Rev. Mr. Stewart D. Headlam, the motto of whose magazine is four very aggressive lines by William Blake. Still his action is unprecedented in the annals of clerical publications, as he actually declares that there is much good in Theosophical Nazareth and proceeds to show it. His leading article of this month, devoted to Annie Besant and Theosophy, is headed, "My soul is athirst for God." "Athirst for truth" would be perhaps more appropriate and correct, but we need not quarrel over trifles. The chief point is to ascertain what the reverend gentleman thinks of our Society and to point out, that like the rest, he seems to misunderstand our real doctrines.

Having told his reader of a story once current about the Prince of Wales who "used to say that if ever he took to religion he should 'go in for Charlie Wood's religion'" Mr. Headlam proceeds to add:—

"In the same way, many, who have not troubled themselves much about religion in the past, will now be inclined to give a good deal of attention to Theosophy simply

because it has become Mrs. Besant's *religion*. And, indeed, the *religion* which 'finds' a woman so noble and self-sacrificing as Mrs. Besant is, must have a great deal in it. For the really interesting fact about Mrs. Besant having become a fellow of the Theosophical Society consists in this, that while Christians, Buddhists, Mahometans, can all be Theosophists, *an Atheist cannot*, and therefore her election to that Society is a clear declaration on her part, that after trying it consistently and earnestly for many years, she has found that atheism does not satisfy, does not answer the needs of human nature."

The italics are ours. While feeling grateful to the reverend writer for allowing Theosophy to have "a great deal in it," we are sorry to find ourselves compelled to point out some inaccuracies, seemingly trifling, in truth very important. First of all, Theosophy is not, and never was a *religion*, necessitating belief in any God. Therefore, any Atheist is at full liberty to join our Society, and may, without ceasing to be an Atheist at all—*i.e.*, a disbeliever in a *personal* God—become the grandest Theosophist living. As we have just explained this very fully, it is quite useless to go over the old ground again. Suffice it to say, that at the very summit of her atheism Mrs. Besant has always been a Theosophist *in action* and *in heart*. She has only given a more defined and sincere expression now to her longing and aspirations after the truth, by declaring herself a member of the Theosophical Brotherhood, and no more. Therefore though truly she is "the most strenuous of all workers for humanity," one is permitted to doubt whether she has plainly said, "My soul is athirst for God," unless the reverend writer uses the term, "God" metaphorically, as we Theosophists often do. But, it is quite correct to say that "having for long done the will (*i.e.*, put in practice the first of the Theosophical principles) she is now beginning to know of the doctrine." But this doctrine, let us hope, will never lead her to make again "her communion at a Christian altar," in other words to renounce the whole and the absolute for the part and the finite. For if she has "worked to see that the people were properly fed, clothed and housed," . . . "visited the prisoners and cared for the oppressed," she has done only that which Buddha taught before Christ and *archaic Theosophy*, the Wisdom Religion, before Buddha; aye, from days prehistoric.

To the same kind of objection, though necessitating but a slight amendment, belongs the following truthful remark by Mr. Headlam:

". . . . . indeed, so far from there being any contradiction between Theosophy and the religion of Jesus Christ, page after page of Theosophical teaching is almost word for word like the teaching of a pious Evangelical or a devout Catholic; and Mrs. Besant is already bringing into prominence that teaching as to brotherhood, which has always been in Theosophical books, though not always in Theosophical action."

The second part of the proposition is quite correct; the first needs a reminder. If the Theosophical teaching is so like that of an Evangelical or a Catholic, it is not because Theosophy took Christianity as an exemplar, but because symbolical, and later dogmatic and ritualistic Christianity are simply an edition copied, with slight modifications, by

the Church Fathers from Pagan symbology and Gnosticism; the old religions of the Gentiles being, in their turn, the more or less faithful echoes of the WISDOM RELIGION, or—"Theosophy."

Mr. Headlam concludes his editorial with the following reincarnation of the Delphic puzzle: "If Crœsus crosses the Halys, he will destroy a great empire." "The battle between them" (the Theosophists), he says: "and the Christians, with their love of beauty and kingdom of Heaven upon earth, will come later on."

To whom shall we ascribe the "love of beauty and kingdom of Heaven upon earth"? To Christians or Theosophists? If the former, then all Christians are Mystics, and, consequently, Theosophists—which is far from being the case. If to the latter, then we hope that the Reverend gentleman may be proved no true prophet, lest haply the Christians be found to fight against the gods.

If this kingdom of Heaven or New Jerusalem is to be a reality, then a common platform for all religions, sciences and philosophies must be found. This, Christianity *per se*, cannot, in the nature of things, offer—neither, for that matter, can any other so-called religion—as it now stands; for all unduly exaggerate the personality of their Founders, Christianity more than others, as it makes Jesus very God of very God, and of his brother-*teachers in Christ* (or CHRISTOS) false prophets. We speak here of modern Church Christianity, not of the mystic religion of Christos, the LOGOS, the Western aspect of the one religious philosophy, which can bind all men together as brothers. It is in the service of the latter that the Theosophical Society has become a humble handmaiden; seeking earnestly, but so far, vainly, her fellow servants among the bedizened flunkeys of State-religions in the great WORLD'S FAIR.

[We re-print with great pleasure the "Restoration of Theosophy" from the *Church Reformer*, as a most striking "Sign of the Times." Our Christian members especially will read it with joy, though, if believers in reincarnation, they must be fully aware that the "Sacraments and Graces" of any church are comparatively as transitory as their own ephemeral personalities, and for their efficacy depend on the *faith* of the assistants. Forms and observances in religion, from praying calabashes to Extreme Unction, are to be compared to the ceremonies of Magic which are mere aids to the wavering; the *Will*, to be really efficacious, must be constant; the fits and starts of emotion do but make the path more difficult.

We have always had a high opinion of the metaphysical and philosophical ability of our Hindu brothers, but have never ventured to hymn their praise so loudly as "H. P. M.", who verily seems to out-Hector Hector, and who yet utters a perfect truth.—[SUB-EDIT.]

THE RESTORATION OF THEOSOPHY.

I.

THAT was an apt remark of Sir Thomas More when he compared the revival of Greek philosophy in the sixteenth century, to the wooden horse in which armed Greeks were hidden for the ruin of barbarous Troy. For it is difficult, nowadays, for us to realise how complete was the revolution of thought. Active, fearless research took the place of speculation and theorising. Every province of nature was attacked and transformed.

And yet, an impartial review of the middle ages seems to show that there then existed powers unknown and incomprehensible to the official science of to-day. Amidst all the imposture and superstition with which alchemy and astrology are associated, no honest historian can deny that there *were* men who, without the advantages of modern apparatus could anticipate the discoveries of modern chemists, and could transmute the baser metals into gold and silver; that others, although ignorant of the distance between the earth and the moon, were able to foretell the future with accuracy by means of the planets; and that in the domain of medicine certain wonderful cures were effected, and life prolonged far beyond the usual limits by men who knew nothing of the modern science of physiology. For there existed a school of occult science in the western world, which, however, was swept away or sunk into disrepute at the time of the Renaissance.

The Renaissance, although its result has been to teach only a half truth (by limiting the methods of research to sensory perception), has yet prepared the world for a new revelation of Theosophy, by the high development of the reasoning faculties that it has occasioned. That the senses are insufficient as a means of research is in fact, seemingly realised by our leading scientific men themselves. Thus Professor Balfour Stewart confesses that they have not succeeded in solving the problem as to the nature of life, but have only driven the difficulty into a borderland of thick darkness, into which the light of knowledge has not been able to penetrate.* And Le Conte † and Professor Huxley equally acknowledge how limited are the powers of investigation at their command. The eye can only take in rays of light of a certain quality; only certain waves of sound ever reach the membranes of the ear.

On the contrary, he who can enter on the system of training required to form a Theosophist and can develope the state of ecstacy, is no longer dependent upon the limited powers of the five senses for knowledge of surrounding nature. "He has developed a spiritual hearing that makes the most distant and most hidden sounds audible, a sight which sweeps the area of the whole solar system, and penetrates the most solid bodies along with the hypothetical ether of modern science. . . . Having learnt the laws of natural forces and the sovereign capabilities of the human will, he may make 'miracles' his playthings and do wonders that would take the conceit out of even a modern philosopher." ‖

All this is very enticing; but the powers referred to are only acquired after a very long and tedious training, and only by men of absolute purity and unity of

* "Conservation of Energy," p. 163. † Ibid., p. 171.
‖ Col. Olcott's Lectures, p. 140.

purpose. We know but few modern instances, although the condition of ecstasy is well known in India and in the Tyrol.

But valuable as Theosophy may be to the unprejudiced man of science, this is not by any means its true province. Liddell and Scott defined *Theosophia* as "the knowledge of things divine." It is the scientific basis of all the great religions of the world—the wisdom of Solomon—the missing link between religion and materialistic science. We find it alike in the Vedas, the Bible and the Avestas. We can trace additional scraps of it amid the legends of the American Indians. But it is in Buddhism and Christianity that it has found its highest triumphs over material nature, and its most profound adepts. The Buddhist esoteric school is now in a flourishing state, shedding life and light over that great religion of the East. But our own Christian system of transcendental science with its wonderful literature and its grand examples of the past; a few scattered monks and some dilettante dabblers in occultism pretty well represent the sum total. Instead of studying this true science, our theologians have only the poor little "science" of biblical psychology, together with all kinds of makeshift explanations to meet the onslaughts of scepticism. What wonder that our missionaries make so little progress in India when the most ignorant Hindu knows more of religious philosophy than the great majority of these would-be teachers!

But a better time is foreshadowed. We may hope much from the renewed study (under the auspices of the present head of the Roman church) of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.§ And in the English Church that same school of thought which has renewed religious life in the country, restored the sacraments and induced an inquiry into the social difficulties of the age, is also beginning to turn its attention to Theosophy. This "Divine Wisdom" may again flourish in its true home—the Catholic church. Here the would-be-adept may follow the footsteps of Nazarene and Hermetic. Assisted on his path of difficulty and danger by the Sacraments and Graces of the Church he may advance with confidence from plane to plane towards the perfect light of the absolute.

H. P. M.

(From *The Church Reformer* for July.)

§ Scholasticism was in reality, although not in its tendencies apparently, an attempt to spiritualise mediæval theology on the basis of theosophy.

NOTICE.

The Sub-Editor desires to apologise to the subscribers to, and readers of, LUCIFER *for the delay which has occurred in the appearance of the present number. It has been caused by the absence of the Editor, whose health imperatively demanded rest and a brief absence from England, thus entailing delay and difficulty in the preparation and editing of this issue.*

A POETICAL TRANSLATION OF CHAPTER I.
OF
THE DHAMMAPADA.

By Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
Author of "The Light of Asia," &c.

[Written specially for "The Buddhist." *]

THOUGHT in the mind hath made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes
The wheel the ox behind.

All that we are is what we thought and willed;
Our thoughts shape us and frame. If one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him
As his own shadow—sure.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me!" If one should keep
Thoughts like these angry words within his breast
Hatreds will never sleep.

"He hath defamed me, wronged me, injured me,
Abased me, beaten me!" If one shall send
Such angry words away for pardoning thoughts
Hatreds will have an end.

For never anywhere at any time
Did hatred cease by hatred. Always 'tis
By love that hatred ceases—only Love,
The ancient Law is this.

The many, who are foolish, have forgot—
Or never knew—how mortal wrongs pass by:
But they who know and who remember, let
Transient quarrels die.

Whoso abides, looking for joy, unschooled,
Gluttonous, weak, in idle luxuries,
Mâra will overthrow him, as fierce winds
Level short-rooted trees.

* The weekly organ of the *Colombo Theosophical Society*, edited by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, 61 Maliban Street, Colombo, Ceylon. Price *per annum* 7s. All Theosophists ought to subscribe.—[Ed.]

Whoso abides, disowning joys, controlled,
  Temperate, faithful, strong, shunning all ill,
Mâra shall no more overthrow that man
  Than the wind doth a hill.

Whoso *Kâshya* wears—the yellow robe—
  Being *anishkashya* *—not sin-free,
Nor heeding truth and governance—unfit
  To wear that dress is he.

But whoso, being *nishkashya*, pure,
  Clean from offence, doth still in virtues dwell,
Regarding temperance and truth—that man
  Weareth *Kâshya* well.

Whoso imagines truth in the untrue,
  And in the true finds untruth—he expires
Never attaining knowledge: life is waste;
  He follows vain desires.

Whoso discerns in truth the true, and sees
  The false in falseness with unblinded eye,
He shall attain to knowledge; life with such
  Aims well before it die.

As rain breaks through an ill-thatched roof, so break
  Passions through minds that holy thought despise;
As rain runs from a perfect thatch, so run
  Passions from off the wise.

The evil-doer mourneth in this world,
  And mourneth in the world to come; in both
He grieveth. When he sees fruits of his deeds
  To see he will be loath;

The righteous man rejoiceth in this world
  And in the world to come: in both he takes
Pleasure. When he shall see fruit of his works
  The good sight gladness makes.

Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad
  Having once died; glad always, glad to know
What good deeds he hath done, glad to foresee
  More good where he shall go.

* There is a play here upon the words *Kâshya*, "the yellow robe" of the Buddhist Priest, and *Kashya*, "impurity."

The lawless man, who, not obeying LAW,
  Leaf after leaf recites, and line by line,
No Buddhist is he, but a foolish herd
  Who counts another's kine.

The law-obeying, loving one, who knows
  Only one verse of DHARMA, but hath ceased
From envy, hatred, malice, foolishness—
  He is the Buddhist Priest.

London, May 14th, 1889. EDWIN ARNOLD.

THE DHAMMAPADA.

THE *Dhammapada* is a compilation of verses,* principally from the Sutrapitaka, made at the first great council of the Buddhist Church (which was held in the year after the passing away of our LORD BUDDHA, at the Sattapanni cave near Rajagriha, under the presidency of the great Mahakasyapa) and confirmed at the two succeeding councils. The selection was made as a sort of manual for the student of the spirit of true Buddhism, and almost all the purely moral sayings of our LORD are included in it. It is not to be supposed that there is any chronological order to be observed in its compilation; in many cases where two or three verses are to be found upon the same subject they were delivered by LORD BUDDHA on entirely different occasions. The word *Dhammapada* is usually translated "Verses of the Law"; perhaps "Portions of the LAW" would be more correct, as there is a reference here to the *Sattatimsa-bodhipakkhiya-dhamma*, or "The Thirty-seven Portions or Parts of the LAW" † (or thirty-seven steps of the Path to NIRVANA) laid down by our LORD: but Buddhist terminology in the English language is at present so unsettled and unsatisfactory that it is very difficult to give a translation which shall at once convey the whole meaning of the original as understood by an Eastern student. The *Dhammapada* is said to have three meanings, one within the other: first, its obvious meaning, second, that contained in what is called "the abridged or contracted explanation," and third, that contained in the complete or perfect explanation. As known to the Southern Church, it consists of twenty-six sections, which are named as follows:

1. *Yamakavagga* ‡ (the section of the pairs of opposites) containing

* In the Chinese preface to the *Dhammapada* it is written:—"The verses called *Dhammapada* are selections from all Sutras. These are the words of BUDDHA Himself, spoken as occasion suggested, not at any one time, but at various times, and the cause and end of their being spoken is also related in the different Sutras. After BUDDHA left the world, Ananda collected a certain number of volumes, in each of which the words of BUDDHA are quoted, whether the Sutra be large or small, with this introductory phrase:—'Thus I have heard.' It was from these works that the Shamans (monks) in after years copied out the various *Gathas*, some of four lines, some of six lines, and attached to each set a title according to the subject therein explained. But all these verses without exception are taken from some one or other of the accepted Scriptures, and therefore they are called 'Law-verses' or Scripture extracts, because they are found in the canon."

† The "Thirty-seven Portions of the Law" are the *Sattipathana*, or Four Earnest Meditations, the *Sammappadhana*, or Four Great Efforts, the *Iddhipada*, or Four Steps to the attainment of wonderful powers, the *Balani*, or Five Superhuman Powers, the *Indriyani*, or Five Superhuman Senses, the *Bodhi-anga*, or Seven Kinds of Wisdom, and the *Arya-ashtangika marga*, or Noble Eight-fold Path. These are explained in the second part of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's *Introductory Catechism of Buddhism*, the English translation of which will commence to appear in our next issue.

‡ This is the one translated above by Sir Edwin Arnold.

a series of verses arranged in pairs, the second of which praises some particular virtue, while the first shows the evil of its opposite.

2. *Appamádavagga* (the section on hastening to do good), which shows the evils of delay and the necessity of hastening to perform good works.

3. *Chittavagga* (the section of the mind or of thought) which speaks of the corruption and the cleansing of the mind, and the attainment of purity of heart.

4. *Pupphavagga* (the section of flowers) which shows the exaltation of the way to NIRVANA, and compares the life of a man who follows the thirty-seven Portions of the Doctrine to a carefully-woven garland of beautiful flowers—each virtue being a blossom fitted in the exact place where it can show to the best advantage and most add to the beauty of the whole.

5. *Bâlavagga* (the section of the fool) explaining the nature of the foolish man.

6. *Panditavagga* (the section of the wise man) showing the nature and customs of the truly wise man.

7. *Arahatavagga* (the section of the Arahats) which speaks of the qualifications and powers or the Arahat or fully-developed man.

8. *Sàhassavagga* (the section of thousands) so called because it states that one good word is better than a thousand foolish ones, that one verse well-understood is better than a thousand repeated without understanding, &c.

9. *Pàpavagga* (the section of sin) explaining the action of sin and the method of escaping from it and attaining salvation.

10. *Dandavagga* (the section of injuries or punishments) which condemns the infliction of injury on anyone.

11. *Jarávagga* (the section of decay) which explains the nature of the decay of the body, and the coming of old age.

12. *Attavagga* (the section of self—*i.e.*, self-protection) explaining how to protect oneself from all spiritual harm.

13. *Lokavagga* (the section of the world) speaking of this world and the future worlds, and pointing out the Good Path.

14. *Buddhavagga* (the section of the BUDDHAS) in which the qualities of a BUDDHA are mentioned.

15. *Sukhavagga* (the section of happiness) showing in what true happiness consists.

16. *Piyavagga* (the section of affection) showing the good and evil of the affections, and on what objects they should be fixed, and bidding us beware of sin.

17. *Kodhavagga* (the section of anger) warning us against the evil effects of anger.

18. *Malavagga* (the section of impurity) adverting to the evils of impurity either of mind or body.

19. *Dhammatavagga* (the section of morality) explaining the nature of the true Doctrine, and the necessity of holding firmly by it.

20. *Maggavagga* (the section of the Path) in which the nature of the Noble Eight-fold Path is explained.

21. *Pakinnakavagga* (the miscellaneous section containing advice on various subjects.

22. *Nirayavagga* (the section of the hells) describing the nature of the men whose *karma* will bring upon them terrible suffering after death.

23. *Nâgavagga* (the section of the great) which explains the nature of the truly great man. This is sometimes called the elephant section.

24. *Tanhavagga* (the section of desire) showing what desire or lust is, and its evil effects.

25. *Bhikkhuvagga* (the section of monastic life) describing how a monk should live.

26. *Brahmanavagga* (the section of the Brahman) showing that the true Brahman is the pure-minded man, whether his birth be high or low —not the mere man of high caste.

There is at present no satisfactory English translation of the *Dhammapada*, for even that of Professor Max Müller contains many inaccuracies. I do not for a moment wish to depreciate Professor Max Müller's undoubted scholarship in Sanskrit, but I consider that when he has attempted through his knowledge of Sanskrit to translate Pali literature, he has frequently been unsuccessful. Unless one studies the commentary *(Atthakatha)* it is quite impossible fully to comprehend and enjoy the beauty of the ancient texts. European scholars spend much time and labour in studying philology and searching for roots and derivations, and yet they often mistake the simplest meanings for want of understanding the living spirit of our religion. We have a proverb which says:— "Among small shrubs the castor-plant passes for a great tree"—something equivalent, I suppose, to the English saying:—"Among the blind the one-eyed man is king": and I think some of the European Sanskrit and Pali scholars must be estimated on this principle. I hear that Sir Monier Williams has lately presumed to write a book against Buddhism in which he assumes a perfect acquaintance with Sanskrit and Pali; yet when he came to see me a few years ago his knowledge of both languages appeared somewhat rudimentary, and in the latter at any rate he was quite unable to frame an intelligible sentence.

In conclusion I may say that I consider the study of the *Dhammapada* of the greatest importance, since it is of itself sufficient, if properly comprehended, to give a perfect understanding of the nature of BUDDHA'S religion. I am much pleased to hear that Sir Edwin Arnold, to whom we already owe so much, has commenced a poetical translation of it, and I hope that he will find time to conclude it.

H. SUMANGALA, High Priest.

Colombo, Full Moon of Asala, 2433—(July 12, 1889.)

KARMA AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

IN face of the terrible wrongs and daily misery suffered by the disinherited masses in every civilised country, the impulse of true-hearted men and women who recognise the tie of human brotherhood, is to spring forward with helping hand and to labour for the improvement of the condition of the poor. In the past, by well-intentioned, but too often ill-resulting, charity—in the present by efforts to bring about a change in the very foundations of the social system—this tribute of human service has been rendered by all worthy of the name of man. Lately, however, taking advantage of misunderstood Theosophical teachings, a new view of human duty has been promulgated by a few—the duty to sit idly regarding the sufferings of the more unfortunate members of the human family, murmuring: "It is their Karma. We cannot interfere with Karma. We must not fight against Karma."

By some this view has been accepted reluctantly, from a motive that is more creditable morally than it is well-founded intellectually. They sincerely desire to range themselves in the universal order, to conform themselves to natural law, to avoid vain and fretful railing, which is at once undignified and useless. They bear their own griefs in stoical silence and suffer without complaint, and expect others to do the same. But with the larger number it is to be feared Karma is used as a cloak for lacking sympathy and slothful indifference; they are as sensitive to pain for themselves as they are insensitive to it for other people, and while they use Karma as an excuse for not helping others they never allow it to avail as a reason for not helping themselves. Such have yet to learn the very alphabet of Theosophy, to realise that the bond of brotherhood is so real a fact in nature that as none can rise without helping upwards also his brothers, so the degradation of those brothers must be a clog on him in his efforts to progress. For such this paper is not written; it is intended only as a help to the former class, by offering them some suggestions from a fellow student on the complex and difficult question of the bearing of Karmic law on schemes of social improvement. To me, at once a Socialist and a Theosophist, the matter is of vital importance, for the possibility of realising Socialism turns on the capacity of the human race for self-improvement; and if man be a mere helpless straw on the stream of Destiny, the strenuous efforts of the Socialist would be but useless writhings, exhausting strength without producing progress.

The first step towards unravelling our tangle is to realise clearly what we mean by Karma. I am inclined to think that a good many Theoso-

phists coming out of ecclesiastical religions, unconsciously transfer to Karma their conceptions of a personal God, and so acquire a vague sort of notion that there is some kind of rebellious blasphemy in any attempts to modify exterior conditions; that these conditions exist by the will of some supreme Power, and that we must not, therefore, struggle against them. To state in plain language this vaguely-felt notion is, of course, to show its baselessness. Karma is not a person, a conscious agent: it is a law, impersonal and unconscious. It is, as Colonel Olcott said, "the law of ethical causation"; it is an invariable sequence, the expression on our terrestrial plane of a fundamental principle which binds together the Cosmos, the reflexion in the phenomenal world of the eternal noumenon.

Now in that it is a law, we can argue as to its working by analogy from the working of other laws on the physical plane, laws which are easier to trace and to understand. On every hand we are surrounded by "natural laws"; we cannot breathe, or speak, or move, save in harmony with these laws, and it might seem, at first sight, as though we must be mere passive lumps, pushed hither and thither by the hurtling forces around us. Yet we move through life in conscious freedom, and, so true is that great word, "Nature is conquered by obedience," that we use these very laws, which look like barriers, to bring about the realisation of our wishes, learning to select and to combine the forces by which we can effect any desired result. The very fact that these laws are immutable, that they are invariable sequences, enables us to depend upon them with absolute confidence; we have to guard ourselves against the intrusion of fresh forces which would modify the result, but given complete knowledge—complete for our purpose, that is—of the forces we are using, and sufficient skill in the handling of them, and we can calculate with certainty the resulting event. "Complete knowledge is complete prevision," it has been truly said, and such prevision guides, it does not fetter, action; it lends exactitude to our aim without dictating in what direction we shall shoot; it does not command any particular course, but tells us how to follow the course chosen with the greatest efficiency, with the least expenditure of strength.

Least of all does the knowledge that we are in a realm of law compel us to sit idly by, and watch, without effort to prevent, evils which are brought about by the action of the various forces at work around us. The observed tendency of bodies to move towards each other is described by men of science as "the law of gravitation." It would be idle "to fight against" this law; but it would be idiotic to allow a rock to fall on a child's head, when a little muscular action would divert its course, on the plea that we cannot fight against gravitation, and that the rock is moving in obedience to that law. This instance, simple as it is, gives the key to the riddle; we cannot change natural laws, but we can modify the results brought about by their action by the introduction of new forces.

Let us apply this reasoning to Karmic law. The Karma of the individual is the resultant of the forces flowing from the actions of that individual in this and in past incarnations. (I am omitting, for the present, the bearing on the individual of the national or collective Karma.) At any moment it is, so to speak, a fixed quantity, the resultant of all past unexhausted forces. But with each moment he is generating fresh Karma, and the force thus added to the previous combination must inevitably affect the resultant. In the endless chain of causation each effect, as it is born, becomes itself a new cause, and the totality is changed by the addition of that unit. Let us grant that at any given moment a man's misery-filled position is the inevitable result of Karma. In that position he is continuing to generate Karma. Is there any law which says that he *must* continue to generate evil Karma, creating fresh misery for a dreary and hopeless future? Nowhere have I read any such teaching, and the very fact of progress implies the contrary. But further, since men are members of a Brotherhood joined together by an underlying unity, they must necessarily affect each other; and any aid that I can give my brother as he strives to tread the upward path will be a force introduced on the same lines as his, improving the future for us both. Let him be depraved, miserable, desperate, yet must my love for him, my faith in him, my hope for him, come as fresh forces into his life, and while they cannot change his past nor the present that results from it, they can and must modify his future, all that lies in front of the present hour. Nor should it be forgotten that the very love and brotherliness that work for improvement are themselves the result of Karmic law, and these ameliorative influences have been preparing in the past as much as the evils which they are seeking to remove. We do not and cannot really interfere with Karma; every struggle for social improvement is the inevitable outcome of past causes, is itself part of Karma, and proves that some of the evil Karma generated in the past has worn itself out, has become exhausted.

Suppose it is agreed that the Karma now a-making may be modified by the efforts of those who are suffering and of those who sympathise with them, it may yet be argued: "These people deserve their misery, why should we intervene to save them from a deserved punishment?" Again postponing any answer that may come from the recognition of a collective Karma, there are two replies to the above question. First, any improvement that we can make in their lot must fall within the limitations of Karmic law. *We cannot escape from law.* It may be that their evil Karma is exhausting itself, and that the help we bring is as much deserved by them as was their previous suffering. Each of us is, in a sense, a Karmic agent, and if we can decrease human poverty and misery it is because, in the revolution of the centuries, the time has come for that social improvement to be made. If we slothfully and selfishly refuse to do our appointed share in sowing the good seed, we are gener-

ating fresh evil Karma by our refusal, and though the good seed will be sown by other hands and bear its glorious fruit, we are shutting ourselves out from a share of that harvest, sowing thorns and thistles which shall spring up in our path in some future incarnation, to tear our feet until we have trodden them down by selfless discharge of duty.

The second answer is that the principle of Brotherhood forbids us to stand aside looking on at the suffering of our brother, however that suffering may have been caused. A man may, by his own carelessness, have broken his leg. Are we therefore to look at him, as he lies in agony, refusing to bring him aid or to bear him home, because he has brought the suffering on himself? His Karma will work itself out in bodily suffering without our giving an additional pinch, and we need not be so nervously anxious to take the universe into our charge and to see that it works properly. If we *must* busy ourselves with superintending the working of law, might it not be as well to develop a little anxiety on the other side, and exert ourselves lest anyone should receive more than his share of suffering? This is quite as likely as that he should receive less, but I have not noticed any fear lest such result should accrue from our non-interference. The answer which would probably be made to any such suggestion would be that as Karma is based on justice, or rather is the expression of justice, no such overplus of pain could be wreaked. Then, on the same argument, no overplus of happiness can be brought about, and we can work with a free hand, knowing that we are within a realm of law, and cannot overstep it, even if we would. We can no more evade Karma than we can evade any other law of the Cosmos; any efforts of ours that dash against its barriers will only fall back shivered into pieces, while any that succeed, by the very fact of their success, prove that they are in harmony with universal law.

Those who fear that they would be doing wrong in trying to change external conditions seldom extend this abstinence to efforts to modify interior conditions, or refuse to aid in the moral improvement of others. Yet inner affections, as much as outer circumstances, are under the sway of Karmic law, and if we may seek to improve the one there is no reason, in consistency, why we should not seek to improve the other. Further, if we should not try to help forward the improvement of others, lest we should interfere with Karma, ought we to try to effect self-improvement? The strenuous effects made by Theosophists to progress towards a higher plane of being are quite as much an interference with Karma as any efforts towards bringing about a better social state; and if we are to listen to the pleas of fatalistic reasoners we should refuse to move, physically or morally, lest we should interfere with the workings of a law, which, we are told in the same breath, is irresistible and cannot be evaded. A saner view of human life bids us see in the present the creation of the past, and in the future the creation of the present,

and so spurs us to unceasing efforts to bring about physical and moral improvement, initiating the causes whose effects shall be a better condition of humanity.

Throughout the preceding arguments I have dealt only with individual Karma, but in contemplating our social state it is impossible to ignore the fact that collective life also generates a collective Karma, and that many may be whipped by the lash of this national fate. Our false standard of worth, our worship of rank and gold, our unbridled luxury, our shameful poverty, our slothful enjoyment, our pain-driven labour, all these combine to work out a national resultant seen equally in the *ennui* of the palace and the brutality of the slum. If, as a nation, we are to generate better Karma, we must change the causes which are working for future evil, and by national effort must place society on a sounder because more moral basis. The upper and middle classes who, in most unbrotherly fashion, have grabbed superfluities for themselves, while others are in lack of necessaries, receive their share of the national Karma in the hardening of their consciences and the materialising of their minds, a natural retribution which, to the insight of the saint, is in many degrees more terrible than the physical suffering of the poor. We cannot avoid the mental and bodily degradation, the withering and the dwarfing of our higher nature, which are the Karma from an evil past; but we need not lie down content with them, we need not continue them; let us improve the present, and the embryo of a nobler future will be generated by the efforts of to-day.

From the personal point of view we may profit by belief in this "law of ethical causation" in our own aspect towards our environment. We can use Karma as a shield against the arrows of a hostile destiny, as a coat of mail against the dagger-thrusts of envious fortune. While not permitting it to paralyse our efforts to build the future better than we have built the present, we can draw from it a dignified serenity, a stedfast courage, as of one too proudly strong to lament over the results of his own folly, or to break into fretful complainings over the outcome of his own acts. The wise man learns experience from the past, he does not weep over it; there is no time for tears while the moments are flying by on which depends the future of the individual and of the race.

To those who come from Materialism into Theosophy, there is nothing repugnant or novel in the idea of Karmic law, save in so far as it touches on the pre-existence of the individual and of his survival after death. The materialist is already accustomed to the conception of the reign of law, to the idea of causation, to the inevitableness of natural sequence. Like the Theosophist, he regards the present as the necessary outcome of the past, not the result of an arbitrary will but the expression of an inexorable law. Admitting this, he has also learned to utilize laws instead of being flung helplessly about by them, and so easily realises that here, as elsewhere, knowledge of law should not lead to fatalistic acquiescence but to active co-operation.

For those who enter Theosophy from the Churches, the acceptance of the stern doctrine of Karmic law must at first be accompanied by some stress and pain. For as Alexander Fullerton well says in his "Wilkesbarre Letters": "Almost without exception, religious systems have provided machinery through which destiny was to be modified by some other agency than merit. Even when not set in motion by the grosser forces of cash or influence, it at least required some degree of information and some degree of intelligence, thus at once introducing an element of disparity where all should be upon a level. The doctrine of Karma replaces this with the principle of rigorous equality, sweeping away every distinction of intellect, creed, fortune, caste and influence and applying to every man the one test of personal desert. With unsparing hand—for not a germ of deception must be left—it uproots all schemes of substitution, of sacrifice, vicarious or individual, of expiatory rites, of penances, and compoundings, and vows, clears the ground of every trace of intercession or of priestcraft, and uplifts the simple, intelligible precept—Character determines destiny."

The moral fibre of many people has become so atrophied through the teaching of the doctrines of vicarious atonement, imputed righteousness, substitutionary sacrifice, that the bracing doctrine of personal responsibility seems to demand an exertion they are incapable of making. They are so accustomed to be carried that they fear to walk, and shrink even from the attempt to put their foot to the ground. To these we can answer nothing save the reminder that facts will not change to suit our fancies, and that it is the part of wisdom to learn to like what is when we cannot transform what is into what we like. There is, however, this further comfort for them, that exercise of the moral limbs will soon bring the feeling of returning health, and with health exertion will become a pleasure instead of a pain. Not only so, but the sense of reality is in itself a source of enjoyment; we have done with shams, we have cast aside subterfuges, and we stand facing Nature, naked, perhaps, but *ourselves.*

There is, however, one aspect of the attempts to bring about social improvement which may be in the minds of some, although it is not directly connected with Karmic law. "Can we change to any good effect the surroundings of the poor, while they themselves, the men and the women, remain as they are? Must we not reform them ere we attempt to reform their environment? If we begin from outside, instead of from within, shall we not be wasting our efforts, only to find the purer surroundings defiled with the old uncleanness?" There is much reason in this argument, and frankly, though sorrowfully, I admit that I do not believe that any change in the environment would avail to raise some of the older inhabitants of our slums. They have lost the power of adaptation, of further growth, and they must die as they have lived. But there are many who desire a better state of things, and these would respond

gladly to the influences of a purer atmosphere. Then there are the children whom we are educating, however inadequately, and for these, in whom the inner change has begun and is working, it is urgently necessary to provide better and more wholesome surroundings. Physical science shews us how organism and environment act and re-act on one another; a plant cannot grow in darkness, nor the flowers of love and purity in an atmosphere of vice and crime. True, the inherent force of humanity is such that it will bring forth some blossoms despite the most unfavourable circumstances, and we are often startled by flashes of the most unexpected nobility in the lowest depths; but the average amount of development will be conditioned by the surroundings, and if we would raise the type we must environ it with health-giving and not with malarious influences.

The path, then, of the Theosophist seems to me to be plain: it is one of self-sacrificing and strenuous endeavour to raise his brethren out of poverty, out of misery, out of evil of every kind. This duty shines clearly out of the darkness that surrounds us, and who shall say that this beacon-light, faithfully followed, may not be the harbinger of the perfect day?

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

ERRATA.

OWING to the absence of the Editor of LUCIFER and the consequent delay in going to press the following errata were overlooked in our July number:—

Page 424, it is the article entitled "An American Missionary of Buddhism," which is quoted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 28th, 1889, and not the paragraph which refers to Col. Olcott's visit to England.

Page 426, line 21, "Calcutta Mirror" should be "Indian Mirror."

Page 427, in "The work of the 'Esoteric Section' of the T. S.," the omission of the word "she" in the 10th line of that article entirely distorts the sense of the paragraph. It should read—"insults she (*i. e.* H. P. B.) scorns and laughs at"—whereas it would appear from the print that the "Ex-president" *insults, scorns and laughs at* her!

Page 429, the name of the President of the Point Loma Lodge is T. Docking not Doeking.

Page 430, last line but one, "esoteric" should be *exoteric*, as the quotation following clearly shows.—[SUB-ED.]

A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE IN THE HIMALAYAS.

I WAS slowly walking my pony up the steep bridle path leading from the charmingly situated bungalow of a hospitable tea planter in the Rungneet valley, where a number of the Station residents had assembled for tennis and the usual concomitants of tea and gossip. Far above me, astride of the forest covered ridge connecting the giant foot-hills of the Himalayas, hung Darjeeling; that most romantic of the Indian hill stations.

Reining in my little Thibetan pony, I paused at a turn of the winding path in order to allow a companion, who had lagged considerably behind, to overtake me.

It was a glorious evening in the early part of June, evidently the beginning of the usual break in the rainy season. The sun, on the point of setting, flooded all with a bright golden glow; not a cloud obscured the green and amber sky, although the deep valleys at my feet were already filling with the white vapour of the coming night. The giant "Kinchinjunga" towering 28,457 feet into the pure atmosphere, and some of its lofty neighbours in the snowy range fairly blazed forth from their settings of jutting crag and sombre precipice. From where I sat I could see, over yonder in Sikkim, the smoke curling from the summit of a flat-topped hill. It is the smouldering funeral pyre of some Buddhist lāmā, lately an inmate of the lonely monastery whose gleaming white walls look like a patch of snow half hidden in the green of the steep mountain side.

Beyond those glittering snows undefiled by the foot of mortal, lies mysterious, unknown Thibet. No Europeans (not even natives now) are allowed to cross the lofty passes which are guarded night and day. Perchance, could one penetrate there, he would discover the secret of the "Yogi," or unearth the Holy Books of ancient creeds which, tradition has it, lie jealously concealed in the almost inaccessible monasteries. My gaze was fascinated by those great walls of green ice and sombre rock which so effectually shut out the matter-of-fact nineteenth century from the Home of Mystery.

But most frequently my eyes returned to that mighty giant, "Kinchinjunga." It is the passionate longing to tread those virgin snows and to scale those desolate crags that has brought me to India.

Yes! gentle reader. I confess to belonging to that much ridiculed much censured brotherhood of mountain climbers. Familiarity, although it has not in this instance bred contempt, has, however, caused me to weary of the awful abysses of the Matterhorn, of the treacherous ice-slopes of the Aiguille Verte, and the oft-experienced perils of the Ober-

land giants. I must have new worlds to conquer, and consequently I have come to indulge my insatiate passion in the reputably unbreathable atmosphere of the virgin Himalayas.

Although I have a large circle of acquaintances within the climbing brotherhood, still I found it impossible to sufficiently fire any one of them with my enthusiasm. Those whose occupations at home made it impossible to undertake the long journey were loud in their regrets, and talked much of what they would have done had they been free, but all the men of leisure to whom I addressed myself had "made other plans."

And so I was alone—not quite alone, however. In my wanderings in the Alps I had for years past been accompanied by a man, whose adopted home was among the glaciers of the Val Ferret. Although a somewhat mysterious character, coming from nobody knew exactly where, Rimaye was one of the boldest cragsmen I have ever seen, and possessed in addition a cheerful disposition and the most unerring instinct in mountain craft. I had on one occasion nursed him during a terrible fever, and the honest fellow was grateful beyond words, and attached to me with the blind attachment of a huge St. Bernard dog.

To this trusty companion in many a perilous hour, I had hesitatingly unfolded my cherished dream, and had found him, somewhat to my surprise I confess, not only willing, but exceedingly eager to accompany me. He had no ties, he said, and where Monsieur was pleased to go, there would he also follow, if Monsieur would permit it.

Poor, faithful Rimaye! His devotion cost him the life he valued so lightly, and his bones lie bleaching on the inaccessible Indian snows.

But I must not anticipate.

As I sat on my pony, gazing in ecstacy on the fading lights on great Kinchinjunga, and tracing out on the reddened snows the route I would attempt, my companion joined me, and following the direction of my eyes, exclaimed:

"What! still thinking of that crazy expedition? Better give it up, old man; no good can come of it. It is simply suicide for two men to attempt such a thing."

"Give it up!" I cried. "Never! Rimaye returned this morning from a reconnoitring excursion to Sungtafou, and he is confident of success. Besides, the permit from the Raja of Sikkim to cross his territory has arrived, and the coolies and outfit are ready. I will start to-morrow."

And in spite of the protests and urging of my many friends, on the morrow start I did.

For the first day Rimaye and I were able to ride the stout little ponies we had provided ourselves with, but towards the noon of the second, the track became so steep and dangerous that we were forced to abandon them, and to continue our journey on foot. With a local guide we marched on in front, while the fifty coolies who carried our

outfit, guns, and provisions for three weeks' camping, straggled in an endless line behind us.

The next two days' travelling was extremely slow and fatiguing, as we had to cross over three of the intervening ranges. From the back of a range, eight or nine thousand feet in height, we would plunge to the bottom of a valley a few hundred feet above sea level, only to climb and plunge again. On the evening of the fifth day, however, we pitched our little camp on the bare and barren mountain side close to the glaciers and at an elevation, taken by barometrical observation, of nearly 16,000 feet.

Behind us rose a serrated ridge of rocky teeth, sprinkled here and there with patches of snow. Rimaye and I decided to leave the coolies to establish the camp which would be our headquarters during the expeditions we projected, and to start off at once to reconnoitre our position from some point of vantage on the ridge.

A two hours' scramble brought us to the summit of a pinnacle, the height of which I calculated at over 18,000 feet, and which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding ranges. Directly in front of us, separated only by a deep glacier-choked gorge, rose the stupendous mass of Kinchinjunga, looking (on a larger scale) very much as Monte Rosa does from the Gornergrat. Huge glaciers tumbled down its precipitous flanks in every direction, but for experienced climbers there seemed to be no absolutely insurmountable barrier.

"If only our lungs hold out, if only we can breathe, we shall succeed," I cried, exulting already at the prospect of victory.

"*Ne craignez rien, Monsieur*, we shall breathe all right," replied Rimaye, who had never been able to grasp the theory of man's inability to live in an extremely rarefied atmosphere. But I confess I did not always share the brave fellow's conviction, for although we felt no inconvenience whatever at our present height, I reflected that to reach yon glittering summit we must rise another ten thousand feet and more.

The weather being perfect, and the moon nearly full, we decided then and there to start out alone a little before midnight on the following evening, leaving the coolies and camp under the charge of my native body-servant, a thoroughly trustworthy man from the hills about Simla. Accordingly we set to work before darkness came on, to map out and note down the route we proposed to follow, and to fix in our minds the peculiarities of the ground we should have to cover.

After finishing our observations we started out and climbed down briskly in order to reach the camp before dark.

We had been descending rapidly for twenty minutes or more and were scrambling over the huge boulders and debris fallen from the cliffs above, when suddenly I heard Rimaye, who was slightly in advance, utter a cry of surprise. Thinking he had chanced upon a bear, and remembering that we had nothing but our revolvers with us, I sang out

to him to give the beast a wide berth and hurry on. My voice, however, crossed his words:

"Come quickly, Monsieur; I cannot make it out."

In a moment I was beside him, and, my eyes following the direction of his outstretched hand, I saw the prostrate figure of a man lying just within the shelter of a small natural cave formed by a huge block of granite resting on two nearly square boulders.

My astonishment was so great at seeing a human being in such a place that I could, for a moment, neither move nor utter a word.

"He must be asleep," whispered Rimaye, "or my shout would certainly have roused him. "*Diable! Il a l'oreille dure,*" he muttered, after another ineffectual halloo.

We scrambled down and stood over the apparently sleeping figure. It was that of a very old man with a flowing white beard, and clad in a snowy linen robe such as is worn by prosperous Hindoos in the plains. He had no head-gear of any kind; but his long hair fell in clustering silver curls about his shoulders. I thought I had never looked upon a more noble face, and even Rimaye who was not given to sentimentalism, muttered an involuntary: "*Dieu! qu'il est beau!*"

I knelt at his side and gently shook his shoulder, but the body was cold and rigid as a corpse.

"He is dead," I said, looking over at Rimaye who was examining his other side.

"He is undoubtedly dead, Monsieur. But he can only have died but a very short time since, or surely the beasts and birds would have found him out!"

I laid my hand on his heart but could detect no pulsation, however faint, while the skin felt clammy and was as yellow as old ivory.

Darkness had now nearly closed in, but we knew that the moon would rise in less than an hour. As I rose from my kneeling position I noticed a dark object covered with writing which had caught in a fold of the white robe. I drew it forth and discovered it to be a broken fragment of an ancient palm-leaf book; the characters inscribed upon it I immediately recognized as Sanskrit. Putting it mechanically in my pocket, I again turned to the prostrate form.

If we could render no other assistance the body should at least be decently interred, safe from the desecrating claws of the hideous vultures. It was therefore agreed that Rimaye should watch by the corpse while I hurried to the camp to summon aid, for it would have been impossible for two men to carry such a burden over the rough ground we had to traverse.

As soon as there was sufficient light, therefore, I set forth, and in less than an hour had reached the camp. After a rapid consultation in Hindustani with my servant, I started back accompanied by four coolies to retrace my steps to the scene of our adventure.

Before very long we came in sight of a huge needle of rock which I had noted as a land-mark, and I knew we must be near the spot where I had left my companion.

Scarcely had we penetrated the labyrinth of boulders and debris, however, when I was astonished to see Rimaye coming slowly towards us.

I cried out to him to know why he had deserted his post, but received no reply, and when he came up I noticed a peculiar dazed look on his face. He seemed surprised to see the coolies with me, and asked where I had met them. On my telling him that I had found them at the camp, and brought them to carry back the body, he looked puzzled, but the dull look immediately returned, and he merely mumbled some disconnected phrases in his patois of the Val Ferret.

Impatient, and rather indignant too, I pushed past him and, calling to my servant to follow, set about hunting in the bright moonlight for the natural cave. I had no great difficulty in retracing my steps, and after about half an hour came upon the huge boulder and its granite supports.

But search as I would no trace could be found of the body I had left there, although my handkerchief, which had slipped from my pocket as I bent over the prostrate figure, was still lying where it had fallen.

Utterly mystified I again turned to Rimaye, who had followed with the others, and demanded angrily what had occurred during my absence. He seemed, however, totally at a loss to comprehend my questions, and evidently had no recollection of the spot where we stood.

Perceiving that it was impossible to get anything out of him in his present state, and remarking, moreover, the alarmed and questioning glances my servant cast upon me, I realized that all present had a strong suspicion that my head was affected by the sun, which had been unusually strong during the day.

I therefore made a limp excuse that there had probably been some mistake, and that we had better return to camp, promising myself at the same time, that I would make a searching investigation of the extraordinary affair when some hours' rest should have restored Rimaye's evidently over-taxed brain.

REMSEN WHITEHOUSE.

(To be continued.)

Death is a black camel that kneels at everybody's door.

A little hill in a low place thinks itself a great mountain.

The rose grows from the thorn, not the thorn from the rose.

Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

A SUMMARY OF THE DOCTRINES OF THE ADEPTS OF INDIA, MAGI OF BABYLON, PYTHAGOREANS, KABBALISTS, AND MEDIÆVAL MAGICIANS.*

PREFACE.

SEVEN years have passed since this essay was written, and the MSS. pages have been lent to many friends and students of mystic lore and occult meanings. It is only at the earnest request of these kindly critics that I have consented to publish this volume. The contents are necessarily of a fragmentary character, and have been collected from an immense number of sources; the original matter has been intentionally reduced to the least possible quantity, so as to obtain space for the inclusion of the utmost amount of ancient, quaint, and occult learning. It is impossible to give even an approximate list of works which have been consulted; direct quotations have been acknowledged in numerous instances, and (perhaps naturally) many a statement might have been equally well quoted from the book of a contemporary author, a mediæval monk, a Roman historian, a Greek poet, or a Hindoo Adept: to give the credit to the modern author would not be fair to the ancient sage, to refer the reader to a Sanscrit tome would be in most cases only loss of time and waste of paper. My great difficulty has been to supply information mystic enough to match the ideal of the work, and yet not so esoteric as to convey truths which higher Masters have ordered to be still concealed. Esoteric knowledge is open to all who with ardour combined with humility seek it, but it is not to be offered to the scorner as an object for contumely.

I must apologise for the barbarous appearance of foreign words, but it was not found practicable to supply Sanscrit, Coptic, Chaldee and Greek type, so the words have had to be translated. Hebrew and Chaldee should of course be read from right to left, and it was at first intended so to print them in their converted form, but the appearance of Hebrew in English letters reversed was too grotesque; ADNI is a representation of the Aleph, daleth, nun, yod, of "Adonai," but INDA is sheer barbarity: in the case of Hebrew words I have added the pronunciation.

The "Secret Doctrine" of Mme. Blavatsky, a work of immense erudition containing a vast fund of archaic doctrine, has supplied me with valuable quotations, which are the only recent additions to this treatise. If any readers desire a deeper insight into the analogies between numbers and ideas, I refer them in addition to the works of

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Eliphaz Lévi, Athanasius Kircher, Godfrey Higgins, Michael Maier, and John Heydon; I have quoted from each of these authorities, and Thomas Taylor's "Theoretic Arithmetic" has supplied me with a great part of the purely arithmetical notions of the Pythagoreans, the elucidation of which was mainly due to him. In conclusion, I request my readers,—

Aut perlege et recte intellige,
Aut abstine a censura.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, Fra. Ros. Cru. IX°.

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The author will be pleased to receive additions and suggestions, from earnest students of either the Eastern or Western schools of Occultism.

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PART I.

PYTHAGORAS, HIS TENETS AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

PYTHAGORAS, one of the greatest philosophers of ancient Europe, was the son of Mnesarchus, an engraver, he was born about the year 580 B.C. either at Samos an island in the Ægean Sea, or as some say, at Sidon in Phœnicia. Very little is known of his early life, beyond the fact that he won prizes for feats of agility at the Olympic Games; having attained manhood, and feeling dissatisfied with the amount of knowledge to be gained at home, he left his native land and spent many years in travel, visiting in turn most of the great centres of Learning. History narrates that his pilgrimage in search of wisdom extended to Egypt, Hindostan, Persia, Crete, and Palestine, and that he gathered from each country fresh stores of information, and succeeded in becoming well acquainted with the Esoteric Wisdom as well as with the popular esoteric knowledge of each.

He returned with his mind well stored, and his judgment matured, to his home intending to open there a College of learning, but this he found

to be impracticable owing to the opposition of its turbulent ruler Polycrates. Failing in this design he migrated to Crotona a noted city in Magna Græcia, which was a colony founded by Dorians on the South coast of Italy. It was here that this ever famous Philosopher founded his College or Society of Students, which became known all over the civilized world as the central assembly of the learned of Europe; and here it was in secret conclave that Pythagoras taught that occult wisdom which he had gathered from the Gymnosophists and Brahmins of India, from the Hierophants of Egypt, the Oracle of Delphi, the Idæan cave, and from the Kabbalah of the Hebrew Rabbis and Chaldean Magi. For nearly forty years he taught his pupils, and exhibited his wonderful powers; but an end was put to his institution and he himself was forced to flee from the city, owing to a conspiracy and rebellion which arose on account of a quarrel between the people of Crotona and the inhabitants of Sybaris: he succeeded in reaching Metapontum where he is said to have died about the year 500 B.C.

Among the ancient authors from whom we derive our knowledge of the life and doctrines of Pythagoras, and his successors, the following are notable:—

B.C. 450.—Herodotus who speaks of the mysteries of the Pythagoreans as similar to those of Orpheus.

B.C. 394.—Archytas of Tarentum who left a fragment upon Pythagorean Arithmetic.

B.C. 380.—Theon of Smyrna.

B.C. 370.—Philolaus; from three books of this author it is believed that Plato compiled his book Timæus; he was probably the first who committed to writing the doctrines of Pythagoras.

B.C. 322.—Aristotle; refer to his "Metaphysica," "Moralia magna" and "Nicomachean Ethics." Nicomachus of Stagyra was his father.

B.C. 276.—Eratosthenes, author of a work entitled "Kokkinon" or "Cribrum" a "Sieve to separate prime from composite numbers."

B.C. 40.—Cicero; refer to his works "De Finibus" and "De natura Deorum."

50. A.D.—Nicomachus of Gerasa; Treatises on Arithmetic and Harmony.

300. A.D.—Porphyry of Tyre, a great philosopher, sometimes named in Syriac Melekh or King, was the pupil of Longinus and Plotinus.

340. A.D.—Jamblicus wrote "De mysteriis," "De vita Pythagorica," "The arithmetic of Nicomachus of Gerasa," and "The Theological properties of Numbers."

450. A.D.—Proclus in his commentary on the "Works and Days" of Hesiod, gives information concerning the Pythagorean views of numbers.

560. A.D.—Simplicius of Cilicia a contemporary of Justinian.

850. A.D.—Photius of Constantinople has left a Bibliotheca of the ideas of the older philosophers.

Coming down to more recent times the following authors should be consulted: Meursius, Johannes, 1620; Meibomius, Marcus, 1650; and Kircher, Athanasius, 1660. They collected and epitomized all that was extant of previous authors concerning the doctrines of the Pythgoreans. The first eminent follower of Pythagoras was Aristæus who married Theano the widow of his master: next followed Mnesarchus the son of Pythagoras; and later Bulagoras, Tidas, and Diodorus the Aspendian. After the original school was dispersed the chief instructors became Clinias and Philolaus at Heraclea; Theorides and Eurytus at Metapontum; and Archytas the sage of Tarentum.

The school of Pythagoras had several peculiar characteristics; every new member was obliged to pass a period of five years of contemplation in perfect silence; the members held everything in common, and rejected animal food; they were believers in the doctrine of metempsychosis; and were inspired with an ardent and implicit faith in their founder and teacher. So much did the element of faith enter into their training that "*autos epha*"—"He said it" was to them complete proof. Intense fraternal affection between the pupils was also a marked feature of the school, hence their saying "my friend is my other self" has become a by-word to this day. The teaching was in a great measure secret, and certain studies and knowledge were allotted to each class and grade of instruction: merit and ability alone sufficed to enable anyone to pass to the higher classes and to a knowledge of the more recondite mysteries. No person was permitted to commit to writing any tenet, or secret doctrine, and so far as is known no pupil ever broke the rule, until after his death and the dispersion of the school.

We are thus entirely dependent on the scraps of information which have been handed down to us from his successors, and from his and their critics. A considerable amount of uncertainty, therefore, is inseparable from any consideration of the real doctrines of Pythagoras himself, but we are on surer ground when we investigate the opinions of his followers.

It is recorded that his instruction to his followers was formulated into two great divisions, the science of numbers, and the theory of magnitude: the former division included two branches, arithmetic and musical harmony; the latter was further subdivided into the consideration of magnitude at rest—geometry, and magnitude in motion—astronomy.

The most striking peculiarities of his doctrines are dependent on the

mathematical conceptions, numerical ideas, and impersonations, upon which his philosophy was founded.

The principles governing Numbers were supposed to be the principles of all Real Existences; and as Numbers are the primary constituents of Mathematical Quantities, and at the same time present many analogies to various realities, it was further inferred that the elements of numbers were the elements of Realities. To Pythagoras himself, it is believed that the natives of Europe owe the first teaching of the properties of Numbers, of the principles of music, and of physics; but there is evidence that he had visited Central Asia, and there had acquired the mathematical ideas which form the basis of his doctrine. The modes of thought introduced by Pythagoras, and followed by his successor Jamblichus and others, became known later on by the titles of the "Italian school," or the "Doric school."

The followers of Pythagoras delivered their knowledge to pupils, fitted by selection, and by training to receive it, in secret; but to others by numerical and mathematical names and notions. Hence they called forms numbers; a point, the monad; a line, the duad; a superficies, the triad; and a solid, the tetrad.

Intuitive knowledge was referred to the			Monad	type ⊙ .
Reason and causation	„	„	Duad	type o—o
Imagination (form or rupa)	„	„	Triad	type △
Sensation of material objects	„	„	Tetrad	type □

Indeed, they referred every object, planet, man, idea and essence, to some number or other, in a way which to most moderns must seem curious and mystical in the highest degree.

"The numerals of Pythagoras," says Porphyry, who lived about 300 A.D., "were hieroglyphic symbols, by means whereof he explained all ideas concerning the nature of things," and the same method of explaining the secrets of nature is once again being insisted upon by the new revelation of the Secret Doctrine, by Madame Blavatsky.

"Numbers are a key to the ancient views of cosmogony—in its broad sense, spiritually as well as physically considered, and to the evolution of the present human race; all systems of religious mysticism are based upon numerals: the sacredness of numbers begins with the Great First Cause, the One, and ends only with the nought or zero—symbol of the infinite and boundless universe." Isis Unveiled, vol. ii. 407.

Tradition narrates that the students of the Pythagorean school at first classed as Exoterici or Auscultantes, listeners, were privileged to rise by merit and ability to the higher grade of Genuini, Perfecti, Mathematici, or the most coveted title of Esoterici.

(*To be continued.*)

ABSOLUTE MOTION.

THAT which is revealed manifests that which was unrevealed; that which exists predicates that which is non-existent because formal life proclaims a previous condition of formlessness when that something which has assumed shape must have been chaotic.

These considerations allow us to postulate a formless Infinite from the presence around us of formal life. But an Infinite in this condition of non-being is inconceivable to a finite mind and only borrows a fictitious existence from the relative value which, like a shadow, is cast by the formal entities of the universe into Space.

Attributeless and in itself unknown, we have only one conception by which it can be brought into the ken of human minds. It is that of Motion. A simple synthesis of that which *is* and *is not.* The one is motion active, the other is motion in a latent state which then represents something more than this as we shall endeavour to prove. That which *is not* becomes that which *is* through change; and the "becoming" is both change and motion. This latter is in its abstraction unconditioned by relative values and exhibits by its reality the only direct effect which the positive world may appreciate from the realm of outer darkness on shadowless light.

By studying nature and her developments as the unfolding of co-related forces, we find that law governs the activity of positive life. Change is the form of law; and law is a fiat whose impulse is Reason. Hence, in those high regions of Spirituality, where all is apparent abstraction, the first great change from unthinkable to conceivable Life must have been due to Reason acting as an impulse to activity.

None will deny that Reason can only be appreciated by its effects; while as the substantial cause of these it escapes our grasp. Yet notwithstanding the intangibility of Reason as a Thing its existence as the origin of every Form of objective life is universally admitted and we are assured that each isolated rational conception is connected through chains of thought each to each, having a corresponding series of effects on the phenomenal planes. We say that by its act or motion, Reason manifests itself and that Reason in the Abstract is Absolute Motion, all Concrete Reasons, as definite portions of the Reason of Reasons, are connected together by their common origin which then becomes the quality of rationality. They are visible on the positive plane as motions of different kinds which have a common basis of action in Absolute Motion, the alter ego of the indefinite quality "Rationality." Thus the immaterial world of reason corresponds in every particular to the familiar world of form. While reason thus materialises itself through the mere act of Being these conceptions become in their turn the visible cause of that of which in reality they are but the effect creating an illusive appearance of subjectivity.

Absolute Motion and the Reason of Reasons or Form and its Life constitute the two terms of an equation where equality exhibits the perfection of Being under the Form of the law of Equilibrium. So that, no sooner has change become active than its activity is lost in its own Perfection ; and the active equality of opposition between the negative and positive poles or planes, submerges the Revealed one in Subsistence. Thus the Unrevealed reveals itself as a triad of Reason-Change-Absolute Motion.

Change is motion which resolves itself into the third quality. Absolute motion is change completed. Both are to a finite perception practically the same as an infinite abstraction ; and yet logically there lies a difference between them. The former represents Form ; the latter the process of formation. The former as Supreme Wisdom disappears leaving the latter as its representative on the positive plane. To illustrate our meaning we will clothe it in that archaic allegory which is symbolised by the snake emblem of eternity incubating the Egg or Universe with its breath. Beneath this symbolism lies a simple and logical deduction. To breathe we must first inhale. Space swells with a breath of Divine Life ; that is to say it conceives an idea. This inflation resembles that of the lungs of Man when, in obedience to the abstract command " Live," they expand and fill with air. The movement which is the visible sign of this action is, in Space, the change from *non-being* to *Being* which, as one complete inflation, stands for Absolute Motion. The point to which we give this title represents that reached by the swing of life from its position of rest to its furthest limit ; as a First Vibration it is, as Space and Power, a synthesis of every possible quantity of motion. In science we call it half a vibration. To complete a whole one the return swing of equal energy is necessary.

This is symbolised as the outbreathing of the breath. But the point of Absolute Motion is, as a completed act, one of Absolute Rest. It is the Perfect Form, the Revealed One which, as soon as its completed movement or swing from one point to the other is made, is lost in its own Perfection. The opposition of Absolute Motion to Absolute Rest which together form the point which marks the limit of the vibratory swing, is an active one. So that it must be represented by a Force or Power exuding from between these two opposing units. This is the *manifestation* of Absolute Motion and as such has been called the Demiurgos. It equals the "becoming" of subsistence into existence and also equals Infinite Change as the result of the impulse of a supreme Wisdom. As breath it is continuous exhalation of energy (the energy of opposition) equal in quantity to the meaning of its Reason and divided into units of Space and Time. For the instant of complete manifestation is the Unit of Manifested Power. It disappears with its Form into subsistence at the moment of Perfection but the light has flashed through Space. Its gloomy depths have received a mortal wound for they have become measurable and Time has circumscribed

it. The standard of measure has been completed as Absolnte Motion or the point of rest reached by the swing of the first vibration synthesis of all subsequent divisions of motion. Comparative value is possible and differentation must follow.

The continuance of the outbreathing of Space is measured by these units and is equitable and constant. It is the source and maintainer of Life, and, as representing the work done by opposing forces, it is that power which subtends the Universe and prevents it from being submerged beneath the immensity of Non-Being.

We can now define the full meaning of the term Energy. It is more than motion, for it is the activity of Reason, and also its guiding or informing principle. It is law and its form. Motion, the positive pole, is the manifestation of Reason, while this latter as the negative pole is, by reflected personality, the life of the former. Thus supreme Wisdom becomes both positive and negative in its absolute unity; being wholly negative before, and wholly positive after manifestation, when, motion differentiating, Reason becomes the author of its formal Life.

We have said that the change of the Unknowable from its plane of sub-existent being is a necessarily complete one, and is an absolute motion, in which two conditions of the Infinite become manifest by their equality of opposition. Therefore this act introduces the Infinite into the positive plane of existence as a universe of form. Hence, if we allow that a supreme Reason was the cause of this change, we must conclude that the Universe is an aggregate of details which, taken together, construe the meaning or Reason of its Being. It may be objected as a logical impossibility that the Infinite Nothing can become an infinite Thing, because limits do not belong to the Infinite. But, if we admit, as we are bound to do as Reasonable Beings, that there is a Reason for all things, we dispose of this objection at once. For by the logical completeness of this admission, we make the Infinite a conceiver of a finite idea which, being attributeless, is infinite as form, and yet is limited by the meaning of the conception.

The nett result of our argument may be summed up as follows: The Unmanifest conceives an idea which, as a Reason for action, becomes manifested as absolute motion which, embracing in itself its impulse or negative pole and its action or positive pole, becomes Energy. Energy becomes a creative breath; shadowing itself in Space, it brings into relief the existence of non-being, which then becomes Ethereal Pressure, or the materialisation of the Infinite spirituality of Reason as a positive unreality.

As absolute motion we have a definite amount of energy deposited in Space. It is simply the form of Abstract Reason and acquires a definite character as the quality of Rationality. In its comprehensive simplicity it lies at the back of *every* manifestation. Its nature we have seen is due to Power exerted by manifest Life in opposition to non-being and is equal in its strength and continuity to the Reason of Life.

Therefore it requires an equation which in order to keep the positive manifestation from subsidence must be ever maintained in perfection between itself and the smallest atom of formal energy as well as the greatest agglomeration of such atoms in complex forms. Thus no matter what proportion the meaning of a definite form bears to the Reason of Reasons, and we hold that every existing thing exists as a relative value to this supreme unit of wisdom, absolute motion must equal it in energy and character. This necessitates a change of quality in absolute motion while maintaining the quantity of energy constant. And thus we obtain the fundamental number on which the universe is built. For it can be proved that the study of vibrations in Nature is also the study of pure motion. Now vibrations, where energy is constant but character variable, consists of octaves. These are states of balance reached by seven steps. Thus Seven represents Change; Eight stands for Form or completed change where, as an octave, it represents the same energy of motion differently apportioned as to Space and Time from that from which it changed. Eight represents "Rationality" in the abstract. Seven represents the countless meanings of eight. Complex forms result from the drifting together of definite atoms of energy under the ubiquitous and even pressure of the Ethereal medium in which they lie. These must, in order to coalesce as forms, possess such a mutual interaction of forces that their resultant is that unit quantity of energy which equals the unit "absolute motion." The process of "becoming" being an incomplete manifestation of Reason does not at once appeal to a rational being with that insistance of seeming reality with which completed forms do, and hence exterior Life is more impressive at first sight that its inner meanings. But, as it is the seven which give the explanation of what we see, it is only by examining the processes of Nature's changes that real knowledge may be obtained.

Absolute motion takes seven steps to its antithesis, absolute rest, or material equilibrium. Each of these is a note underlying a world of harmonies or overtones. These, while forming distinct regions of Life according to the fundamental note which generates them, are naturally sensitive to activities in each other; for they all are sub-divisions of one base tone or Reason. Thus seven great planes of Life, whose mingling produces many other sub-planes, lie around us. Man impresses his Personality on the golden strings which vibrate with the energy of Being at various points; and, damping them, cuts out those harmonies which require those nodes as quantities of energy in their characteristics or natural wave lengths.

Thus he introduces separation in the harmonious sequence of universal Life and shuts off from himself higher planes of existence. Therefore, as we destroy our Personality or Selfishness, we bring automatically into play a higher consciousness and a more extended comprehensiveness. Thus motion is the author of our being, the expounder of its causes and the material or eternal substance which forms the universe.

June 18, 1889. TOSS WILLIAMS.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOOK OF MYSTERIES.

AN indescribable consternation was caused at Urur by the mysterious disappearance of the Talking Image. Those that had come to enjoy the fun of seeing a miracle declared themselves to have been cheated; they stormed and raged and denounced the Image as being the work of the devil. The leaders of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom hung their heads in shame and mortification; because now the existence of sages was beyond the possibility of being demonstrated to science. The Chelas looked wise, but in their wisdom threw out only ambiguous hints; for as a matter of course they were not permitted to tell that which they were supposed to know.

The room of the Image was in perfect order and nothing was missing in it, only the air therein seemed to be somewhat different from what it had been before; but this difference was only perceptible to those who were of a sensitive nature and, for all we know, it may have existed only in their imagination. Everyone agreed that the Image was too ponderous to have been carried away without making a noise that would have attracted attention, as it would have required at least six strong men to bring it down the narrow and winding stairs. There was no blood, nor any burnt remnants, nor any other sign that a crime had been committed. There was only one plausible theory, namely, that it had been thrown out of the window into the river below; and in that case it would have immediately sunk to the bottom on account of its heavy weight. But even this theory was hardly admissible, because the window was found to be fastened from the inside and the room had been carefully locked by Madame Corneille. Immediate search however was made in the river by native fishermen, experts in diving; but nothing was found. The Image was gone. This alone was absolutely certain and beyond the possibility of a doubt. Its goneness required no other scientific proof, but the fact remained that it was absent; a fact which was self-evident even to the most superficial observer and undeniable even by the most stubborn logician; but the manner in which it had left and where it went remained a mystery.

All the researches proved vain. A rich Hottentot offered a considerable sum for the recovery of the Image. The scientific experts appointed one committee after another to find out its whereabouts. They nearly split their heads in investigating the matter; but no trace could be found. They took measurements and photographs of the rooms and chemically analyzed the walls of the buildings; they examined and cross-examined a score of witnesses, accepting such evidence as agreed with the opinions which they had already formed, and rejecting that which seemed to them impossible or improbable, or for which there was no precedent to be found in their books.

Mr. Bottler was furious. He deeply felt his disappointment and mortification, which must have been very severe. He had already failed in securing a Unicorn and a phœnix. The petrified wood of Noah's ark, which he had discovered, was by another scientist proved to belong to a species of tree existing

posterior to that historical event; in the remnants of the tower of Babylon about which he had written a book, a piece of a coffee-cup was found, bearing an inscription in English and the story of the drowning of Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea was by Mr. Bottler's opponents asserted to be a mere allegory. Now in addition to all that, the bottle wherein he had hoped to capture a Mysterious Brother still stood empty; its open orifice gaping at him in a reproachful manner and as if asking to be filled and closed with Solomon's Seal. This new failure was therefore very annoying. His reputation as an expert in matters that belong to the occult was at stake. Something must be done to save it. He therefore sat down and wrote deliberately a "Report" to the "Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences"; from which we will extract in sum and substance the following points:

1. "The 'Talking Image of Urur,' never had any real existence. It was merely an epidemic and collective hallucination caused by a dislocation of the normal threshold of consciousness, a state in which the perceptions of the transcendental subject becomes hopelessly mingled up and confused with the perceptions of the personality and therefore the mind deranged."

2. "The Mysterious Brotherhood never had and never can have any existence; for it is indisputable that if a class of beings in possession of superhuman intelligence were to exist, they would be intelligent enough not to let slip an opportunity to obtain the endorsement of well-educated and experienced scientists, together with their aid and assistance. The very fact that these "mysterious brothers" failed to appear before a representative of the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, is *prima facie* evidence that there are none such, or that they are afraid of being examined."

3. "Viewed from a religio-philosophical-scientific point of view a belief in Talking Images and Mysterious Brotherhoods may without hesitation be pronounced to be a deplorable folly, a degrading and immoral superstition, which ought to be immediately frowned down."

4. "Your commissioner furthermore suggests that according to his exact mathematical calculations the 'Talking Image' must have had a specific gravity surpassing from 1235 to 2272 times that of Platina or Tridium and it consequently follows that its specific pressure upon any conceivable substratum could not have been less than 4040, nor more than 45,440 atmospheric pressures to the square-inch; a weight which cannot be resisted by any known material. It seems therefore, according to my calculations of probabilities absolutely certain that the said Image is now on its way towards the centre of gravitation of this globe, and, according to the law of quadratic acceleration of velocity, it may be supposed to have already arrived at its destination."

Thus Mr. Bottler's report made for the time being an end to the belief in Talking Images and Mysterious Brotherhoods, and there were many who, although having seen and conversed with the Image, began to have serious doubts as to whether they had not been deluded, hallucinated or imposed upon in some inexplainable way; because seeing without understanding does not convey true knowledge, nor can any such knowledge be acquired by those who seek to understand that which they have never seen with the eyes of the body or with the eye of the spirit.

With the disappearance of the Talking Image the main source from which the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom received that information and those opinions which constituted their "wisdom," was dried up and exhausted. It is true that there were many who continued to write under the influence of the spirit; but as their doctrines differed from each other, they must have been inspired by a variety of spirits, and could not all have been inspired by the Spirit of Truth.

Thus, while one eminent Fellow of the S.D.W., stated that the inhalation of carbonic gas through both nostrils was necessary to produce a sage; another not less eminent Fellow asserted that the inhalation of such a gas was deleterious to spiritual development and that it would be necessary to inhale pure oxygen by one nostril and blown out by the other.

One authoritatively speaking Fellow found out that it requires a daily consumption of two pounds of pork and three pounds of beans to turn a sinner into a Saint, while another writer, who claimed to be better informed, condemned pork and beans and wanted to raise a crop of Saints by feeding them exclusively on certain quantities of rice and asses-milk.

One wanted to turn the people into Adepts by shutting them up in air-tight underground holes, another proposed for that purpose a small room of sun-dried clay, not more than six feet high, and with only one window. Still others taught that to produce a mysterious brother it was necessary to sit cross-legged on the top of a mountain and to hold on to one's toes. Some suggested that a long woollen ribbon should be swallowed for the purpose of purification and others proclaimed as the only means for salvation the internal application of soap and water.

But we will not enter into a more detailed description of the various external means by which the members of the S. D. W. expected to effect internal, *i.e.*, spiritual perfection, and how by the exercise of their own mortal will they expected to draw down upon them the Light of the Universal Spirit, which comes to man in no other way than by the *grace* of that Spirit alone. Important as the publication of such vagaries might be for the instruction of those who actually seek for eternal Truth for its own sake and not for their own aggrandizement, their exposure might create ill feelings among some of the still living remnants of that S. D. W., which (we are inclined to imagine) does not exist any more. Ignorance has such an ugly face that whenever a mirror is held up before her, in which to behold herself, she becomes angry, but not any wiser by it.

Love of truth compels us to state that neither Pancho nor Mrs. Honeycomb nor Mr. Green made serious efforts to go through the gymnastic exercises prescribed for those who wish to become sages and saints.

Pancho was still thirsting for knowledge. He, like the rest, did not know that God can only be known to God, or, to express it in other words, that the Truth can only be known to itself. He wanted to grasp with his finite mind the mysteries of infinity. Not having the remotest conception of the nature of the true Faith, he, like the rest, imagined that believing in the statements of well authenticated authorities was identical with true knowledge. He, like the others, did not know that divine truth can only be given by divine truth itself. Not being able to see the Truth, he craved for information about it from others. The Talking Image was gone and could therefore not give him any more inform-

mation: he was trying to find not the truth itself but some other person from whom to receive information.*

Among the most prominent members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, there was a man whose name was Caramba, a very learned person and of superior intelligence. The most singular stories were circulating about him, as to how he was able to control the spirits of nature and make them obey his commands. He was regarded by many as being a member, in disguise, of the Mysterious Brotherhood and it was in fact an open secret within the ranks of the S. D. W. that he had invented a telescope for discovering the Divinity in the Universe.

This man was said to be in possession of a mysterious and very ancient book from which he had learned all that he knew in regard to the mysteries of Nature and God. To obtain a look at that book was now all that Pancho desired; but in regard to this Caramba was extremely reticent, and only after repeated efforts Pancho succeeded in eliciting a promise from him that it should be produced.

"This book," said Caramba, "is not in my possession; it is hidden away in a tomb and guarded by grim Elementals. If you have the courage to face those terrible powers of Nature, I may by your aid obtain possession of it."

Pancho declared that he was ready to dare everything for the sake of the truth, and proposed to go immediately to the tomb where the treasure was hidden.

"Such a difficult work," said Caramba, "can only be undertaken when the aspect of the constellations is favourable. When the sun enters the sign of Aries, we will begin the work. In the meantime prepare yourself by fasting and prayer."

Fortunately it was the beginning of the year and the time when the sun enters the sign of Aries was not far away. Soon that day arrived and at midnight, Caramba and Pancho went together to the tomb to rescue the "Book of Mysteries" from the power of the elemental spirits of Nature.

Dark was the night, and the clouds, like sombre phantastic shadows on a still darker background, were floating rapidly over the sky, driven by the wind that sighed in the tree tops. A storm was gathering in the west; these huge masses of solid darkness were seen to advance excluding entirely from sight the light of solitary stars that here and there appeared through rents in the clouds. The road led them through a forest, and at last they stood before a dilapidated edifice, looking like the remnants of an ancient tomb.

Here they entered and descended by a flight of stairs into a subterranean vault. Overgrown with moss were the walls, as Pancho could feel by touching them with his hands on descending. Cautiously they went below and the first thing they saw, after striking a light, was a huge snake of a poisonous kind, gliding over the floor and disappearing in a dark corner.

"Thus," said Caramba, "when man descends within his own self, in search of the greatest of treasures, his soul, the first object that meets his sight after

* To attempt to make clear the difference between true self-knowledge and that which is usually called "knowledge," but which is merely opinion, is the principal object for which this tale has been written. It has *not* been written for the purpose of exposing the shortcomings of any person or persons who may have cause to believe to see themselves caricatured in the persons of our story; but for the purpose of opening the eyes of some in regard to the nature of divine Truth itself, such as cannot be found in books nor received by information, but which is received by the Truth itself becoming alive within the receiver, or, to express it in other words, to show that all learned dissertations and investigations regarding the Holy Ghost will be useless and foolish, as long as one has not the Holy Ghost (the Spirit of Holiness) within oneself. To those who know of no Truth in themselves, even this object of our story will be incomprehensible.—AUTHOR.

the mental darkness is dispelled is the snake of self-love being driven away by the light of divine wisdom."

Pancho listened to those words; but they made no impression on his mind. He had never heard of a man descending within himself, and did not know how it could be done. As to finding himself, he thought that he had found his own self long ago in his thoughts. He had always lived in his thoughts; that is to say in the realm of the Imagination. He did not know that there was another realm in which a man could live; the realm of self-conscious Will.

Caramba now opened the bag which he had brought with him and which contained six candles, a book, piece of chalk, and a dagger. The six candles he lighted and stuck them on the ground in the form of a circle, and then by means of the piece of chalk he drew a smaller circle upon the ancient marble floor; but the dagger he took unto himself, and bidding Pancho to follow him he entered the circle and opened the book which he had brought with him, and which was said to contain the secret formulas necessary to be pronounced for the conjuration of the elemental spirits of nature.

A glance at that book convinced Pancho that it was nothing more nor less but "Ollendorf's ready method of learning French"; whereupon he expressed to Caramba his surprise and astonishment; but the latter said:

"I do not know French, and the sentences in this book are all gibberish to me; but it will make no difference in which way I will arouse my will to defy the dwellers of the threshold, that stand guard over the Book of Mystery. Listen in awe and be silent, and under no circumstances leave the magic circle that will surely protect you."

Thereupon Caramba began his conjuration, reading in a loud and solemn voice the words that were printed in that French grammar, and his voice sounded dismally, reverberating from the walls of the vault.

"*Monsieur!*" it sounded, "*s'il vous plait, donnez moi votre canif.*"

"*Oui, Monsieur, je vous le rendrai!*"

More and more terrible sounded the voice of Caramba, his eyes were lit up by a supernatural fire, such as causes the lion to divert his head from the penetrating looks of his guardian and the tiger to slink away from his intended prey. A strange influence seemed to pervade the air of the vault and the walls seemed to tremble. Suddenly one of the lights went out and then another and when the sixth candle was extinguished by that invisible power which seemed to pervade the place like some horror that can be felt by the soul, but neither seen with the eyes nor touched by the hands, groans and cries of distress were heard as if issuing from the bowels of the earth and strange forms seemed to flit about in the gloom, that seemed to be alive and substantial; but they were not defined enough to show what character for good or for evil they were intended to represent.

Fain would Pancho have left; but his body was as if paralyzed—not with fear—but as by a withdrawing of his vitality that seemed to be absorbed by these invisible beings and give life to them. At last a gleam as if of some supermundane light seemed to issue from the ground, there appeared to be a cave in the floor, where before no such opening had been seen; and at the bottom of the cave was an open casket containing the scrolls that constituted the "Book of Mysteries."

"*Est-ce que mouchoirs appartiennent à messieurs les étrangers ou à messieurs les anglais?*" "*Non, monsieur, ils appartiennent à moi!*" sounded the voice of Caramba, assuming an indescribable pitch, and the scrolls were seen to rise from the casket, and as if carried by invisible hands, they floated into the circle and were laid at Caramba's feet. As soon as this was accomplished a clap of thunder seemed to shake the earth in its foundation; the rain was heard to fall down in torrents above the vault; but within the cave all was tranquil, and as if ignited by some magic power the six candles were burning again.

"It is accomplished!" said Caramba. "The book which has for centuries been promised to the world, is now in our possession. Thus is the will of man victorious over the inhabitants of the Astral Light."

Home they went through the mire and the splashing rain, and for several days Pancho kept on poring over the contents of the Book of Mysteries; receiving therefrom however no benefit; for although that book contained the greatest of truths; he was not in possession of the key necessary for their comprehension. That key is the understanding; for there can be no other key to the understanding of Wisdom, than Wisdom itself.

Many years afterwards, when *by the Mercy of God* a better light had come over Pancho's mind, he could see the wisdom of these contents; but at that time they appeared to him as utter folly and nonsense; so that he threw away the copies which he had taken, and of which only a few remnants have been recovered which we herewith present to the reader as examples to show what Wisdom was contained within that mysterious book.

Extracts from the Book of Mysteries.

One of the scrolls preserved contained a prescription for the purpose of preserving perpetual youth. It read as follows:

"If you wish to preserve your youth, or after having become old, turn young again; rub yourself two or three times a week with the juice of Cassia, and every night before going to bed, lay upon your *heart* a plaster, made of the following ingredients:

Oriental Saffron, Red Rose leaves, Sandal wood, Aloes and Amber.

Liquefy the whole in a sufficient quantity of *Oil of Roses* and add enough of *White Virgin-Wax* to give it the necessary consistency. In the morning this must be taken off and carefully enclosed in a *leaden box* (♄) to be preserved till the following night, when it is again to be applied."

Another scroll contained a still more incomprehensible prescription. It was said to be the sum and substance of all that was necessary to prepare the *Philosopher's Stone;* as it indeed is, as all will see, provided they are capable to understand its secret meaning. It was a prescription given by *Theophrastus Paracelsus* and was as follows:

"If you wish to prepare the true Philosopher's Stone, all you will have to do is to transform the moon in the sky into pure water, and throw her upon the earth. You will then have accomplished a great miracle. Clean her again from all impurity, and put her into her old place, and she will then shine more beautiful than before; but if she is melancholy, put her into a bath of beauty, and paint her with the abiding splendour taken from the raw earth, a process that will be agreeable to her. Force her to remain in that bath for a while, and she will then remain voluntarily in it for ever, and you may render her tractable according to your pleasure."

This was more than Pancho could endure. He had never heard of any other moon than the eternal moon, the satellite of our planet, and, as a matter of course, nobody could treat her in the way prescribed by Paracelsus. He already felt his head swimming. He was now fully convinced that books on occultism were useless trash, and the hermetic philosophers nothing less than lunatics, that ought to be shut up in a madhouse; and if these prescriptions had not been sufficient to produce in him that conviction, the reading of the following story contained in the Book of Mysteries, would have been alone enough to convince him.

An Alchemical Story.

A student of the secret sciences wanted to learn the art how to make pure gold by artificial means. He applied for instruction to a sage who had travelled for many years in the East, and was well versed in alchemy. At first the sage was unwilling to teach the secret, but at last he consented. He gave to the student a little of a red powder in a small bottle, and told him to melt ten pounds of lead in a crucible, and then to add the tenth part of a grain of the red powder, boiling the same together for a quarter of an hour, after which all the lead would be transformed into gold. He, however, entreated and implored him, that during the time of boiling the lead, he should not let the thought of a rhinoceros come into his mind; "for," he said, "if you think about a rhinoceros during that time, the whole process will be spoiled, and you will have at the end nothing but boiled lead."

Thereupon the student of the secret sciences promised to follow the advice of the sage. He immediately procured some lead and a crucible, and proceeded to try the experiment. He tried it very often; but every time, when the lead began to boil, the thought of a rhinoceros came into his mind, and the more he tried to avoid it, the more did he think of that beast, and his process was spoiled every time. At last the red powder was all gone, and the sage refused to give him another supply. Then the student, having wasted his time and his money, became very angry, and cursed the sage, and said that he would never have thought of a rhinoceros if the sage had not mentioned it to him.

When Pancho had finished reading the scrolls, he flung them into a corner. Full of disgust, he went to Caramba, and said:

"Do you want to make sport of me by representing to me a book filled with impossible prescriptions and puerile stories as being a book full of wisdom? Well it would be, if it had been left in the hands of the grim Elementals; for more stupid nonsense I never saw in my life."

"I always thought," answered Caramba, "that there was something queer about these prescriptions."

"And did it, then, never occur to you," asked Pancho, "that all such books are written by madmen, published by idiots, and bought only by fools?"

"The fact of the matter is," replied Caramba, "that he who wishes to judge about religious matters correctly, and wants to know the secrets of Alchemy, must know in what country the Paradise was situated and what kind of apples grew therein. He must know of what kind of wood Noah's ark was built and what kind of animals were contained therein. What kind of water was transformed into what kind of wine at the wedding at Cana and what were the names of the parties that contracted the marriage. What kind of cement was used at

the building of the Tower at Babylon and from what kind of a tomb did Christ resurrect after his crucifixion. Where does the best Mercury grow and what is the original cause of the rainbow?"

To this Pancho answered and said:

"The fact of the matter is, that I care nothing about the place where the Paradise was situated, nor about the apples that grew in that garden. I am not interested in Noah's ark, neither do I care a straw about the animals that were contained therein. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what kind of wine was made at the wedding of Cana, nor am I anyway concerned in the marriage of strangers. The cement used at the building of the Tower of Babylon was probably some kind of Portland cement and the tomb from which Christ was resurrected was presumably like any other tomb in that country. Mercury is a mineral and does not grow upon trees, and as to the cause of the rainbow, if you ever come to a civilized country, most any schoolboy will be able to inform you about it."

So saying Pancho walked away.

Just about at that time a great split occurred in the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. Some of the members had been led to disbelieve in the existence of the Mysterious Brotherhood, while others still believed in it, and as the truth of everything that the Society knew or believed to know, depended on the say-so of those Brothers, it was a most serious matter, for it was said that if they existed, then that which was taught in their name must be true; while if they did not exist, then all must be false (a most logical conclusion!), and thus perhaps, for the first time in the history of the world the life of Universal Truth was made to depend on the existence of a body of unknown Adepts, instead of the existence of the Adepts depending on the presence of the truth.

Thus the black magicians in spite of all precautions taken by the secret committee of defence did their work most effectively. The storm of passion was aroused and different opinions clashed together like waves in a stormy sea in the outer circle of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. But in the inner circle to which only those belonged that were more advanced, the initiated ones, to whom some of the more serious secrets had been confided, dissensions of a different character took place. There were some who said among the three Wings that appeared at the cradle of Christ, Melchior was the first, Balthasar the second, and Kaspar third. Others maintained that Melchior was the first and Kaspar the second; while still others attempted to prove by historical evidence, at once logical and convincing, that Kaspar was the first and superior, attributing to Melchior only an inferior character and to Balthasar no value at all.

Thus the inner section of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom became divided against itself in three different camps. There were the Melchiorites, the Kasparites and the Balthasarites, and they fought among themselves with the same intrepidity that characterised the theologians of the middle-ages when the world was stirred into commotion by their attempts to decide the important question, whether Adam in Paradise was or was not in possession of a navel.

But as to Pancho, we are sorry to say, he had become entirely indifferent to all that.

He cared no longer about the Mysterious Brotherhood, nor about the three Wings of the East, and he was even heard to utter the blasphemy, that it would be safer to put one's faith in the truth itself, than in the assertions of Krashibashi or Rataraborumatchi or any other Adept, whether he existed or not. By expressing such views he made himself many enemies among the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. He finally resolved to return to his home.

(To be continued.)

ANNIE BESANT AND THEOSOPHY.

At the Hall of Science, Old Street, on Sunday evening, August 4th, Annie Besant undertook to vindicate the step she had taken in becoming a Theosophist. The audience consisted mainly of the Freethought party of which she has been for so many years a prominent leader, and the Hall was entirely filled before she occupied the platform. On commencing her address, she admitted the right of the Freethought party to an explanation of the causes that led her to take a step which had occasioned considerable pain to many with whom she had been closely associated for years.

Taking as her text the motto of the party, "We seek for truth," she replied to some of the criticisms directed against her, by showing that the essential characteristics of the movement with which she had been identified in the past, and to which she still adhered, were free thought, free investigation, and free speech. Having repudiated the suggestion that the freethought platform should be restricted to negative criticism of supernatural religions, she claimed the right, as a Freethinker, to adopt any lines of investigation which seemed to give promise of the satisfactory solution of the great problem of life.

She divided her programme into two parts, to be dealt with in successive lectures. In the first of these she proposed to show by what process she had been led to vacate the purely materialistic ground for the more subtle metaphysics of Theosophic doctrine.

It had been with her a matter of gradual unfoldment, not a sudden change of front as was falsely stated by some of her critics. She had steadily and persistently pushed her way through the difficulties which presented themselves on the physical side of this great problem of life. Years had been spent in the search for the key to this mystery. Scalpel in hand, she had pursued those paths which anatomy and physiology had opened up; but without coming any nearer to the solution of the problem. With crucible and scale she had tested the ground covered by the science of chemistry. All that text-book and practice could teach in the physical sciences, in botany, geology, electricity, etc.; all that appeared to offer as a reward for labour and thought, the priceless pearl of truth, she had pursued with unremitting effort. But at the end of each new path she was confronted by a dead, impenetrable wall of *matter!* where was the life! the consciousness! the mind! the thought! Time after time she renewed her efforts, and was as often beaten back. And so the time came, as come it must to all, when this inductive method of investigation on purely materialistic ground would no longer yield fruit for labour. Up to this time, the antithesis of mind and matter, of thought and brain, was as marked as it had ever been, and as the distinction between them widened in her perception, the hope of bridging the gulf became less—there was no nexus between them, no link upon which she could trust her uncertain feet, and yet, prophetic hope! she argued there *must* be a way over, thought and its instrument *must* be related. A study of psychology only led her into greater difficulties, for it only served to emphasise still

more plainly the line of demarcation already existing in her mind between thought, sensation, and the vibration of brain-cells. At this point in her progress the teachings of the oriental philosophy as presented in Theosophical literature came under her notice.

The "Search for Truth" had never been relinquished, and the abiding hope that—however deeply "hidden in a well" it might be—truth could at length be found, disposed her restless mind to the investigation of this new subject. The result was briefly this: Mrs. Besant found in Theosophy what she believes to be the means of a solution to the problem of Being. And some of those with whom she had for so long a time been a fellow searcher after truth, as indeed she still is, turned round upon her with a charge of "*inconsistency*"!

What Annie Besant replied to this charge can be best said in her own words:—

"The law of life is progress, it is development and it is growth. The fossil remains the same; the plant *changes* because it *lives*. Mark the seed hidden in the darkness of the soil; it swells and sends out a tiny root, growing downwards. Presently it shoots upwards, unfolding two green leaves to the light and to the air. Is it inconsistent because it spreads its leaves to the sunlight, because the leaf is not a root? But after awhile instead of a leaf bud it puts out a flower bud, and spreads the glory of blossom to the skies, with fragrance and colour. Is it inconsistent because it developes the flower in addition to the earlier leaves? But now the colour fades, the fragrance vanishes, the petals drop to earth, and the fruit grows and ripens, fulfilling the law of its life. Is it inconsistent because fruit succeeds to flower, as flower to leaf, and leaf to root? Growth yes; change yes; *inconsistency* NO! For in life's cycle growth and change must come, and fossilization is death, not life."—The charge of "inconsistency" could no more be applied to her than to the boy whose development into manhood rendered his clothes no longer fit for him. Freethought, she said, had never yet stipulated by what means we should "seek for truth," nor on what lines we should carry on our investigations. She then instanced a large number of psychic and mental phenomena, for which materialistic science had never yet found a sufficiently lucid explanation. She concluded her lecture by stating that she did not believe that man, as he is known to-day, is the highest possible product of evolution. She looked at the record of the past and saw that all was change and progress, and in the future of the human race she had great and increasing hopes.

At brief intervals throughout the lecture, she was greeted with vociferous and prolonged applause, and the Hindu gentlemen who were present, conspicuous by their quiet mien, nodded their frequent approval in silent but significant manner. An interesting discussion followed. The chief objections urged against the lecturer's position were that her acceptance of Theosophic doctrine was a retrogression into the darkness of Oriental superstition from which we have long emerged, and that the theory of thought and brain-cell vibration being identical, was sufficient to bridge over the difficulties she had presented. Her reply to these points was first, that just as the school of modern materialistic science was a revival of Greek thought, so the lines of investigation into metaphysical problems could be taken up only where they had been laid down, many centuries back, in the East. If there was no retrogression in the one case there was

none in the other. A study of any science could be greatly facilitated by reference to the writings of "specialists" on the subject, and this was the case also in regard to metaphysics; and then secondly, in regard to the identity of thought and cell-vibration, the difficulty arose when we tried to account for "memory," which, on this theory, pre-supposes that the vibration was at once the *cause* of memory and also the *effect*, that is, the thing remembered.

Other illustrations of the difficulties hedging this theory were given by the Lecturer. The greatest interest was excited throughout the discussion, which lasted for about an hour, and on retiring Annie Besant was enthusiastically cheered.

The second lecture on the subject of "*Why I became a Theosophist*," was delivered by Annie Besant at the Hall of Science, Old Street, on the 11th inst. The Hall was crowded to excess, and from first to last it was evident that the lecturer was listened to with intense interest.

As great interest has been shown in regard to Annie Besant's views on Theosophy, we have thought it advisable to obtain a verbatim report of her address, which we print below.

WHY I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST.

A LECTURE

Delivered by Mrs. Besant at the Hall of Science, Old Street, London, E.C.

THE Chairman introducing Mrs. Besant to the audience said that this was a continuation of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Besant on the previous Sunday evening, and at its conclusion there would be a discussion, and those who wished to take part in it must come up on the platform. He then introduced Mrs. Besant, who was received with prolonged cheering.

MRS. BESANT: Friends. You will remember that last Sunday I confined what I had to say entirely to the various difficulties, the various problems to which, as I put them to you, answers were not found along the ordinary lines of science or in the philosophy of Materialism. To-night, leaving the question of those difficulties, which will be I trust in the minds of most of you (as otherwise to-night's lecture will not be thoroughly intelligible), I am going to try to show what solution, or at least what promise of solution there is along the lines that roughly are known as Theosophy, lines which I am now trying to follow in the hope of obtaining the light which I have tried to find elsewhere (Hear, hear). And first a word on the Theosophical Society, for it was the mere joining of that society which gave rise to so much criticism as to my action, and, as I cannot but think, to so much misconception. The objects of the Theosophical Society are three, and there is only one out of the three that you are bound to accept when you join it. The first and the obligatory object is to be the nucleus of a universal brotherhood (Hear, hear); that is to say that in joining the Theosophical Society you refuse to make any distinction of rank, or class, or sex, or nation, or race (Cheers). Every man and every woman is to stand for you on the common and equal ground of humanity, a right to brotherhood because human, and with nothing smaller than humanity to bound the platform on which you stand. I say no more on that first and only necessary object. Upon that, I imagine, in a Hall like this, absolutely no discussion or controversy can arise (Cheers). The second object is one that would appeal chiefly

to the student, and to very many of the students among Freethinkers. It is to promote the study of Aryan and other religions, but especially Aryan philosophy. On that I need say nothing, for on that clearly very little controversy need arise.

The third object is the one where discord might come in. To investigate the unexplained laws in nature and psychical powers latent in man. That is the third object, and it is one which of course raises the most controversy, and on which the discussion is likely to arise; but what I want to put to you as far as the Society is concerned is this, that it pledges you to no theory, that it forces upon you no view, that it doesn't ask you to accept one view of the universe or another. So far as entrance within its limits is concerned all that it says to you is, "Here is a line of investigation that you may take up if you choose, the unexplained in nature and the psychical powers latent in man." Now in order that you may not suppose that I am in any sense lessening, or in any sense trying to make these objects seem smaller than they are, I will read you a paper that I got from America during the past week. In St. Louis, where a Theosophical Society applied for a Charter of Incorporation, the Court thought it right to investigate the objects of the Society before giving the legal sanction which this Charter of Incorporation implies, dealing specially with the third object, dealing with this investigation into the unknown and the latent psychical powers in man. The Report on which the Court granted the Charter of Incorporation says that "the object of the Society, whether attainable or not, is undeniably laudable. Assuming that there are physical and psychical phenomena unexplained, theosophy seeks to explain them. Assuming that there are human powers yet latent in man theosophy seeks to discover them"; and then it goes on to quote two or three opinions of learned and eminent men of science on the very points with which the Theosophical Society specially endeavours to deal, quoting Sir William Hamilton, whom the Report speaks of as "probably the most acute and undeniably the most learned of English metaphysicians that ever lived"; they quote him as saying, "However astonishing, it is now proved beyond all rational doubt that in certain abnormal states of the nervous organism perceptions are possible through other than the ordinary channels of the senses." Then again, quoting the late President Wayland of Brown University, he said dealing, with clairvoyance, "The subject seems to me well worthy of the most searching and candid examination. It is by no means deserving of ridicule, but demands the attention of the most philosophic enquiry."

On this Report presented to the Court the Charter of Incorporation was granted, and I mention that to you now to show you that many wild and foolish assertions made about the Theosophical Society by people who have never taken the trouble to investigate its objects are wholly baseless, that they ought not to be made, and that mere empty ridicule of what you don't understand is a weapon that is unworthy of the Freethinker and ought not to be employed (Loud cheers).

There is one other point in connection with Hypnotism, of which I spoke of course last Sunday, to which I think it well to draw your attention. There is sitting in Paris now, or was during the last week, a Congress of scientific men investigating the subject of hypnotism. At that Congress of course Dr. Charcot and others were present; and so far has hypnotism gone, that a society is actually being formed in England in order to set up a school where the science may be carefully studied; and they are proposing that a law shall be passed forbidding the practice of hypnotism to anyone except medical men or those who are properly qualified for the study. I only mention that to show you how far this has been going on, and how remarkable are the things that have been done in Paris—those cases for instance in which Dr. Charcot has made his name specially eminent, where he has used hypnotism instead of chloroform in specially dangerous cases, where, by simply paralysing the brain centres, without the danger to the heart, which you have from chloroform, he has been able to operate in the most critical cases, while the persons under hypnotism could not feel although able to talk and to understand. Not only physically has it been used, but morally as well, so that in some

teacher. The one you can verify as you go along the road; the other you must believe, and no evidence is vouchsafed.

Now Theosophy comes under the second of these categories: that is to say its teachers do not take the tone of the priest; they take the tone of the scientific teacher. They do not say you must believe; they simply say to you, "This is the truth as we have found it. You can study it, you can verify it; you can go over for yourself the experiments through which we have gone. If you take our theories they will guide you. If you take our hypotheses they will help you. But if you choose to reject them do it if you will, and only believe as far as you can verify, only accept as far as you are able to understand." But you may say to me, "You use the word teachers. Who are they?" Those whom we call teachers of Theosophy have been known by a great many names, and as some of the names are Sanskrit they seem to have given a good deal of offence; but these teachers or masters as they are called, are nothing more than human beings who have studied a special subject very carefully, who have obtained a knowledge of nature which is larger than the ordinary knowledge; and who because they know are able to do things that ignorant people cannot do; and who because they have studied have knowledge greater than that to which others can pretend. But you blunder very much as to the Theosophical position if you suppose these people are put forward as in any sense supernatural beings. They are nothing of the kind. They are ordinary human beings, or extraordinary only in this sense, in the sense that the specialist, the scientific man, is extraordinary when you take him amongst a group of average laymen. They have more knowledge, but only because they have studied. It has not come to them supernaturally, but by patience and long-continued investigation into the secrets of the great Mother Nature. These then are the people that we mean when we speak of the teachers of Theosophy, and the theories of the universe that the Theosophist studies come to him from these. And mind, in Hindostan where some of them live, they are known by the people who live there as you know those amongst whom you live. It is quite fair to say, do they exist? but if you want to know whether they exist or not you must take the same means of investigation here that you would take if you wanted to find out if the Emperor of Germany were a real person. Some people know them personally by speech, by sight, by correspondence, as you may know those amongst whom you have lived. Others only know them at second-hand by the testimony of these. That naturally is my own position. I have talked with and cross-examined people who have been in daily contact with these men, and I have found nothing supernatural, no claim on miraculous power, but the simplest and most straightforward statement as to how they lived and what work they performed. The testimony, so far as I was able to judge, was testimony based on truth and on knowledge, and backed up, let me add, by personal possession of some of the knowledge and some of the powers used in a perfectly natural and simple way in the ordinary habits of daily life, and not as a show, or in order to surprise and astonish.

Now whether you believe in the existence of those men or not is not to them of the smallest concern. They have never been anxious to press themselves upon the world, nor do they threaten you, as the Christian God is supposed to do, with various pains and penalties if you deny their existence. All they say is, "It is your own loss; it is your own business. We are ready to help if you want it, and if you don't we will wait until you do"; that is to say, there is no great parade or ostentation, or attempt to force the knowledge, but the willingness to help the student which you find in every man of science, who may not always think it worth while to leave his own line of investigation to throw knowledge amongst those who are indifferent; but they are always ready to help when the desire for help is sincere, and to open the stores of knowledge to all who come desiring to know, and who are willing to learn in order that they may understand. These teachers, then, speaking of the nature of man, make certain definite statements about it which by the student of Theosophy

are accepted as true as a basis for further investigation. If he does not choose he need not, but most of us do. Those are the famous seven principles so much talked of; that is to say, that the Theosophist learns that man is not a simple organism, and that for the purposes of understanding the organism you may divide him into seven parts. Some philosophies divide him into five, some into six, and some into seven, but the Theosophist takes the seven-fold division, as the most intelligible and throwing most light, especially on the mental functions of man. Those seven principles have been so often named that I need not trouble you with their names to-night. For the purposes of my lecture it will be sufficient to group them, not to take them as seven, but grouped together, that is, dividing the seven into three groups, because that simpler division will be sufficient for all that I can do tonight. Dividing them, then, into the three groups, you get what is called the individuality of man, that which makes the personal I, that which you mean when you say "I." That includes the intellectual life of man. It includes also, the Theosophist would say, the spiritual life, that is, the spark of the universal spirit which he believes to be in each human frame, that part of the mighty life of nature, which acting through and in every natural object, is in man as in all the rest. That first group, then, the Ego, is what the Theosophist looks on as a group in man separable from the body. I will show you, in a moment, the line of proof on which that statement goes, but this individuality consists of the intellectual and the spiritual life, not separated from matter, as some people would imagine, for we know no separation of intelligence from material basis; we say that so far as investigation has gone, there is no such thing as pure intelligence, that is as intelligence divided from all material substratum. You may remember I put to you as the primal existence, substance, or matter; life, or motion; intelligence, or consciousness; and those we believe never to be separated, so that the disembodied soul, as it is sometimes spoken of, is a thing unknown in the Theosophical philosophy. The other group (I will not take it as three, as I said, for I prefer to take it as two, for the moment) —the other group will include the physical body, with the whole of man's appetites and passions, that, in fact, which you would call his lower nature; and we assert that the higher nature, or the individuality, forms one group, and the lower nature, that is the body, with its physical life, or vitality, with its passions and desires, that that forms another group which is separable from the higher intelligence, from the higher nature. Now there, of course, is a point where great discord and controversy will arise. We allege it, not as a supernatural thing, but as a natural fact. Many of you will have heard, casually, probably, of what are called "Astral appearances." That phrase is often used to designate the Ego separated from the body, and appearing separated from it. The mere fact that it appears, shows you it is partly material, because it is only where you are dealing with the material that visibility can possibly come in.

Now I ask you to throw back your minds to some difficulties I put last Sunday. I spoke about clairvoyance; I spoke about clair-audience; I spoke of the intensifying of the senses in disease; I spoke of thought-transference and of hypnotism. The whole of the phenomena which come under those great groups are explained by the Theosophist by this separability of the Ego from the bodily frame, the possibility of its existing apart from it and manifesting itself away from it: all this, with the reading at a distance that you get in the clairvoyant, is explained by the Theosophist as being the projection of this intelligence, this Ego, out of the material frame for awhile. The phenomena that you get in disease, where there is a strange intensity of perception and where a sick person can hear at a distance at which ordinary hearing is quite impossible, is explained by the Theosophist that where you have the higher and the lower nature balancing each other very often the lower is more vigorous than the higher; there this special acuteness will be impossible; but when physical disease of the bodily frame comes, when the lower nature for the time is weakened by the stress of the disease, then you find for the time the rising above it of the higher nature, and those cases that are so common in

medical records are rendered intelligible by the fact of the Ego having, as it were, got through the material covering and exercising its intellectual faculties through the separating veil which the ordinary body makes. But the Theosophist says if it is done by disease it is done badly. If it is the result of disease it is necessarily mischievous; it is likely to be untrustworthy; but you can, if you choose to go through the necessary training, give to the higher self the mastery over the lower without mischievously lowering the vitality of the body or making it unfit for the duties of daily life; and very much of the training which is gone through by the practical student, as apart from the theoretical student of Theosophy, has for its object the training and development of the higher nature, making it master over the lower, so that what you get unconsciously in the mesmeric state you may get consciously in the more highly evolved state, so that higher and lower may work together with powers that are impossible until that evolution has been gone through.

Now that I put to you as a Theosophical explanation. I don't ask you to accept it. I don't ask you to take it for granted at first going off, but I do say, as it gives at least an intelligible hypothesis which includes under it a large number of phenomena which are utterly wanting of comprehensibleness under any other supposition, it is at least worth your investigation, unless of course you say that you know everything, unless you are sure no wider knowledge will ever dawn on the human race than this happy nineteenth century at the present time possesses. Of course if you are satisfied, there is no reason to enquire. If you have all, there is no object in going further; but if you find a hypothesis offered you which does give some sort of explanation for puzzling psychical phenomena, we say at least it is worth investigation, and it is only foolish to ridicule it until you have experimented and tried to understand it. This higher nature of man, this Ego, separable as we see from the body, does not perish when the body dies. There again you come to the point of differentiation between the Atheistic and Pantheistic philosophies. There you have the point of divergence between large numbers of you who are present, and I who believed like you, but have been driven out of it by study and by further investigation. (Loud applause.)

And this leads to the doctrine that will most certainly in European countries be met with the most opposition, although it is accepted as you know by vast numbers in the Oriental world, and has been so accepted for these many hundred years—I mean the doctrine of re-incarnation.

Now I saw the other day a statement "Mrs. Besant goes in for the transmigration of souls." I did not think it possible for a statement showing so much ignorance to have been seriously made. Transmigration of souls, the old doctrine which is still believed in in Hindostan and was very widely taught at one period of the world's history, is the doctrine that the living principle of man can go into lower forms of animal life and so on. There is no such doctrine as that found in Theosophical teachings. What is said is this: That the individuality of man does not perish with the one body that it animates at any special time; and I point out to you some facts in human life which, although they do not prove the proposition, suggest there may be something in it. The statement is that this Ego can incarnate itself in different personalities at long intervals in the world's history; that is to say that when you are born you do not live for the first time on earth; neither when you die will you have passed through your last experience.

Frankly this doctrine will I know raise an immense amount of opposition in your minds (Hear, hear) chiefly because it is new (Loud cheers, and a voice, "It's as old as the hills"). That is so, but I mean new to modern scientific thought. Now I will put to you one or two difficulties I hinted at last week.

Take the case of a boy like Hoffman. He is able to compose, that is to say he can make an arrangement of notes and a succession of notes which implies the knowledge of certain laws of harmony. It does not imply merely a good ear; it does not imply merely a lively musical imagination, it implies a knowledge of musical science and of

principles it takes years to acquire in the ordinary way. Now the only tutor he had was his father, and his father has less knowledge of harmony than this boy has shewn in his compositions. You say "Genius." What is genius? You answer nothing by using a word. We are trying to get at facts, not merely to use words as counters, and we ask what is the genius that enables this child to show a knowledge, a scientific knowledge, which he has not been years enough in the world to acquire in the ordinary way. Now the explanation of that from the Theosophical standpoint would be that that knowledge was partly at least acquired in a previous stage of existence, so that thus Wordsworth's fancy is not only a dream—his notion that you brought knowledge with you is not only a mere stretch of poetical fancy, but is a real truth in nature, manifesting itself in this special way. Now you may say, that comes by hereditary transmission. Have you ever thought of the tremendous difficulties involved and covered by that easy phrase? Think of the evolution of the child from the junction of two cells. Think of the slow growth of body and of brain, and remember it is all fashioned out of the mother after the co-operation of the father. Then when you get to your transmission of genius, through generation after generation, when you try to get it to your physical basis, you must, if you are honest, face the tremendous difficulties which are implied in these marvellous abilities which the child shows being transmitted through generation after generation, and all bound up together in one single cell, invisible except under a high power of the microscope, till you come in your physical science to difficulties quite as tremendous as any which can possibly be put to you in the psychical explanation of these things. If everything were plain sailing, if we could see from the beginning to the end how that brain is made which has this enormous amount of knowledge, then you might refuse to look at any other explanation. The gravest men of science will tell you that they do not understand, and if you take the hypothesis of a man like Darwin (certainly not a man to be laughed at or to be made fun of, but a man who in his theory of pangenesis makes the greatest strain on human belief it is possible to make) when you see how far a scientific man is driven by the difficulties of the argument, you may then think it worth while at least to be thoughtful in reference to the problem, and not throw aside with a laugh an explanation which you do not understand (Loud cheers).

Of course in dealing with this the position of the convinced Theosophist is that this doctrine has come to him on the authority of the teachers of whom I spoke, who know it as Huxley knows any animal into which he examines in life; that is to say of those who have gained that stage of human development in which you look back on your past and are able to trace the steps whereby you have grown into real human maturity. But there again they tell us, "You need not believe it until you can prove it for yourself; you can take it if you choose or accept if you will, but if you think you are wiser than we who have studied, throw it aside by all means until the time comes for your own knowledge, and then you will see the truth as we see it to-day."

On this again hinges the law of Karma, that is the law in the world of ethics, "The law of ethical causation" as Colonel Olcott calls it, a law which ought not to be difficult of conception by the ordinary secularist, because if there is one thing which we have insisted upon more than another it is that in the moral world, as in the mental and in the physical, it is impossible to escape from the realm of law. This doctrine of Karma shows the connection of the present and the past. The whole moral, mental, and physical condition of the world is the outcome of causes set going in the past, and that which you see is the inevitable result of the working of those forces.

Now dealing with that point Mr. Foote said somewhat hastily, "If you accept the law of Karma what about your Socialism? for every Social reformer fights against Karma." That shows the utter misconception of the meaning of law. Law is not the declared will of some superior being; it is the ascertained sequence of events. We cannot help the law whether we like it or not, and all that this law tells us, like any physical law, is there are certain conditions of action, and the better you under-

stand them the more you will be able to control the results that flow from them. Every one who thinks must admit that all that exists to-day is the inevitable result of what has existed in the past ; but that does not make you sit down and refuse to act. On the contrary, the moment you understand everything goes by law, you have a motive for action ; for if the present has been made by the past, the present makes the future as the past has made it. Just as the effects around you are noticeable because the causes have been set going in the past, so the causes you set going to-day will bear their fruits in the future, and so by working now you can mould the future and make it better and happier than the past.

The only difference that comes in between the Atheist and the Theosophist in connection with the law of Karma would be this: The Theosophist says to a man "You will have to reap your own harvest." The Atheist would say "The reaping of that harvest will be cancelled by your death." That is, of course, a very serious and grave difference. We say the man cannot escape. Sooner or later he will reap the fruits of his own action ; sooner or later this law, under the sway of which he is, will bring about the effects of which his own actions have been the cause. There is no cancelment at death ; there is no getting rid of the debt ; you will have to pay it to the uttermost farthing, and it is there that the law of Karma turns on re-incarnation, making it part of a coherent scheme, tracing man's destiny from the far past into the far future of his life. It is to be said for it from the moral point of view, those two things are believed in by the Buddhists ; they believe in re-incarnation and they believe in the law of Karma, and the result of that belief has been that there is less crime amongst them than amongst any other religionists. I have here a passage from last year's Secular Almanack in which there is a comparison between the amount of crime amongst the Buddhists of India and amongst other religionists. It is taken from the government report, so it is the nearest approach to accuracy we are able to get at. Out of every 274 Europeans one person is condemned for crime. Out of every 799 native Christians one person is condemned for crime ; and only one person is condemned for crime out of every 3,787 Buddhists. It seems to be a good working theory of life whether you believe it or not, and it is very easy to understand how that force would work amongst people who for generations have been trained in this belief, upon whom it works as a moralising power whose strength no one can deny.

I pass from this to another point. I have scarcely time to speak of physical powers, but this has drawn so much attention in the outside world that it would seem as if I wanted to avoid it if I left it untouched. I mean what is called phenomena. It is a stupid word, because it only means appearances, but it is used in the sense of unusual occurrences. Now these phenomena may be divided roughly into four classes First you have a very large number, the greatest number, that simply are magnetic phenomena. You know how extraordinary are the results you can obtain by using the ordinary apparatus for electrical or magnetic experiments. You know also how many things are alleged by the Spiritualists to occur by means of spirits.

Now one thing that Madame Blavatsky set herself to do in America was to show that what the Spiritualist could do by alleged spirits in the dark, she could do in the daylight naturally and without the aid of spirits at all, and she alleged and proved by action that you could bring about the phenomena which are generally met in the spiritualistic séance rooms without any help from spirits at all, but by the mere utilising of little known natural laws. The larger number of the phenomena come under that head. They are really magnetic phenomena done without the ordinary apparatus. I will take one as an instance. You know that with an electro-magnet if you cut the circuit which joins it to the electric battery, anyone who likes can raise the iron.

Without saying anything to anybody you can just screw your wire on the battery and the strongest man will not be able to lift the magnet. I am taking it for granted you have a battery of fair strength. That is done with the ordinary apparatus. An object can be similarly fixed—that is the allegation I am putting to you—without the

apparatus, but by the same force, the force of magnetism, only directed without the assistance of a wire. You need not believe, but I want that you should understand the Theosophical position in the matter, that there is no pretence or trick at all, no pretence of anything but natural forces used by persons who understand them, to produce their natural results. Then again you get another set of phenomena which are not thus explicable. They are in the nature of psychical conjuring. You know how a conjurer will deceive you and how he will make you think all sorts of things which are not true. You may play the same tricks with people's brains that you can play with their eyes, and a certain number of these phenomena are merely, to use Madame Blavatsky's own phrase, "psychological conjuring." One day, with some half a dozen other people, there was some talk about getting frightened by things you don't understand. There was a gentleman there, a very well-known man, who said he would not be frightened by anything; he had no nerves and he didn't mind what happened. "Very well," was the answer, "pick up my handkerchief." The handkerchief was going to be picked up, when suddenly a snake of the cobra kind appeared beside it and the gentleman started back. That was simply a psychological delusion. There was no snake at all; and I asked what would have happened if he had put forward his hand. He would have found it was not there. If you are a person of strong will you can impose your own thought on the person who is with you and make them see what you want them to see. It is merely a case of momentary hypnotism. You know what fools people make of themselves when mesmerised, though there is nothing in the way at all. This she called conjuring, because these are merely illusions, merely tricks which are played by persons who know how to play them. Many others are simply explicable by thought transference, the power of making a person think and telling them what they are thinking; not dealing with anything which is wonderful, except that all nature's powers are wonderful, only we lose the sense of wonder when we deal with what we are accustomed to, while the sense of wonder is awake when we come to sudden cases which we are not accustomed to meet. Those three will cover most phenomena. There is one other kind, the transference of objects, that does not come under any of the three. Those are certainly the most difficult to understand and the most difficult to believe, but here again you are not bound to believe them. You may be a Theosophist without believing in them. It is only a question of evidence. If you can get the evidence that convinces you there is no strain made upon your faith.

The last point I will put to you is another which I know will raise antagonism, and I am sure you will pardon me if I purposely raise those which I know you will disagree with, because it is only right that I should put frankly those things which you think are the most unreasonable and the most unlikely to be true. I think it better to do that than to deal with what is common to us all. This last point is that life, or rather living beings, exist outside our globe and atmosphere, right through the whole of this mighty universe.

Now I will ask you quietly for a moment to think whether you are prepared to deny the possibility of that hypothesis. Do you really think that in the whole of this universe you are the only beings who live? Do you think all the mighty forces of nature at work for milleniums on milleniums have ultimated in life on this one little globe only? If you do not, you can have no quarrel with the Theosophists. If you admit you may have such living beings, they will be different from us because the conditions are different; if you take that great scientific law, that wherever there is life, it will be life conditioned by its environment, then you must be prepared to admit that there will be forms of life very different from yours, and in this universe, in which we are as but a grain of sand, there may be the most marvellous forms of living things, of which we know absolutely nothing. The moment you grant that, you grant all we ask, because you have opened up then the universe for investigation, and it is only a question of power to investigate and power to give out what you have found by your investigation. I am not

now putting whether you accept or not the views which have been put forward by some as to the nature of these living beings, or forms, or anything else. I am only pointing out to you that, unless you are going to be full of the most stupendous self-conceit, you cannot deny the possibility of living things other than those you know. Then they say "superstition." What is there superstitious in believing there may be living things different from ourselves under different conditions of life and manifesting themselves within their condition? The answer is, that will bring us all back to priestcraft. If you shut your eyes, yes; for wherever there is darkness there is superstition, and out of superstition and ignorance comes the chance of the priest to tyrannize, and if you are wise you will say, "No, we will understand, we will investigate, we won't believe until we do understand, and we won't accept until we know. But we won't be fools enough to tie a bandage round our eyes and then say we can't see." Now it is alleged here again that information may be obtained either second-hand from others or first-hand by yourself, for the whole of this comes down to personal investigation. If you really want to know the truth, you can never know until you know of personal knowledge, and everything else is second-hand, and, to a large extent, not valuable. If you want to know, you must go along the lines of learning which have been traced by those who are further on in the subject than you are. Study for yourself. In this Hall there are many whom I have taught, and it is very likely some of them will remember the difficulties they at first had over the microscope, and the large amount of faith they were good enough to repose in me as a teacher when I said there were things there which they could not see. Why not? Because they had no practice; because in every natural science you have to go through some drudgery and apprenticeship before you are able to understand, or even to see. The person who first looks sees a lot of blobs he cannot understand; generally he is misled, and thinks he has found some animal, or that a bit of dirt on the lens is some fresh organism that no one has ever found out. (Laughter.) Similar blunders will lie in the road of the practical student of forms of life other than our own, but just as patience in the one case gets over it, so does patience in the other, and until you have tried and studied, you have no right to pass an opinion upon the subject at all. In fact, what I am pleading for here is knowledge and the right to investigate; and I am not easily frightened by bogey cries about superstition, because I have seen too many ghosts made up of turnip tops and sheets to run away from the road I want to travel, for fear of meeting one of the bogeys there. I am prepared to take the risk, and I never found superstition flourish on the soil of knowledge, or found those who were trying to learn were those who were most likely to give way to the claims of credulity or yield a blind faith to any man who lived.

In closing this lecture, I can only say to you that I am far more conscious than you can be how very, very little credit I have really done to my subject, but it is a hard one to deal with amongst those who know nothing of it, a difficult one with its fresh conceptions and, as some people will think, somewhat uncanny clothing to make it seem like a respectable nineteenth-century gentleman in the eyes of an audience such as this. They do not like, some of them, its Oriental garb, forgetting that words are only sounds to convey what we mean, and in every science we get a terminology which is very tiresome to the student when he is beginning; and I have only, in leaving this for to-night and in leaving it to any of you who may be inclined to search for yourselves, I have only to say one personal word before I sit down. I am told that if I am a Theosophist I am unfair to Secularism and that I have gone too far to stand on the Secular platform. The moment my brethren of the N.S.S. tell me that, that moment I will leave it; but I will never give your enemies and mine the right of saying I left the ranks of organized Freethought of my own free will. (Loud applause.) If you want me to go, say so, and I will go. ("No.") If you desire I should not stand on this platform, to-night shall be the last time I shall ever stand here, but not of my my own free will, for I hold that Freethought is

wide enough to cover every form of honest investigation. (Cheers.) I love too well the party I have worked with for 15 years to give one handle to the enemy if I can help it by word or act of mine; but there is one thing I will not do for any party, and that is to be traitor to the truth as I see it, or to hold my lips when I have anything to say that I believe will be useful to the men and women around me.

Many years have passed since, in a quiet country vicarage, I took a vow to be true to truth all through my life, and to follow her wherever she might lead me. On that first moment, when she called me, I left home, social position, friends, and went out alone into the world with my child in my arms. Later, her cry came to me once more, demanding that last wealth of mine, and I laid then my child at her feet as I had laid all else, so that I might keep unstained the loyalty I had sworn to her. And for the rest of my life, as in its past, this one fealty I will keep unstained. If friendships fail me they must fail; if human love leave me it must go; so that I be true to that one truth I follow, and strive to do her service in the world in which I live. She may lead me into the desert, I will go after her; she may strip me of all love, I will still cling to her; and I ask for no loftier epitaph on my tombstone than this:

"SHE TRIED TO FOLLOW TRUTH."

(Loud and continued cheering.)

THE DEEPER MEANING.

Is it only the nightingale singing
In the moonlight, calm and chill,
And the flickering shadows dancing
Far over the vale and hill
As the clear, sweet notes resounding
Seem to make them faint and thrill?

Is it only the sound of water
That fills the still warm air,
With a rippling tender murmur
That makes e'en the day more fair,
As the sunbeams sport with the shadows
Till they gild the mountains there?

Or is it *their* voice in the echoes
Of the passionate haunting song
That is stealing in loving accents
From the land for which we long?
Are they gazing in help and pity
That radiant spirit throng?

Or is it their garments rustling
As they strive to make us feel
Through the soothing charm of Nature
Their secret influence steal,
And seek with their magic virtues
Our sorrow and strife to heal?

Ah! if we would only listen,
'Mid life's unending strife,
For the voices of help and comfort
That thrill through the day and night,
They would guide our erring footsteps
More swiftly to the Light.

MARGUERITE.

Theosophical Activities.

(From the *Theosophist* of July, 1889.)

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN.

THE President-Founder, Colonel H. S. Olcott, arrived in Ceylon on the 19th of June, and is expected at Headquarters about the 1st of July.

RECEPTION TO COL. OLCOTT BY THE BUDDHISTS ON HIS RETURN FROM JAPAN.

Last night the Theosophical Hall at the Petean presented an animated scene owing to the welcome reception given by the Buddhists to Col. Olcott on his return from Japan. The Hall was tastefully decorated with ferns and flowers (a good many hampers of the latter being sent down by upcountry Theosophists), and illuminated most brilliantly with Japanese lanterns. The Buddhist and the national flags (presents from the Japanese to the local Buddhists) were flying. The meeting was announced to commence at 8 p.m., and one hour before, the place was so literally crowded by an anxious audience of Buddhists, that there was hardly standing room, and several had to return owing to want of accommodation. For some time back there never was such a crowd at the Theosophical Hall.

The meeting commenced at 8 p.m., when there were on the platform Col. Olcott, High Priest Sumangala (Chairman), Subhuti and two other yellow robed monks. The proceedings commenced with the Pansil. High Priest Sumangala then said that they were assembled to-day to welcome Col. Olcott on his return from Japan after his successful mission there. Before he called upon the Colonel to address the meeting, he said that the Assistant Secretary of the "Nari Shikakadhana Samagama" would read an address of welcome to Col. Olcott on behalf of the members of the Society.

Miss M. E. de Silva then stepped forward and read the following address, which received a loud applause. (Miss de Silva is the first Buddhist Sinhalese young lady that ever read an address in English before a crowded audience, and she deserves credit for the very able manner in which she acquitted herself last night.)

To Col. H. S. Olcott,

President of the Theosophical Society.

Sir,—We, the members of the "Nari Shikakadhana Samagama," beg to accord you a cordial welcome.

Our Society has been organised recently for the promotion of Female education in Ceylon, and it may not be out of place to bring to your notice the fact of the neglected state of education among our women.

We take this opportunity to ask you, whom we consider a benefactor of the Sinhalese, to direct us in the path to success.

We are conscious of your unselfish labours for the welfare of Buddhism, and we do not hesitate to say that were it not for the Theosophical Society, of which you hold the distinguished position of President-Founder, the philosophy of our Lord would not receive that attention, investigation and acceptance by the Europeans and Americans which it now receives.

In Ceylon, the Buddhists owe you a deep debt of gratitude for the revival you have caused among them to bring their ancestral faith to its just position, and you have besides brought home to them the advantages of education.

We do not wish to confine our remarks to the good you have done to Ceylon, but may we be permitted to say that the fruits of your labours elsewhere, also, are now being gratefully accepted and enjoyed by thousands of people. We have heard and read with delight, accounts of the immense success of your mission to Japan, and hope to hear ere long of its having borne grand results.

There have sprung up branches of your Society, in the short time it has been founded, in every civilized part of the globe, and that fact alone speaks of the beneficent effects of Theosophy.

We thank you most heartily for your unselfish attention and labours for the sake of humanity, and trust most sincerely that your career of usefulness may be prolonged.

We remain, Sir,
YOUR BUDDHIST SISTERS.

Mr. Weerakoon then read the Sinhalese translation of the above. Colonel Olcott replied in very fitting terms and congratulated his Buddhist sisters of Ceylon on the very laudable objects of their new Society. He said it gave him the greatest pleasure to have read in the *Ceylon Examiner* and in other journals whilst at Japan, about the movement, and he hoped that it may be the means of bringing education to every corner of the Sinhalese nation.

The Chairman then called upon the Colonel to give a brief sketch of his interesting mission to Japan.

Colonel Olcott then said :—" Respected and beloved High Priest, and you, my Buddhist brothers and sisters, I thank you very heartily for the cordial welcome you have given me on my return from my long journey and hard work in Japan. I shall never forget my sensations on the 17th January last, when, with the High Priest's solemn blessing and your hearty cheers still ringing in my ears, I passed out of this Hall into the moonlit streets of this beautiful city on my way to take this important mission. That was indeed an impressive occasion, and yet this, perhaps, is no less impressive ; for to-day I have come to report to you that the mission is accomplished—the work is done—which brings together once more into friendly relations the two great divisions of the Buddhist Church—the first step towards the healing of the breach made two thousand years ago. And this work is really one of world-wide importance, for it cannot be denied, even by its bitterest enemies, that there is a great revival of our glorious religion among Buddhist nations, and also that it is receiving great attention from other nations not nominally Buddhistic.

" You have known me now for nine years, and you know that I am no bigot and no sectarian, but that I try to make my life reflect the tolerant spirit of our LORD—that I have no thought of forcing my opinions on any man, but wish

only that my brother men should accept the doctrines of Buddhism when fully satisfied by reason that they are true. Our LORD taught us, and by his perfect example showed us, that by unfailing kindness the hearts even of its bitterest foes may be won. We of the Theosophical Society have by that means made ourselves trusted as much by the Parsees and Hindus of India as by our Buddhist brothers in Ceylon: and at our annual convention delegates of many different religions meet together, and yet they all regard one another as brothers, because we teach the doctrine of perfect tolerance and kindness.

"When I became a Buddhist fifteen years ago, I was much pained to find that the Buddhist nations were not friendly with one another, and that even their sacred books were said to differ. It seemed to me a great pity that there should be such a separation among those who were the followers of the same LORD, since it could not but greatly weaken the influence and power of our common religion; and as to the sacred books, surely instead of the two parties holding aloof from one another, the proper course would be to institute a careful comparison of the two scriptures, and so try to discover what part of each belongs to the true doctrine, that we may all agree to teach that, and that only.

"The priests present know, and the members of the Society know, that I have been speaking for years about the importance of going to other Buddhist countries and endeavouring to effect some sort of spiritual union among them. Some years ago I went to Burmah with Mr. Leadbeater, but in consequence of the political condition of the country at that time we were unable to do much work there, and therefore soon returned. For a long time my attention was specially fixed upon Japan, and since I found that no one else seemed ready to go there as a representative of Southern Buddhism, I at last decided to go myself. My friends here did not give me much encouragement, for they thought that Japan was too far away to allow of the development of much sympathy between that country and our own; but personally I felt sure that the Japanese would prove to be ready to listen in a friendly manner to a brother Buddhist speaking to them for the good of our common faith. This opinion was shared by our revered High Priest, who has from the first done all that he could to help me in my work for Buddhism, and, as you all remember, sent me forth on this very expedition with his special blessing on the 17th of January last. Now on my return I am happy to be able to tell him and tell you all, that the result of my visit to that distant empire exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and that all and more than all that I ever dared to hope for has been accomplished.

"It is to-day exactly five months since I sailed from this port, and six weeks of that time was spent in going and coming, for the distance by sea is no less than five thousand miles. I was on shore in Japan one hundred and seven days, during which time I travelled from Sendai on the north of Japan to the extreme south of the Empire—eight hundred miles in a straight line." (Here Colonel Olcott exhibited a large map of Japan, and pointed out the places mentioned). "As you see, Japan is an island empire, and the number of islands is very great, amounting altogether to about two thousand, large and small. During my tour I visited thirty-three towns, all of which are marked on this map. In

the capital (called Yeddo or Tokio) alone there are one million two hundred thousand Buddhists—nearly half as many as we have in the whole of Ceylon. In Japan there are thirty seven millions of people, all speaking the one language, and all nominally Buddhists, but divided into eight sects. Now, we have three sects here, but there is no real difference between their beliefs on any point of importance; but in Japan there *is* a difference of belief between the various sects. As is always the case where there is sectarianism, there is a good deal of hard feeling between the sects, and they are not accustomed to work together in any way. I made up my mind from the first not to touch sectarianism—not to have the slightest connection with it in any way whatever. I always avoid it in any country, and it would have been especially unwise for me, as representing the Southern Church, to have anything to say to any special sect in Japan—more particularly as we know so little of the sacred books of the Northern Church. Our sacred scriptures are written in Pâli and usually on palm leaves; here" (exhibiting it) "is a Japanese sacred book, written (as are all their scriptures) in the Chinese language on fine silk-paper—very light, but very durable. The writing, as you see, runs backwards and is in every respect quite different from ours. This book contains the story of the life of the Bodhisat and the BUDDHA, and is profusely illustrated with very finely-executed wood engravings.

"On arrival in Japan the first thing I did was to call together the Chiefs of the eight sects in order that I might discuss with them the state of Buddhism in the country, and read to them the Sanskrit letter from the High Priest Sumangala which I bore. All these Chief Priests accordingly met together (although, as I said, they have not acted in unison before), and I told them that I could not consent to do anything at all unless they would all agree together to appoint a committee to manage my tour, so that it might be clearly understood that I had no sectarian purpose. I told them that I represented no sect in Ceylon, but the whole Buddhist Church of the country, and I wished to secure the friendship of the whole Priesthood of Japan, that it was only on these terms that I would work. They accepted the terms immediately, and appointed a joint committee, which collected over Rs. 12,000 for expenses, made all the necessary arrangements for my tour, and travelled with me all over Japan.

"The greatest number of addresses I had ever before delivered within one hundred days was in the South of Ceylon, where I spoke fifty-seven times within that period; but during the hundred and seven days of my stay in Japan I delivered seventy-six public addresses, and my committee estimated that my audiences averaged 2,500, so that I must have carried the message of fraternal love from Ceylon to about two hundred thousand Japanese Buddhists. I am happy to say that my addresses everywhere excited the greatest enthusiasm, and that my remarks on the absolute necessity of union between the Northern and Southern Churches were always loudly cheered. These medals which I show you were presented to me by various Japanese societies that were kind enough to elect me as an honorary member, and these three gentlemen who stand before you here are sent to learn Pâli from the High Priest Sumangala, that they may return and teach the doctrine of the Southern Church to the Japanese. Before I left, also, the High Priests all came together again at a farewell meeting, and

gave me a Sanskrit letter in reply to that from our own High Priest, Sumangala.

"It is now two thousand three hundred years since the quarrel about the sacred books arose between the Northern and Southern Churches, so in breaking down the wall between them we may well say we have accomplished an historical event. Here is the proof of it in this Sanskrit letter—a message of friendship from North to South. You see it is tied up, as are all complimentary presents or letters in Japan, with string of two colours, made of fine paper.

"Among the ideas of the Northern Buddhists is one about what they call AMITA BUDDHA, which appears to be the Spirit of the BUDDHAS, which is always existent in the universe, and sends out from time to time the BUDDHAS Who have been born on earth. The images of this AMITA BUDDHA are very beautiful —just like those of our LORD; and some of them are among the finest specimens of carving I have ever seen anywhere.

"One sign of the goodwill felt towards us by the Japanese was their presenting us with this Japanese imperial flag, the red ball on which represents the sun—Japan being called "The Empire of the Rising Sun"—I suppose because it is as far east as we can go. Speaking on this subject I may mention that one result of my visit to Japan is the universal adoption of the Buddhist flag there; I found it flying everywhere, from north to south, and some of them were splendid specimens too—four yards in length by three in height. One evening before I left there was a splendid display of fireworks, and as some of the bombs burst at the height of one hundred and fifty yards, out from it there came the Buddhist flag, so beautifully arranged that it stood up straight and fluttered in the breeze. This went to my heart, for there in the sky I saw the sign of the brotherhood of Buddhist nations.

"I will leave my young brother Dhammapala to tell you with what truly fraternal love the Japanese treated him during his illness—how earnestly they tried to do everything in their power for him, and even to anticipate his wants. I hope you will all remember how kind the Japanese have been to one of yourselves, and will resolve in turn to treat all Japanese in the same way.

"Our friends there gave me a number of religious paintings—some of our LORD, some of AMITA BUDDHA, some of various Arahats, whom they call Rakans. Here is a picture on silk" (showing it) "which is at least eight hundred years old. It is that of a female figure called Quanon, which signifies the embodiment of the mercy felt for mankind by AMITA BUDDHA. This painting, since it is on a religious subject, is called a *mandara*, while a similar painting on a non-religious subject is called a *kakamono;* they are to be seen hung on the walls of every house in Japan.

"I hope you will bear in mind that Japan is now in relation with you; always treat the Japanese well, and give them no cause to write home and complain that the Sinhalese, though pure in religion, are not always so in their lives. I will now ask one of my Japanese companions to say a few words to you." (Great applause.)

Mr. T. Kawakami then rose and said:—"When Colonel Olcott and Mr. Dhammapala came to Japan the Buddhists rejoiced greatly, and Japanese Buddhism was greatly strengthened. I regard all the Buddhists in Ceylon as my

brothers. Three more friends have come with me to study, and we expect to stay for three or four years, so I hope you will give us all your friendship and brotherly love. The Buddhists of Ceylon and those of Japan must be united; then the religion will become a still greater power in the world than it is now."

Colonel Olcott then said:—"The meeting of High Priests specially asked me to put these young men under the tuition of our High Priest Sumangala, saying that he was to be their Spiritual chief, while the Theosophical Society was to take charge of their worldly affairs.

"One more subject I must mention before closing, and that is the Ladies' Society for the Promotion of Female Education. When I heard of this Association during my stay in Japan, I felt great joy, for it was one of the things principally needed to complete our movement here. I wish to tell my sisters of this Society that they need have no fears for its future, and I invoke the blessing of the Three Gems on them and on their Society. Let them make their noble sacrifice of time and money until there is no more ignorance left in our beautiful island—till children are everywhere brought up to follow those precepts which are the only rules for the happiness and true welfare of the world." (Tremendous applause.)

A Japanese Priest then said:—"This is a very happy and a very important occasion. The Northern and Southern Churches are like two brothers who separated long ago in the heat of youth, and have remained estranged through many years; but now at last they have met and shaken hands once more, and we must hope that they will proceed to embrace one another, and that the fraternal embrace will be but the commencement of an intimate and lasting union." (Great applause.)

In closing the meeting, the High Priest Sumangala said:—"You have all heard Colonel Olcott's account of his mission to Japan, and it must have made you all glad and proud to hear it. The propagation and improvement of Buddhism is the noblest work in the world, and that is the work in which Colonel Olcott has been engaged. It is true that there is a slight difference between the Northern and Southern Churches, but still the Japanese are Buddhists as we are, and are struggling against the maleficent influence of Christianity as we are, and we therefore look upon them as our brothers. We must never forget the cordial reception that they have given to Colonel Olcott as our representative, and the brotherly love that they have shown towards us. I trust that this may be the commencement of a real spiritual union between all Buddhist countries."

The above report was forwarded to the *Theosophist* by Mr. Peter d'Abrew, and has been supplemented by extracts from *The Buddhist.*]

COLONEL OLCOTT IN JAPAN.

"We observe, says a Japanese paper, that in Nagoya Colonel Olcott has been welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm. His lectures were attended by fully four thousand people on each occasion, and the wildest applause greeted his declarations of the close relationship that must, in his opinion, exist between the revival of Buddhism and the stable progress of the nation. Evidently the people's hearts are inclined towards such teaching, for it is not at all likely that addresses, which necessarily lose nearly all their nerve in trans-

lation, could rouse an audience to sympathy so strongly marked unless a powerful feeling existed in favour of the speaker's idea. Of course the farther south Colonel Olcott goes, the warmer the response his preaching is sure to awaken. Religion in Tokyo and religion in Kyoto are two very different things. Nagoya occupies, perhaps, an intermediate position in respect of the vitality of its citizens' creed. It would seem that Colonel Olcott's Buddhist guides are determined not to let the grass grow under his feet. We read that he proceeded from Nagoya and delivered a lecture there, returning at noon to address an immense audience in the Hougan Temple, and winding up with a third address to the governor and a select party of about 250 at 7 o'clock in the evening. We have noted that the Tokyo critics express amusement at the notion that an American should be brought to Japan to propagate Buddhism. The criticism is certainly just if it be held that the Buddhist creed is essentially the property of the Orient, and that Westerners even have no proper share in propagating it. But the masses do not reason so closely. The coming of Colonel Olcott has evidently given Buddhism a fillip in Japan."—(*Madras Mail.*)

A PUZZLE FROM ADYAR.

When the cat is abroad the mice dance in the house it seems. Since Colonel Olcott sailed for Japan, the *Theosophist* has never ceased to surprise its European readers, and especially the Fellows of our Society, with most unexpected capers. It is as if the Sphinx had emigrated from the Nile and was determined to continue offering her puzzles broadcast to the Œdipuses of the Society.

Now what may be the meaning of this extraordinary, and *most tactless "sortie"* of the esteemed *acting* editor of our *Theosophist?* Is he, owing to the relaxing climate of Southern India, ill, or like our (and his) editor-enemies across the Atlantic, also dreaming uncanny dreams and seeing lying visions—or what? And let me remind him at once that he must not feel offended by these remarks, as he has imperatively called them forth himself. Lucifer, the Path and the Theosophist are the only organs of communication with the Fellows of our Society, each in its respective country. Since the acting editor of the *Theosophist* has chosen to give a wide publicity in his organ to abnormal fancies, he has no right to expect a reply through any other channel than Lucifer. Moreover, if he fails to understand all the seriousness of his implied charges *against me* and several honourable men, he may realise them better, when he reads the present. Already his enigmatical letter to *Light* has done mischief enough. While its purport was evidently to fight some windmills of his own creation, an inimical spiritualist who signs "Colenso" has jumped at the good opportunity afforded him to misrepresent that letter. In his malicious philippic called "Koothoomi Dethroned" he seeks to show that Mr. Harte's letter announces that the "Masters" are thrown overboard by the T. S. and "Mme. Blavatsky dethroned." Is it this that "Richard Harte, acting editor of the *Theosophist*," sought to convey to the Spiritualists in his letter in *Light* of July 6th?

Without further enquiry as to the real meaning of the *Light* letter, what does he try to insinuate by the following in the July number of the *Theosophist?*

A DISCLAIMER.

The Editor of the *Theosophist* has much pleasure in publishing the following extracts from a letter from Mr. Bertram Keightley, Secretary of the "Esoteric Section" of the Theosophical Society, to one

of the Commissioners, which have been handed to him for publication. It should be explained that the denial therein contained refers to certain surmises and reports afloat in the Society, and which were seemingly corroborated by apparently *arbitrary* and *underhand* proceedings by certain Fellows known to be members of the Esoteric Section.

To this I, the "Head of the Esoteric Section," answer:

1. Mr. Bertram Keightley's letter, though containing the truth, and *nothing but the truth*, was never intended for publication, as a sentence in it proves. Therefore the acting Editor *had no right* to publish it.

2. Fellows of the E. S. having to be first of all Fellows of the Theosophical Society, what does the sentence "Fellows known to be members of the E. S"—who stand accused by Mr. Harte (or even by some idiotic reports afloat in the Society) of "*arbitrary and underhand proceedings*"—mean? Is not such a sentence a gross insult thrown into the face of honourable men—far better Theosophists than any of their accusers—and of myself?

3. What were the silly reports? That the "British or the American Section," and even the "Blavatsky Lodge" of the Theosophical Society wanted to "boss Adyar." For this is what is said in the *Theosophist* in the alleged "disclaimer":—

Mr. Keightley tells this Commissioner that he must not believe "*that the Esoteric Section has any, even the slightest, pretension to 'boss' the Theosophical Society or anything of the kind.*" Again he says: "*We are all, H. P. B. first and foremost, just as loyal to the Theosophical Society and to Adyar as the Colonel can possibly be.*" And yet again he says: "*I have nothing more to say, except to repeat in the most formal and positive manner my assurance that there is not a word of truth in the statement that the Esoteric Section has any desire or pretension to 'boss' any other part or Section of the T. S.*"

Amen! But before I reproduce the acting editor's further marvellous comments thereon, I claim the right to say a few words on the subject. Since, as said, the letter was never meant to be paraded in print—chiefly, perhaps, because *qui s'excuse s'accuse*—it is no criticism to show that it contains that which I would describe as a meaningless *flap-doodle*, or, rather, a pair of them, something quite pardonable in a private and hastily-written letter, but quite unpardonable and grotesque when appearing as a published *document*.

1st. That the E. S. had never any pretensions to "*boss* the T. S." stands to reason: with the exception of Col. Olcott, the President, the Esoteric Section has nothing whatever to do with the Theosophical Society, its Council or officers. It is a Section entirely apart from the exoteric body, and independent of it, *H. P. B. alone being responsible for its members*, as shown in the official announcement over the signature of the President Founder himself. It follows, therefore, that the E. S., as a body, owes no allegiance whatever to the Theosophical Society, *as a Society*, least of all to Adyar.

2nd. It is pure nonsense to say that "H. P. B. . . . is loyal to the Theosophical Society and *to Adyar*" (!?). H. P. B. *is loyal to death to the Theosophical* CAUSE, *and those great Teachers whose philosophy can alone bina the whole of Humanity into one Brotherhood.* Together with Col. Olcott, she is the chief Founder and Builder of the Society which *was* and *is* meant to *represent* that CAUSE; and if she is so loyal to H. S. Olcott, it is not at all because of his being its "President," but, firstly, because there is no man living who has worked harder for that Society, or been more devoted to it than the Colonel, and, secondly, because she regards him as a loyal friend and co-worker. Therefore the degree of her sympathies with the "Theosophical Society and Adyar" depends upon the degree of the loyalty of that Society to

the CAUSE. Let it break away from the original lines and show disloyalty in its policy to the CAUSE and the original programme of the Society, and H. P. B. calling the T. S. *disloyal*, will shake it off like dust from her feet.

And what does "loyalty to Adyar" mean, in the name of all wonders? What *is* Adyar, apart from that CAUSE and the *two* (not *one* Founder, if you please) who represent it? Why not loyal to the compound or the bath-room of Adyar? Adyar is the present Headquarters of the Society, because these "Headquarters are wherever the President is," as stated in the rules. To be logical, the Fellows of the T. S. had to be loyal to Japan while Col. Olcott was there, and to London during his presence here. There is no longer a "Parent Society"; it is abolished and replaced by an aggregate body of Theosophical Societies, *all autonomous*, as are the States of America, and all under one Head President, who, together with H. P. Blavatsky, will champion the CAUSE against the whole world. Such is the real state of things.

What then, again, can be the meaning of the following comments by the acting Editor, who follows Mr. Keightley's letter with these profoundly wise remarks:

> It is to be hoped that after this very distinct and authoritative disclaimer no further "private circulars" will be issued by any members of the Esoteric Section, calling upon the Fellows to oppose the action of the General Council, because "Madame Blavatsky does not approve of it"; and also that silly editorials, declaring that Theosophy is degenerating into obedience to the dictates of Madame Blavatsky, like that in a recent issue of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, will cease to appear.

The "private circulars" of the E. S. have nothing to do with the acting editor of the *Theosophist* nor has he any right to meddle with them.

Whenever "Madame Blavatsky does not approve" of "an action of the General Council," * she will say so openly and to their faces. Because (*a*) Madame Blavatsky does not owe the slightest allegiance to a Council which is liable at any moment to issue silly and *untheosophical ukases*; and (*b*) for the simple reason that she recognizes but one person in the T. S. besides herself, namely Colonel Olcott, as having the right of effecting fundamental re-organizations in a Society which owes its life to them, and for which they are both *karmically* reponsible. If the acting editor makes slight account *of a sacred pledge*, neither Col. Olcott nor H. P. Blavatsky are likely to do so. H. P. Blavatsky will always bow before the decision of the majority of a Section or even a simple Branch; but she will ever protest against the decision of the General Council, were it composed of Archangels and Dhyan Chohans themselves, if their decision seems to her unjust, or untheosophical, or fails to meet with the approval of the majority of the Fellows. No more than H. P. Blavatsky has the President Founder the right of exercising autocracy or *papal* powers, and Col. Olcott would be the last man in the world to attempt to do so. It is the two Founders and especially the President, who have virtually sworn allegiance to the Fellows, whom they have to protect, and teach those who want to be taught, and not to tyrannize and rule over them.

And now I have said over my own signature what I had to say and that which ought to have been said in so many plain words long ago. The public is all agog with the silliest stories about our doings, and the supposed and real dissensions in the Society. Let every one know the truth at last, in which there

* Or "Commissioners" of whom Mr. R Harte is one. [ED.]

is nothing to make any one ashamed, and which alone can put an end to a most painful and strained feeling. This truth is as simple as can be.

The acting editor of the *Theosophist* has taken it into his head that the Esoteric Section together with the British and American Sections, were either conspiring or preparing to conspire against what he most curiously calls "Adyar" and its authority. Now being a most devoted fellow of the T. S. and attached to the President, his zeal in hunting up this mare's nest has led him to become more Catholic than the Pope. That is all, and I hope that such misunderstandings and hallucinations will come to an end with the return of the President to India. Had he been at home, he, at any rate, would have objected to all those dark hints and cloaked sayings that have of late incessantly appeared in the *Theosophist* to the great delight of our enemies. We readily understand that owing to lack of original contributions the acting editor should reproduce a bungled up and sensational report from the N. Y. *Times* and call it "Dr. Keightley speaks." But when jumping at a sentence of Dr. Keightley's, who in speaking of some "prominent members," said that they had "abandoned or been read out of the fold," he gravely adds in a foot-note that this is "another mistake of the reporter," as "no Fellow of the Theosophical Society has been expelled of recent years;" it is time some one should tell the esteemed acting editor plainly that for the pleasure of hitting imaginary enemies he allows the reader to think that he does not know what he is talking about. If through neglect at Adyar the names of the expelled Fellows have not been entered in the books, it does not follow that Sections and Branches like the "London Lodge" and others which *are autonomous* have not expelled, or had no right to expel, any one. Again, what on earth does he mean by pretending that the reporter has "confounded the Blavatsky Lodge with the Theosophical Society"? Is not the Blavatsky Lodge, like the London, Dublin, or any other "Lodge," a branch of, and a Theosophical Society? What next shall we read in our unfortunate *Theosophist?*

But it is time for me to close. If Mr. Harte persists still in acting in such a strange and untheosophical way, then the sooner the President settles these matters the better for all concerned.

Owing to such undignified quibbles, Adyar and especially the *Theosophist* are fast becoming the laughing stock of Theosophists themselves as well as of their enemies; the bushels of letters received by me to that effect, being a good proof of it.

I end by assuring him that there is no need for him to pose as Colonel Olcott's protecting angel. Neither he nor I need a third party to screen us from each other. We have worked and toiled and suffered together for fifteen long years, and if after all these years of mutual friendship the President Founder were capable of lending ear to insane accusations and turning against me, well—the world is wide enough for both. Let the new Exoteric Theosophical Society headed by Mr. Harte, play at red tape if the President lets them and let the General Council expel me for "disloyalty," if again, Colonel Olcott should be so blind as to fail to see where the "true friend" and his duty lie. Only unless they hasten to do so, at the first sign of *their* disloyalty to the CAUSE—it is I who will have resigned my office of Corresponding Secretary for life and left the Society. This will not prevent me from remaining at the head of those—who will follow me.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

(From the *Washington Press*, Saturday, July 6, 1889.)

The "Blavatsky Theosophical Society," an organization for the diffusion of knowledge of theosophy, held its first public meeting last night at Wonn's Hall, No. 621, Sixth Street, North-West. Thirty-five or forty persons . . . . were present and listened to an introductory address by the President, Professor Anthony Higgins, of this city, who explained Theosophy and repelled some of the slanders upon, and base imitations of it. It was announced that public information about Theosophy would be given every Friday evening at the Hall. This Theosophical Society expects soon to place at the disposal of the interested public a creditable library of Theosophical literature and books on occult subjects, a large number of which have already been received by the president, Prof. Higgins . . . ."

(From the *Washington "Post"* of July 9th.)

The Blavatsky Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood of the District filed a certificate of incorporation yesterday. The object is to form a nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood without distinction as to race, creed or colour; to promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literature . . . . to investigate the unexplained laws in nature and the psychical powers latent in man. Anthony Higgins, Reovel Savage, Nina Savage, and Marie Musaeus are the managers.

This is the second Branch Theosophical Society which has become chartered or incorporated in the United States, the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York having first given the example. Thus no *bogus* Theosophical Societies—a danger that threatened us closely—are henceforth possible, either in the New York or Columbia Districts. Many other branches will follow in their respective States. This news is indeed welcome. All our best thanks and warmest gratitude are due to the courage and promptitude with which our honoured Brother, Mr. Anthony Higgins, has placed the name of the Society of which he is President beyond the reach of enemies and imitators.—[H. P. B.]

NOTICE.

The Secretary of the Blavatsky Lodge T. S. begs to apologise to all those who are interested in its work for the long delay in the publication of its promised *Transactions*. Madame Blavatsky's bad health, and the heavy extra work entailed in the preparation of "The Key to Theosophy" and "The Voice of the Silence," have prevented her from editing these transactions for the press—hence the delay.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

THE great Sir Robert Peel used to say that the importance of any movement can be best measured by the amount of opposition brought against it. Now if that aphorism be true, then the members of the Ros Crux Fratres, or Brothers of the Dew and Light, may be congratulated on their importance and influence in the country; for they have received marked attention in your magazine for June last. One of your correspondents who signs himself—"One who has been Duped," admits that "they have members in almost every town in England," and he might have said Scotland, Wales, and America also.

Now I am a member of the Ros Crux Fratres, and so far as I am concerned personally I should have taken no notice of these letters. For in the first place they abound in nothing but misrepresentations and statements of a puerile and foolish nature, and therefore, by the universal law of the survival of the good and true only, they must have fallen to the ground sooner or later. The fact is the majority of people "worrit" themselves too much about trivial and insignificant matters, forgetting that the One Universal Supreme Reason regulates everything for the ultimate good of each individual and the common good of all. And in the second place because a person can use his time and energies to better purposes, both for himself individually and the public generally, than by troubling his mind about correspondence which has for its object the traducing or pulling down of the character of any man or of any body of men. Each man will work out his own Karma which he has generated either in this or a former life, and the soul will seek that experience which is necessary to its own development and unfoldment; and if he "who has been duped," thinks he has been chosen to be the unhappy instrument to inflict Karma on any one, then he is so much the more to be pitied for his unenviable position. Besides the style of his correspondence is much to be condemned as it cannot tend to the development of the soul powers. It has been laid down by all the masters of the Occult Sciences that "gentle thoughts, good deeds, and kind words, and good will to all mankind and entire oblivion of self are the most efficacious means of obtaining knowledge and preparing for the reception of higher wisdom." Or again "the heart must be filled with loving kindness to all living beings, and watch for opportunities of doing secret kindness to all within our reach," and these things will lead to power with God and man. Now can any one see any of those things in the letter of "One who has been Duped?" The one grand object which every right-minded Occultist ought to keep in view is the spreading of the Sacred Sciences for the betterment and uplifting of humanity, but letters like this before me are not calculated to benefit Occult teaching whether they injure it or not.

Coming now to the subject of the letter of "One who has been Duped." In the first place the writer does not give his real name. If his motives were honourable and his statements true why should he fear giving his name? In

correspondence, where no honour is at stake, a *nom de plume* would do well enough, but in a letter like this before me which deals with *personalities*, either directly or indirectly, the rules of good warfare require him to face the enemy openly and honourably, and not fight under cover of ambush in the assassin style. But it so happens that we ourselves know who the writer is, whatever he may say to the contrary. In fact there is a trio of them, two of whom have been suspended from the Brotherhood of Ros Crux Fratres, and the other is a most unfortunate and disappointed man. However this style of warfare is in exact keeping with the writer's character; for he leads us to infer in his letter that he belongs to the Ros Crux Fratres and considers himself "duped." Now every one who enters that Brotherhood takes a most sacred and solemn oath "before God and his most holy angels," that he will keep inviolate the secrets of the society, and it is also an eternal oath, and therefore, whether the members are able to teach him the subjects mentioned in his letter or not, or whether he considers himself duped or not, does not release him from that oath. And therefore what can we say of a man who makes light of breaking an oath which he took "before God and not before man only"? To say the least—he is a perjured man, and that being so what reliance can be placed on any of his statements? Now it is understood that the trio referred to above have taken a vow to break up the society of the Dew and Light! This explains the motives, and accounts for the style of the letter of "One who has been Duped." It also explains one of the reasons why he does not sign his name, for it would not be to his social interest for the public to know that the most sacred and eternal oath counts as nothing to him. But how absurd and ridiculous it is for a simple trio to think they can break up a Brotherhood who are true to their oath. These men are too weak to break anything up. You have repeatedly laid it down in your journal that "goodness alone is power." Now I maintain that the spirit and motives of the letter before me show that they are not good men. Good men *could not* have written such a letter. These men can have power nowhere but in the realm of Black Magic that he speaks about, which is quite in harmony with a character that counts as nothing the most sacred and binding oath. And their Black Magic can injure no one only those who place themselves open to it.

Next, he says, "the Society is trying to seduce all young students of the Occult to become members of their Society."

Now in the preamble of their rules the applicant is given expressly to understand that the Society ask no one to join them, in these words: "we do not ask thee to join us, but thou seekest our circle." He says then, "they profess to teach Alchemy; philosophy of life; the Divine art of Astrology; Herbs and their value as medicines; and the Astral influences." Well now, these are very nice subjects and to attempt to teach them even is a step in the right direction. But I should like to know the difference between "The Divine art of Astrology, and the Astral influences." The writer has evidently got mixed up amongst it; and I don't wonder, because it is quite clear that his brain is not sufficiently unfolded to grasp such subjects. Besides, in his confusion, he has omitted one of the principal subjects altogether.

With regard to the members being incapable of teaching these subjects, I myself have been connected with the Society of the "Dew and Light" about 18 months, and although I have been an Occult Student for many years, yet I

have learned more in two or three of the above named subjects during these last 18 months than ever I knew before; and one of the trio connected with the letter in your journal was present at my initiation and spoke in high and glowing terms of the advantages to be derived from the Society. As to "stealing books, and one man being more learned in Black Magic than the rest, etc," we can afford to dismiss it as so much rubbish.

He then says, "they also derive their learning from Elementals and spirit-guides." Now any student of Occult Sciences knows that an Elemental can give learning to no one. The fact is, the writer of the letter before me does not know what an Elemental is. Elementals are nature-spirits which possess force only, and which can be directed and controlled by the trained will of the Adept. He then goes on to say that "the members boast that they sacrifice kids, and that one of them keeps a goat that is heavy with kid at the present time, etc." But why should they "*boast*" of that. He is as much misinformed in this as in many other things, for none of the members at Keighley keep a goat.

He then says that "the Society is composed of spiritualists and bogus astrologers, etc." Well I have studied astrology for 18 years, without intermission; I have studied Raphael's, or the Arabian system; and Zadkiel's or the Ptolemetic and Placidean systems, and in these things I fear no man. The fact is I am the Astrologer for the Brotherhood of the Dew and Light, and have to examine applicant's nativities, and I am certain that if I had examined this person's nativity who pretends to have "*been duped*," I should never have passed him for membership, because his nativity would have shown that he would prove false to his oath and betray the secrets of the Society.

With regard to the *Lamp of Thoth* which is now going on, all the matter in that journal has for its object the instruction and betterment of the members, and it is strictly a *private journal*, and therefore it is immaterial whether the matter be copied or original so long as that object is attained.

We now come to Mr. M. G. Mathers' letter about the Rosicrucians in England. Now this letter is one mass of pomp and show, and flourish of trumpets. He tells us about their colleges, the Supreme Magus, the Earls, Right Honourables, Doctors, etc. But he does not say a word about the dinners and suppers which constitute the principal work of that august Society. The fact is, the letter is altogether unnecessary. The R. C. F. does not claim to have any connection whatever with the Fraternitas Rosæ Crucis of mediæval times. They claim to be what they are and no more and no less, viz. Brothers of the Dew and Light.

With all deference to the Supreme Magus, the Earls, Right Honourables, and Doctors, etc., no doubt these "are all honourable men," at least I hope they are. But according to LUCIFER for October 15 1888, page 91, it does not require one to be a member of the Metropolitan College of Rosicrucians to get in communion with the Adepts, for it is there well and truly stated "that the potential adept may exist in the Whitechapels and Five Points of Europe and America, as well as in the cleaner and more cultured quarters; that some poor ragged wretch begging a crust of bread may be 'whiter-souled' and more attractive to the adept than the average bishop in his robe, or the cultured citizen in his costly dress," or perhaps than many in the four colleges of Rosicrucians in England.

In concluding this letter I may say that although "One who has been duped" may string together another lot of ridiculous and absurd misrepresentations, and Mr. Mathers may give another flourish of trumpets from the top of the Metropolitan College of "Soc. Ros. in Anglia," yet I shall not consider myself called upon to continue the correspondence *in answer to their letters*, unless called upon to do so by my own order, because my own psychical development, and the interest of occultism generally may be better secured and advanced by cultivating a warm and kindly feeling towards all mankind than by wasting my time in refuting what may be advanced by a trio of disappointed men who enter a society for purely selfish and worldly purposes, and who consider themselves "duped" because they don't find the materialist "philosopher's stone" and turn everything into gold. I have the honour to be, etc.

DAVID LUND, Fern Cottage, Keighley,
Secretary and member of the Society of the Dew and Light.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

MR. LUND says my statements are puerile and foolish. I shall endeavour to show you to the contrary, and that he is acting a part of deception and dishonour both on his own part and that of his society.

As to his remarks on Karma and goodness of life and actions, you will no doubt be better able to deal with them than I. It is not long since the "controls" of his society were dead against Reincarnation. Why this change now?

Referring to my using a *nom-de-plume*, it was my policy to draw out a reply. Had I put my own name there would not have been this opportunity to further expose this deceptive fraud. In due time, if necessary, I shall disclose my name, and then Mr. Lund and his colleagues will see how *wrong* they have been in blaming three men, who so far as I can hear were not *suspended* from the society, but withdrew from it when they found the principal leaders had no higher ambition than to pose as Quack Doctors and public fortune-tellers, whose advertisements can be seen in the fly-leaves of most of the spiritualist papers under various *nom-de-plumes*, touting for fees, and willing to advise and answer any question at so many shillings each, no matter whether it be of the affairs of Life or Death; while the boasted adepts turned out to be so-called spirit controls, who were at all times willing to adapt their opinion to the prevailing one at the time being, or to please the company present. I am not surprised they withdrew. Mr. Lund says good men could not have written such a letter as my last one. The men he refers to did not write the letter, neither had the two he refers to anything to do with it. He abuses them from the fulness of his divine goodness.

He said if my nativity had been allowed to pass his hands I should not have been initiated. Mr. Lund *did* examine my nativity and commented upon it favourably. So much for *his* astrology and divine agency. It is very short-sighted for him to say he has been an astrologer for eighteen years. Yet "One who has been Duped" is the despair of *his* art.

The kid which Mr. Lund kept, died just after I sent my last letter to you. I

necessary I could give you the day (not the hour). I do not draw nativities; but this unfortunate death was a loophole for Mr. Lund to say that none of the members at Keighley keep a goat. Yet on the minutes of this society for May 11th, 1888, the following will be found:

"Proposed that the occult festival take place on the 10th of June, *when a kid will be sacrificed.*"

Can I say more to convince you how wilfully Mr. Lund would deceive? He gives you to understand that they do not ask people to join their Society. I am personally acquainted with two who were asked to join, and who refused. As to the members being capable of teaching or even guiding a student in any of the paths of occult study, that is a matter of opinion, and may the Most High protect me from such.

Mr. Lund thinks I got mixed up amongst matters. Who wouldn't? Imagine the Astro Magus of the Society, Mr. Lund, dressed in a Black Robe, upon his head a sugar-loaf cap painted in various colours, and the signs of the Zodiac around the edge. He does not see how symbolic they are of his position. The cap is the shape of that generally worn by the Zany, and the Black Robe would no doubt represent the darkness and obscurity of his mind in his Zodiacal wanderings.

Do teachers of occult sciences adopt such guise as the above, which is only the description of one of them?

He refers to the preamble of their rules, etcetera. Here is a portion from it copied word for word. It would be too long for the pages of *one* issue of LUCIFER if I sent it in full, but this will give you an idea of the immense presumption of these men.

"The Brothers' letter to one who seeks to enter the Ros Crux Fratres.

"Do not ask who the persons are that write these letters, but judge of the value of the writings by their own merits.

"Our community has existed ever since the first day of creation, and will continue so to do until all time. It is the society of the children of light, and its members are those who know the light. We know the value of man's destiny. We have a school in which Divine Wisdom herself is the teacher, and she teacheth all that desireth it for its own sake, and not for any worldly advantage that may result from its possession.

"The mysteries explained in that school, concern everything that can possibly be known in Regard to *God*, *Man* and *Nature*. *All the ancient sages* have been taught in our school, and no one has ever learnt true wisdom in any other place.

"It has amongst its members not only of this *globe*, but also of other Worlds, they are distributed all over the Universe. They all study in one book only, and follow the same method of studying it. Our Society is composed of the *Elect* of those who are seeking the light and he who has the greatest receptivity for that light is our chief. Our place of Meeting is intuitively known to every member (*at present in a coffee tavern*) and easily reached by all no matter where they reside.

"*We* are in possession of the Greatest Mysteries, and yet our Society is not a secret one, for our secrets are open to every one who is capable of receiving

them. Our Secrets *cannot* be *sold* for *money*, nor can they be demonstrated publicly. Our Secrecy is not caused by our unwillingness to instruct, but by the weakness and unfitness of those that ask for instruction.

"They are comprehensible only to those whose Hearts are able to receive Wisdom and Parental love, and in whom those powers have begun to awaken. His clear Views will then enable him to see the foundations of all Religious Systems, and will recognise within a modification of relative truth, which have not yet entered into Equilibrium by the attainment of knowledge.

"Humanity lives in the world of Symbols, whose meaning is not yet understood by many, but the day is approaching when the living spirit within these symbols will be generally known. Perfect knowledge of God, perfect knowledge of Nature and of man, are the true lights upon the Altar of Truth, illuminating the Archway of the Temple of Wisdom.

"There is only one Fundamental Religion, and only one Fundamental Brotherhood (*and so on*).

"Our Duty is to assist in the *Birth* of *truth* and to open the shell wherein it is contained, and to vivify the Dead Hieroglyphics.

"*We are not* influenced by party, nor do we *expect* any *personal reward* for our *labour*.

"We are in possession of Light which enables us to know the deepest mysteries of Nature, and we have a fire by which we are nourished and by which we may act upon everything in Nature.

"*We possess the* key to unlock all the secrets and knowledge of the link that unites this planet with the other worlds.

"We possess ALL the ANCIENT Books of Wisdom.

"*Everything* in Nature is subject to *Our Will*, for our will is one with that of the universal Spirit, the motive power of the Universe and the eternal power of all life. But still we need *No* information, either from men or Books, *for we have the power to perceive everything that exists*, and to read in the Book of Nature, wherein no error occurs.

"Everything is taught in our schools, for our teacher is the light that produces all things. We could tell you of the most wonderful things that are known to us, and which are so far beyond the reach of *the most erudite philosopher of this age, even as the sun is distant from the earth, but which are as near to us as the light of the spirit from which they Emanate.*

"But it is not our intention to excite your curiosity (*and so on*).

"Do you wish to become a member of our Society? If so, enter within your own Heart.

"Do you wish to know the Brothers? If so, learn to know the Divinity manifesting itself within your own Soul. Seek within you that which is perfect, immortal, and not subject to change, and when you have found it, you will have entered our Society, and we shall become known to you. But before you can enter, you must have formed the resolution in your own mind that you will fling off, as soon as possible, all the imperfections of your own Nature (*and so on*).

"The most important advice we can give you is *Man know thyself.*

"The above propositions will be sufficient for you to meditate upon, until you are admitted into the Brotherhood as a neophyte after which you will receive instructions for the higher Degrees, until ultimately you become an ADEPT.

"Brother of Earth, we submit the following brief rules for thy consideration.

"We do not ask *you* to join us but thou seekest our circle. Hast thou well considered thy way? and art thou prepared to give up those things which are of the Earth, Earthy, in order to follow the Divine Mistress Wisdom?

"We bid thee remember the oath thou must take is an Eternal oath, not given to man alone, but to the POWERS whose aid thou seekest. And thou wilt never be released from that oath. If thou canst submit to our Conditions we will be glad to lead thee through the portals of Wisdom's temple, and there thou may with us view Nature's vast expanse, where true knowledge and power ever await the pure in heart.

"Unto thee greeting in the name of the Brotherhood."

(Signed with a distorted copy of one of E. Lévi's pantacles).

After reading the above, what do you think of an oath, which has been obtained by such means as the above suggests?

Imagine a number of men met together and a planetary spirit invoked, in whose supposed presence the candidate is obligated to secrecy. (They have no secrets or information apart from the occult literature of the day.) Can that which is below *invoke* that which is above, if not, what would be the peculiarity of a planetary spirit invoked under such circumstances? It could not be good. The query is: *Is this a kind of a compact with an Evil Spirit?* I am personally convinced good and high spiritual influences cannot possibly link themselves with men who *shirk* the duty of their station in life, and to avoid the labour of the honest man take to dealing out astrology and quack medicines as a profession! I consider it my duty to warn the public against these men. I can gain nothing by this long letter, but the public may, and thus take the hint to keep their money in their pockets.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN DUPED.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

I AM very pleased to find that the brothers of the Dew and the Light,—which names are I suppose their translation of their alternative title, Ros and Crux,—lay no claim to be lineal descendants of the Fratres Rosæ Crucis of Germany; for the similarity of the names seemed as if there had been an intention to claim hereditary descent. I do not know who "One who has been duped" may be, nor am I aware who are the other two gentlemen who form the trio mentioned by Mr. Lund, but I feel constrained to note that he does not deny that his associates claim and profess to teach Alchemy, the Philosophy of Life, the Divine Art of Astrology, Herbs, and Astral influences, and that they have failed to satisfy the discontented trio that they are so able. I also notice that Mr. Lund gives *no* denial to the charge of sacrificing kids, he only asks—Why they should *boast* of doing so?—well, I don't know; besides this he makes a very disingenuous evasion of the charge that one member keeps a goat, heavy with kid, intended for future sacrifice,—simply remarking that "none of the members *at* Keighley" do so. No denial is given to the assertion that their sole guides are a Monk, a Mr., and an Arab son of Joseph somebody. But worst of all I much regret that no disclaimer is urged against the charge that some of their number have taken the money of servant-girls. I beg of him to contradict this. Oddly enough

Mr. Lund does not seem hurt by the suggestion that the original contents of "Thoth" are either black magic or nonsense. The teaching capabilities of Mr. Lund are open to doubt, when he, as Members' Secretary and The Astrologer of the Brotherhood, writes "but I should like to know the difference between the 'Divine *Art* of Astrology' and 'Astral influences'." Well — if there be no difference, words have no meaning, visions are about, and things are not what they seem. An Art is the practice of a Science; Astral influences are neither one thing nor the other, but may be the subject of both; if there be any confusion Mr. Lund makes it.

The Soc. Ros. in Aug. is, like the Theosophical Society, well used to censure; and its members have learned to smile at unfriendly attacks; we Rosicrucians confess to taking dinners and even suppers also when we require them, and I can make a shrewd guess that even Mr. Lund is not beyond feeling hungry and even thirsty sometimes, for neither light nor dew are very satisfying, except to vegetables. But when he goes further and asserts that the dinners constitute the principal work of the *august* Soc. Ros. in Aug., he talks about what he knows nothing about, and the statement is moreover a delicate perversion of the Truth, which I am sure cannot tend to the development of Mr. Lund's "soul powers."—Faithfully yours,

W. W. WESTCOTT, M.B., Univ. Lond.,
Master of the Metropolitan College.

"MODERN SPIRITUAL HISTORY" AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

WILL you kindly allow me a short space in your Journal to inform those of your readers who were in anywise interested in the papers bearing upon "Modern Spiritual History" and the Theosophical Society, that Mr. Oxley, in his rejoinder (published in *Medium* of June 28th, 1889), declines to enter upon any controversy or explanation whatever with myself with regard to those papers. It therefore behoves me to emphasize—no matter how loud the protestations and lamentations may be—that the communications already published in LUCIFER, are solely based upon documentary evidence, and contain only the absolute truth.

It is upon these grounds that Mr. Oxley has been compelled to take the ignominious course of declining to discuss a matter in which both his honour and his integrity are concerned.

As Mr. Oxley insinuates that the letters published in LUCIFER contain "downright untruths," and "have soiled its pages by the insertion," there is no objection on my part—if Mr. Oxley is agreeable—to my placing the whole of the correspondence * for a time in the hands of the T. S. so that the "high-minded ladies and gentlemen" connected with the T. S. can judge for themselves how far the truth has been violated.

* That is to say—the whole of the correspondence which has passed between myself and Messrs. Oxley, "Hoyora Korahari," Binney, Adshead, and others. All envelopes, post cards, tissue copies, and notes of the "Occult Readings" from time to time of the states concerned. The whole to be furnished bound together in the order as matters accumulated.—[A. D. B.]

The correspondence forms a goodly volume, and, to the "Initiated," it is worthy of careful analysis. There being many demonstrations—borne out by documentary evidence—how a complete stranger (which Mr. Oxley is to myself even to this day), can by the power of the "Spirit" and "Soul Egos," know the workings of men without material contact.

In conclusion, please allow me to inform your readers that Mr. Oxley has *now* rescinded his claim to rank as a *Spiritual Historian*, and that he has altered the title of his book from "Modern Spiritual History" to that of "Modern Messiahs." A very wise proceeding, considering the one-sided and biassed review Mr. Oxley attempted to put forward as matters of history.

A. D. BATHELL.

Reviews.

"CLOTHED WITH THE SUN": * BEING THE BOOK OF THE ILLUMINATIONS OF ANNA (BONUS) KINGSFORD.

(Edited by EDWARD MAITLAND.)

ONE of the reproaches most frequently cast into the teeth of students and followers of mysticism is that each of the Seers, Prophets and Revealers, whose teachings form their study, differs from every other, not only in points of detail but in essentials. This accusation has indeed some show of reason. It gains also more apparent weight and cogency from the circumstance that the followers of various Illuminators are but too apt to be betrayed by human weakness and desire for finality into accentuating their points of difference from other students, instead of seeking out and emphasising those of agreement.

In reviewing the work now under consideration, the identity of its fundamental teachings with those of Theosophy is so striking that any points of difference in detail entirely disappear in the comparison. This identity is the more remarkable because, although Dr. Kingsford was a Theosophist and well acquainted with Theosophical literature, yet her claim to the original and independent reception and promulgation of these teachings is indefeasible. Indeed a strong argument in support of the reality of Seership in general and the truth of that interior revelation and vision on which all mysticism lays such stress, might be built upon this identity of the fundamental teachings set forth in this work with those of the "Secret Doctrine." But this would lead too far.

We propose, however, as the best tribute to Mrs. Kingsford's wonderful genius and marvellous lucidity of insight into the hidden things of Nature and Religion, to point out in some detail the remarkable agreements, amounting almost to identity, which exist between the views arrived at by Dr. Kingsford through her own independent investigations and the time-honoured teachings of the Wisdom Religion.

* London: GEORGE REDWAY. Price 10s. 6d.

In Mr. Edward Maitland's *Preface* to this work, there occurs a very important passage on the *method*, or process of investigation followed. He lays great stress upon the fact that these illuminations are "in no way due to artificial stimulation of faculty" whether by means of drugs, hypnotism or mesmerism; but solely to the exercise of intense will-power and aspiration towards the highest truth. In other passages, moreover, it is made very plain that both the authors distrusted all mediumistic communications and so-called spirit teachings quite as much as do the Theosophists. Thus both in what they accept and what they reject they are in complete agreement with the Eastern teaching as regards method.*

Now as regards teaching and doctrine. Both the great fundamental doctrines of Theosophy—Karma and Reincarnation †—are fully and unreservedly accepted; and these are by far the most important of all in their bearing upon practical life. Philosophically, the basis of Mrs. Kingsford's creed is Pantheism,‡ including as its corollary the belief in the "*humanity*," as distinguished from the "divinity" of Jesus Christ.§ In this again, as also in regarding "Christ" as a "Principle" not a "Person," they are in accord with the "Secret Doctrine."

So far then we find identity of philosophical basis—Pantheism; identity of fundamental mystical doctrine—Christ a principle not a person; identity of basic teaching in relation to practical life—Karma and Reincarnation.

But more; Dr. Kingsford, who is often claimed by our friends the Spiritualists as belonging to them, teaches the much abused Theosophical doctrine of "Shells." Thus we read on p. 51 *et seq.*: "When a person dies, a portion of the soul remains unconsumed—untransmuted, that is, into spirit." And again, on page 72, "There is no supreme personal positive evil existence such as the Devil is ordinarily supposed to be (another Theosophical doctrine). There is only the negation of God (Theosophy again!) . . . . But there are evil spirits, the souls of bad men on their downward road to final extinction. And these are wont to associate themselves with persons in the flesh, &c." On pages 147 and 148 the doctrine is still more clearly expressed: "The earthly mind (*anima bruta*—our '*lower Manas*') is that part of man which contains his material memory, abilities, affections, cares. . . . This mind is shed with the body and shade (our *linga sharira*), and is, as it were, an individual in itself." This whole passage is an admirable exposition of Theosophical teaching on the *post-mortem* states, and is identical even in detail with Eastern doctrines on the subject.

Take again the explanation of the "Origin of Evil" on pages 82, 83 *et seq.* It is exactly the view taught in Theosophy; though even more striking, in their agreement with the "Wisdom Religion," are the passages (pp. 197 *et seq.*) on "THE ONE LIFE," a term, by-the-bye, first introduced by Madame Blavatsky. It would be curious to know, in relation to it, whether Dr. Kingsford adopted the term herself, or whether she first knew of it through an Illumination. In any case this "exercise" or meditation might have been written by a Hindu chela, or by some Western student of the "Secret Doctrine," so close is its agreement with the teaching of that work.||

* Preface, xiii. and xiv. Also pp. 56, 57. † Preface, xxvi. ‡ Preface, xx. § *Loc. cit.*
|| Note especially §§ (1) and (2).

But it may be urged that this identity of teaching proves nothing, since all these doctrines were familiar to the world before Dr. Kingsford's reception of them, and, in particular, that as a student of mysticism and Theosophy she must have been well acquainted with them. Let us pass on, then, to the examination of other points of mystical doctrine, and again we shall find the closest agreement between the illuminations received by the wonderful seeress and the teachings put forward in the "Secret Doctrine." Now most of these teachings were received by Dr. Kingsford long before the "Secret Doctrine" was published; while the fact that they were kept secret by their recipients till now, more than a year after the publication of H. P. Blavatsky's work, proves the independence of the latter. To quote:—

"11. Such as is the invisible is the visible also, for there is no boundary line betwixt spirit and matter.

"12. Matter is spirit made exteriorly cognisable. . . ." * Madame Blavatsky has written: "Matter is crystallised spirit; spirit the sublimation of matter. They are the two poles of the one Reality."

Even in details of symbolism, the identity of doctrine is apparent. Compare with the Proem to the "Secret Doctrine" the following beautiful passage:— "3. Now the spirit of Elohim is original life, and the heavenly waters are space and dimension. 4. He is the line, and She is the circle." † And even more striking is the agreement between the stages of "becoming" symbolised by the 3 logoi and the seven rays given in the "Secret Doctrine" and the account of the same process summarised on pages 275 and 276 of Dr. Kingsford's work.

But we must rapidly on, noting however that the doctrine of the reincarnation of planets sketched on page 176 is in perfect harmony with the more detailed process described in Vol. I. pp. 170 *et seq.* of the book so often mentioned, as is also the very remarkable *aperçu* of the origin of human responsibility contained in the following lines.‡ "But, in truth, Psyche is the most complex of essences, and of this complexity is born *responsibility.*"

The view of *Prayer* held by Dr. Kingsford is also entirely Theosophical. She expresses herself thus: "Prayer means the intense direction of the will and desire towards the Highest; an unchanging intent to know nothing but the Highest"; § and again: "When thou prayest thou invokest the God within thee; and from the God within thee thou receivest thy good things."||

Quite as remarkable as any of these agreements of doctrine, is the fact that Dr. Kingsford has reached conclusions regarding the historical origins of Christianity in close accord with what has hitherto been known only to a few members of the T. S. Speaking of the Gospel narrative, she says: "All the conversations in the Gospels were fabricated by the aid of various books in order to illustrate and enforce particular doctrines."¶ "The gospel life of Jesus is made up of the lives of all the divine teachers before him. . . . ." And to crown all, she gives in the remarkable passages on pages 127 and 128 an account of the composition of the Gospels in the library of Alexandria which tallies accurately with what Madame Blavatsky wrote three years ago in the third volume of the "Secret Doctrine" which is not yet published. Again Dr. Kingsford's emphatic condemnation of the doctrine of vicarious Atonement on

* P. 226. † P. 223. ‡ P. 185. § P. 55. P. 243, v. 45. ¶ P. 136.

pages 118 and 119 might have been written by Madame Blavatsky herself, so outspoken and severe is the criticism of its immorality.

Lastly, though these are points of detail, the explanation of the purpose and meaning of the Great Pyramid given on page 86, agrees precisely with that given in Theosophical teaching, while on page 89 it is stated that both Egypt and India were colonised from Thibet, a fact that had not, so far as we are aware, been stated openly previous to the publication of the "Secret Doctrine."

To conclude this somewhat long notice of a book that should be studied by all who are interested in Theosophical or mystic studies. Great gratitude is due to Mr. Maitland for his clear, moderate and admirable preface, while of the work itself we cannot speak too highly. It will remain a worthy companion to the "Perfect Way," as a lasting monument to the genius, the intellect, the lofty and penetrating insight and the great spirituality of Dr. Anna Kingsford.

THE LIGHT OF EGYPT.

SEVERAL months before the publication of this work, simply by glancing at a small pamphlet which gave a summary of the headings of its chapters, we had said: "This comes from the same hierarchy of unscrupulous enemies and plagiarists, of the Butler-Nemo and the 'H. B. of L.' clique." When we received it for review, and had read its first pages, we felt more than ever convinced that the quill which traced the author's introductory remarks and his reasons for its publication—was drawn from the same goose as the pen of Nemo, of the Hiram-Butler gang, who wrote *Theosophia* a few months ago.

We did not care to learn the name of its anonymous author or authors rather; we knew them by their landmarks and literary emanations. It was sufficient for us to read sneers about "the sacerdotalism of the decaying Orient," vituperations against Karma and Reincarnation and the writers' (for there are several) impudently expressed declaration, that "the writer(s) only desires to impress upon the reader's candid mind the fact that his earnest effort is to expose that particular section of Buddhistic theosophy (esoteric so called) that would fasten the cramping shackles of theological dogma upon the rising genius of the Western race"—to recognize the author, rather by his donkey's ears than by his "cloven foot." However great the help given to that "author" by persons more intelligent than himself, his "ears" are plainly visible. We recognize them in the accusations of selfishness launched against the Eastern Masters and the qualification of *dogma* given to teachings more broadly Catholic and unsectarian than those of any other school the world over.

And now comes a corroboration of our idea in the shape of a complete *exposé* of the "author" whose wish was to *expose* "Buddhistic Theosophy." We might go farther than the "Path" and append to the review of the "Light of Egypt" the "author's" photograph. We have it from a double plate, one showing * * * *before*, and the other *after*, the unpleasant and *arbitrary* ceremony of being photographed *gratis* by those in authority. The author and "adept" of "twenty years' occult study" is an old acquaintance, known in London and Yorkshire to many outside the large circle of his dupes and victims. But we pause to await further developments.

Meanwhile this is what the "Path" of New York says of this great *collective* "author":—

"This is a paper-covered book of 292 pages to which the author is afraid to put a name. It is not by the editor of the R. P. J. because he is known to be a ridiculer of theosophical works, and this book is a plagiarism similar to Street's *Hidden Way*, only that here the author has assimilated doctrines put forth in such works as *Isis Unveiled*, *Esoteric Buddhism*, *The Secret Doctrine*, and *The Theosophist*, and then dressed them up in slightly different words. The method adopted to make it appear original is to omit citation of authorities and to denounce the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation as applicable to this earth, while admitted otherwise. A whole chapter is devoted to Karma, but we find it illogical and very muddy. The theory of life-waves along the planetary chain, first put forward in *The Theosophist* and modified in *Esoteric Buddhism*, is adopted by the author as *hers*, after "twenty years of intercourse with the Adepts of Light." It is strange that it was not brought forward before in the author's other works. On page 85 we find a reproduction of what H. P. Blavatsky long ago said, "The fifth race is coming to a close, and already forerunners of the sixth race are among the people," and has repeated in her *Secret Doctrine* at p. 444, vol 2. After ridiculing Karma on the ground that if the first races had no Karma there could not be the present fall, the author proceeds to answer the question, "What is the real cause of so much misery in the world?" by gravely stating "it is the result of innumerable laws, which in their action and reaction produce discord in the scale of human development"—only another way of saying, "it is the result of Karma"—and then devotes a page or two to proving it is Karma by showing the gradual degradation of man through the various ages. The preface astonished us, for the book is a rehash, pretty well done, of theosophical doctrines from first to last. A great blemish is the ignorant mistake of calling Karma, Devachan, and Reincarnation, "Buddhist doctrine," when mere tyros know they are Brahmanical Vedic doctrines taught to Buddhists. "What is new in the book is not true, and what is true is not new" but quite theosophical. Its numerous *ex cathedra* unsupported statements about nature are as refreshing as those in theosophical writings, lacking, however, the logical and reasonable force of the latter. The second part is devoted to astrology, and is merely another rehash of all that can be found in Lilly, Ptolemy, Sibley, and others. The book is by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and will no doubt be as good a business venture as her other two works."

We hope next month to give in *Lucifer* a detailed examination of this pretentious volume and to exhibit, by quotations and parallel passages, the outrageous character of its wholesale plagiarisms and the emptiness of its claims to authority.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE, DURING THE YEARS 1884 TO 1889.*

SPIRITUALISTS are to be congratulated on possessing such able exponents of the facts and scope of their movement as the authors of the Addresses, delivered before the London Spiritualistic Alliance during the years 1884 to 1888. Every address, without exception, is marked with a breadth and

* London: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, Charing Cross, W.C.

tolerance that shows a remarkably healthy tone in the several speakers. The old-school "Spiritualist" is apparently fast dying out and might, to a great extent, be disregarded, if it were not for the obnoxious presence of the lively stock of prejudices which he has so zealously procreated. This, however, was in some sort necessary, and is indeed true of the introduction or re-introduction of all facts, nay rather is the safety-valve of every truth.

The three addresses of the President are all of interest, two of them especially, as showing the efforts made by prominent spiritualists at home and abroad to so simplify the official *credo* as to make it cover the widest possible ground and, therefore, secure conditions for greater co-operation. In this there can be little doubt that such men have struck the right note.

Fortunately, however, the enunciation of a definition which draws any strong line of demarcation between "Spiritualists" and "non-Spiritualists," is nowhere attempted, but only hints towards a platform which will include all real *Spiritualists* in the broadest sense.

In which connection we may quote from the address entitled, "Spiritualism —some aspects of comfort," where the speaker describes its utility as confirming "much contained in all the sacred books of the world, and of the especial singleness, purity, freedom from all spiritual adulterations of those held in especial veneration by Christian races and communities; and finally, and above all, by the assistance afforded by it to Theosophy—truly so called—by which I mean the more intellectual apprehension of Divine things—the cultus of the Holy Spirit or Divine Wisdom of God."

It is of course impossible to know what the author may mean by "spiritual adulterations" or "God," yet in spite of the nomenclature and although the harmony is set in the Christian key, it *is* a beautiful harmony and only to be surpassed by that divine music which requires all the instruments of the world orchestra.

The phenomena of mediumship are dealt with very skilfully by Major-General Drayson who refutes the objections of "Scientists" in a truly scientific manner, although his criticism of the occult powers of the Eastern schools and of the few hints of their science which have been lately given, is not free from the fallacy of generalising from insufficient evidence of which he convicts his "Scientific" objectors so splendidly.

The two addresses of the Rev. Page Hopps, "The seers or prophets of the Old Testament" and "The ideal Holy Ghost," shew this writer in his happiest mood, and are marked with that sound common sense which has made him so general a favourite.

In conclusion, to those who have but a superficial acquaintance with the movement, these addresses will be of the greatest service and will throw quite a new light on the evolution of Spiritualism.

MYSTICAL LAYS.*

A VOLUME of poetry, to which the title is not strictly appropriate. We have a Drama in four acts, a Fairy Operetta and some other pieces which can hardly come under that designation; and of these we do not propose to speak. *Soul Reveries, A Dream of Life, The Nemesis of Evil*

* POEMS: by A. F. TINDALL. A. Mus. T. C. 4.

contain more of the mystic element. They are marked by the same breadth of conception and largeness of view which is to be found in the prose writings of the author on these subjects. It is pleasant to see a stirring of real thought in the direction of spiritual investigation; and we welcome these evidences of a tendency to look facts in the face and to seek for their explanation in a spirit of large and sympathetic toleration.

GEONOMY — CREATION OF CONTINENTS BY OCEAN CURRENTS.

KOSMO-NOMIA — GROWTH OF WORLDS AND CAUSE OF GRAVITATION.

By J. Stanley Grimes.*

"If a philosophic angel, with a knowledge of the principles of geonomy, could have been seated on some distant world, and have seen our globe when the ocean first covered it, and 'the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,' in elliptical paths, he could, by mere deductive reasoning, have predicted all the most important events and changes that have since occurred in the physical history of the earth. He could have foreseen that the sediment would accumulate in the centres of the ellipses and produce three pairs of sinking basins, and raise three pairs of analogous continents, and that, consequently, the circumpolar seas would be landlocked and glaciated, and then burst forth and produce terrible floods of water and ice, gravel and boulders."

These "elliptical paths," the author claims, are to do as much for geology as the Newtonian law of gravitation has done for astronomy. Geonomy—for the *laws* of the distribution of land and water are at length discovered—is to be a science working on a strictly mathematical basis.

The author has undoubtedly treated the unsatisfactory and much debated subject of ocean currents in a novel and ingenious manner, and in this direction the general features of his theory are open to few objections, but further than this we cannot go with him. These rhomboidal elliptical currents do not satisfactorily account for the peculiar formation of the existing continents, especially their pointed extremities and toxodromic trends in both northern and southern hemispheres. The general tapering and plastic drawing south is not explained by his theory, but on the contrary, it requires that the southern continents should be reversed so as to make a similar configuration from poles to equator.

Moreover, no account is taken of the existence of the submerged continents, known as Atlantis and Lemuria, which disarrange the configuration of the currents and continents in a most distressing manner. No explanation whatever is offered of the arbitrary assumption that there were three pairs of ellipses started in the original "Waters."

We are therefore obliged, though reluctant to fight with the gods, to demur to the judgment of the "philosophic angel."

In the kosmo-nomia, the theory of latent heat in the formation of nebulæ is advocated as against the once favourite hypothesis of free heat, which now begins to lie under the suspicion of insufficiently explaining the facts.

* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1889.

Mr. Grimes' theory of Gravitation is as follows:—

1. Each and every particle of planetary and ponderable matter is continually assimilating and condensing ether, and setting free its latent heat.

2. This process necessarily produces vacua, which the surrounding ether moves to fill.

3. The movement thus produced is the immediate cause of gravitation."

These vacua are afterwards described as being perfect (?) and ether "the only uncompounded substance in existence, destitute of every property, excepting its capability of occupying space and being moved," which, as far as the ether is concerned is no news. That the author, however, has enlightened us on the "cause" of gravitation is extremely doubtful.

THE LINGUALUMINA OR LANGUAGE OF LIGHT. A PHILOSOPHICAL LANGUAGE FOR INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATION.*

A WORK which offers to all men a universal method by which they may communicate their ideas to each other, is certainly worthy our notice, not from the anthropological or the philological standpoint, but rather from the theosophical one, for the speculations of Mr. Dyer indicate that he peradventure, attempts to reconstruct the language spoken by the Pitris, and of which successive men have lost the key to the original roots. These were few. The processes which tended to their extinction have been told in the legend of the Tower of Babel, and those persons who, like Charnock, have sought for the primitive roots, have pursued a weary and an uphill path. Into the source of Mr. Dyer's knowledge we need not enquire. Suffice it to say that a professional philologist will consider him as a ripe scholar. He probably, like many other, good men before his time, is writing a few hundred years in advance of the instruction of his audience. This is like the lady's speech in Sheridan's play, very much to the credit of his charity, if not of his judgment. Still, he has attempted a teaching which is absolutely impossible to be accepted by the vulgar, and we must remember that it is the vulgar who form the majority of the speakers of any language. It is hardly necessary to say that he has no "fad" as to the "Anglo Saxon" language, whatever that may be, being the language of the future. Lingua Lumina (why not call it Lingua Latina?) is as inflectional as the most ardent advocate of Southern European languages may desire, and appears to be formed on a clear plan. There is much even for the trained philologist to learn in the pamphlet, which puts some of the difficult points of the philology of the future in a nutshell. The proposed scheme will probably be adopted long before Volapük, which was founded on far less philosophical principles. We are able to recognise in this work, what is really likely to be a strong plant in the philology of the future. It is intelligibly and well written, and will evoke thought, and stimulate enquiry into some of the puzzles connected with the word-knowledge of the future.

* By F. W. Dyer. 8vo. London, 1889.

WILL-POWER.*

DR. TOM ROBINSON has published a little book that indicates some theosophical ideas. His opinions are based on the improved modern school of physiology. It is strange how the pendulum of human thought, which had steadily indicated, under the influence of Darwinism, a kind of material physiology, has now steadily swung back to ideas which, on the whole, run on all-fours with, or are not contradictory of the Wisdom of the East. It is lucky for Dr. Robinson that his work was published in 1889, as in 1869 it would have attracted some attacks on the part of the materialists. But we are now beginning to improve ourselves out of the Darwinian crazes of our youth, which as they are no longer fashionable, may die out like the crinolines and peg-tops of Leech's pictures of human nature as it was. 1999 will merely wonder what manner of men the Evolutionists could have been, the "Jelly people," as Dr. Robinson calls them, who are always to be found in the "tail of any great movement."

Dr. Robinson's creed is:

"I believe every man and woman, who has a sound mind, to be capable of controlling their own thoughts, words, and deeds.

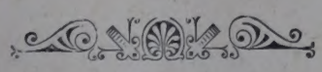
"I believe the Will-power obeys the same laws as the muscles of the arm.

"I believe, by use and a right conception of life and duty, that we can all develop this Will-power by use, until it becomes so powerful that it will surmount any obstacle which lies within the range of possibility.

"I believe that very few human beings ever reach the maximum of their Will-power."

Such a declaration is, on the whole, closely in accordance with that of Occultism, though it is not expressed in the same language. In this argument the capabilities of the human will are practically infinite, but it is very doubtful whether in the present age of self-indulgence, people will not let the power of the will die out, as did the Third Eye—in an extinct race of men. Dr. Robinson has a cheerful style of telling elementary facts, and this work will familiarize the general public with the elementary notions of will-power.

* "The Power of the Will," by TOM ROBINSON, M.D. Gilbert & Rivington, 1889.



THE SOUL'S TRUE GLORY AND IMMORTALITY.

What tho' for realms beyond the stars
No "Spirit" leaves the Dead—
From dungeon depths and iron bars
The Soul her light will shed!

She feels her glory not to be
That *Self* should always live—
But, from her hands, so pure and free,
Some onward help to give!

Should Self sublimer fruits evolve
As endless ages sweep—
Or—like the bloom of Spring—dissolve
In Death's eternal sleep—

Alike—to bless the World around
She feels her full reward
Although on high no "Heaven" be found
For "favourites of the Lord."

She scorns a Heaven of sordid price
That sinless "blood" hath cost;
Where, wafted, sounds thro' Paradise
The wailings of the "Lost"!

She smiles at Hell's enslaving fear,
Nor heeds the tyrant's nod—
Yet hails, where Love and Truth appear,
Her bright, Incarnate God!

'Mid tortures wreaked in days of wrong
She bids her sons rejoice!
And echoing ages still prolong
The music of her voice!

Upon her Infant's hallow'd face
Descends her image, fair,
And, stampt upon the distant race
The hallow'd form is there!

Mid Earth's dark hells—in anguish hurl'd—
She sits—a Saviour Queen—
And breathes her mandates thro' the World
From Cross—or Guillotine!

Daughter of sorrow—dark and deep!
Thine orphan'd lot was cast
To wander thro' the World, and weep,
Before the biting blast!

Mother of Ages calm and bright!
Thine orb on Earth shall rise!
Man yet behold—renew'd in Light—
Heaven's Kingdom, *'neath the skies!*

Evil to Man shall cease to cling!
Delusions melt to air!
And Light, and Love, and Order, spring
From clouds of black Despair!

F. W. Dyer.